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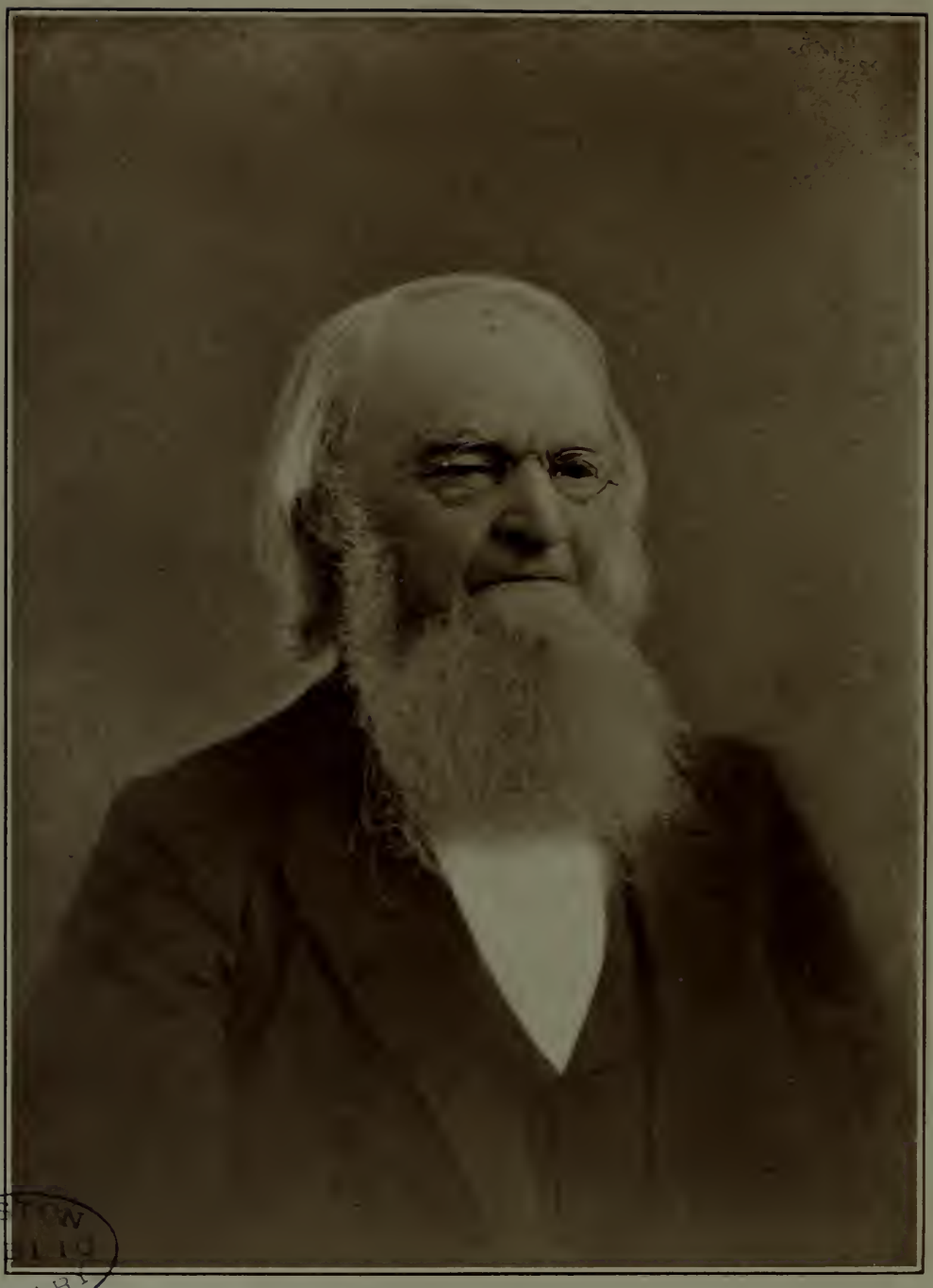

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WILLIAM S. TYLER, DD., LL.D.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

WILLIAM SEYMOUR TYLER, D. D., LL. D.

AND RELATED PAPERS

WITH A

GENEALOGY OF THE ANCESTORS

of

PROF. AND MRS. WILLIAM S. TYLER

Prepared by

CORNELIUS B. TYLER

1912

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PREFACE.

Professor William Seymour Tyler died November 19th, 1897, at Amherst, in the house which had been his home for fifty-eight years. Some of the words which are especially remembered in connection with his last hours were the expression of his love for his "dear home." What he valued most in life was there: it was the center of his thought and affection.

It had been the hope of the home circle, and a purpose fixed in his mind, that he might leave for us, as a family heritage, some simple narrative of his life. We must own to a double disappointment as we present in this volume what he wrote. In the first place, he was never able to finish his undertaking. Other obligations pressed upon him and did not leave him time and strength to complete this work. Secondly, we could never persuade him to talk or write with any freedom about himself. He would not be betrayed into showing any such interest in his own personality as the family felt and wished him to exhibit. But though these pages tell so much less than we wish they did, we present them as he left them. Some further facts and thoughts to give greater completeness to this sketch have been contributed by different members of the family (especially John M. Tyler, and these have been put into the form in which they are here printed by Amelia W. Tyler). We offer the book with a few tributes, a few contributions of interest and love, only wishing that it could give a far better representation of what he was as we saw him in the home and in his work. A genealogical appendix, giving the ancestry of Professor Tyler and his wife, written by his grandson, Cornelius Boardman Tyler, is also printed herewith. The autobiography was written for and is published by

His Family.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life.

Amherst, January 19, 1878.

My wife and children have often asked me to put in writing some account of my early life. It has not been my habit to keep a diary, or write or talk of myself; nor has it been at all to my taste. Perhaps I have carried this indisposition to an extreme. If I had kept a journal of facts in my experience and observation, it would have been of great use to me in writing the history of the College, for example, and would have preserved the memory of many things which have now faded from my remembrance—which would have been convenient for my own use and perhaps interesting to my family and friends, though not of any great account to others. Perhaps I ought not to disregard the wishes of those who are so dear to me, and who may derive some instruction as well as pleasure from those facts and circumstances of my early life which were in many respects so different from their own. Certainly I see much occasion for gratitude to my Heavenly Father in my ancestry, parentage and education, as well as in the way in which he has led me on from my earliest years till I am now three score years and seven. And it is not more in deference to the wishes of my wife and children than in gratitude to a Covenant-keeping God and Father, the God and Father of many generations of pious ancestors both on my father's and my mother's side, that I commence these autobiographical records.

I was born September 2, 1810, in Harford, Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. Both of my parents were of New England origin, my father being a native of Massachusetts, and my mother of Connecticut.

Job Tyler of Andover,* the progenitor of the American Tylers, appears on the records of that town as having once been summoned to appear before the Selectmen to give an account of

* See page 240.

something which they did not approve, and as having returned answer that if the Selectmen wished to see him they might come to him! Much of the same sturdy and independent spirit seems to have marked the family through its successive generations. Certainly my grandfather and his brother Ebenezer (an enterprising and thriving manufacturer of Attleboro, father of Rev. William Tyler of South Hadley Falls and of Auburndale), and his four sons were all made of the same sort of stuff. I well remember how we boys used to stand in awe of my grandfather as he rode over from Ararat from time to time, not only to visit us, but to look after our family; for my father was his favorite son and was taken into partnership with him in his agricultural and other business. One of the first settlers and fathers of the township of Harford (so named after Hartford, Connecticut, by leaving out the t), he was also one of the original members and the first deacon both of the church in Harford, and afterwards of that in Ararat; each of these churches in its infancy was literally and might well have been called "the church in his house."

My grandmother Tyler was a daughter of Rev. Peter Thacher of Attleboro, Massachusetts, who, according to the family tradition, was descended from a long line (fourteen generations*) of Rev. Peter Thachers, all eldest sons, interrupted only by the Rev. Thomas Thacher, pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, who was the immigrant ancestor, and who was the son of Rev. Peter Thacher of Old Sarum (Salisbury), England. For the life and character of Rev. Thomas Thacher see Mather's Magnalia. Rev. Peter Thacher of Old Sarum was rector of St. Edmonds, and a Puritan of the Church of England. He remonstrated against reading in the service certain things required of him by the Vicar General, signing himself "Peter Thacher, the unworthiest of all God's servants" (see Mass. Hist. Coll. 1st Series), and incurred the censure of the Star-Chamber (of which the famous Laud was then a member) for "never reading the whole service in a whole year together," and also for testifying and pleading in behalf of a member of his vestry, who, by direction of the vestry, had broken an idolatrous stained window and replaced it with plain glass (see Cobbet's Collec-

* The number was somewhat exaggerated by tradition. See page 247.

tion of State Trials, Vol. III, and Letter of Rev. William Tyler in Family Bible).

My grandmother Tyler was a very remarkable woman. For many years she was the chief physician of all the settlers in Susquehanna County. Mounting her horse astride with the doctor's saddle bags she would ride as fast as the fastest to meet an emergency—a confinement or any extreme sickness—in any part of the county. And so often did she ride from Harford to Ararat carrying on horseback all sorts of heavy luggage—a dye-tub, a big brass kettle, etc., etc.,—that it became a common saying that "she brought her loom on horseback in her lap with her granddaughter in it weaving." (See His. Susq. Co., pages 269, 469, 476.) And she could minister to the souls as well as the bodies of her patients; for her Christian faith and activity were fully equal to her personal energy and efficiency.

My grandfather and grandmother Tyler had four sons and five daughters, and by a queer fancy for alliteration named the sons John, Job, Joab, and Jabez, and the daughters, Mercy, Mary, Nancy, Polly and Achsah. They were all church members and exemplary Christians, the sons leading men in the church and in society, and the daughters all the wives of men of like character.

My mother, Nabby Seymour, was the daughter of Deacon Jonathan Seymour of Otsego, New York. She was born in Berlin, Connecticut, January 31, 1788, married to my father November 16, 1809, and died August 28, 1844. (Father and mother both died at my house, the latter on a visit and the former making his home with us; and were both buried in our cemetery.) Her mother was a Hart. My grandfather and grandmother Seymour were connected with the Seymours, Harts and Hookers of Connecticut, and were exemplary and devoted Christians. My grandfathers were both farmers, both pioneer settlers, and both deacons and leading members of Congregational churches. Grandfather Seymour had four sons and four daughters, all church members, all persons of more than usual mental capacity and activity, and all highly respectable and useful in their day and generation. The same is true also of their children, and, so far as I know, of their children's children. Indeed, I am not aware of any of the descendants of my grandparents on

either side who are not respectable, intelligent, virtuous Christian people.

Frequent visits to my grandparents at Ararat, and occasional ones to my mother's early home in Otsego County, New York, are among the pleasantest recollections of my childhood and youth. Especially when I was permitted to go with my parents up the valley of the Susquehanna and almost to its source (for they lived only a few miles from Cooperstown and Otsego Lake), to visit my grandparents and see my uncles and aunts and cousins, I could neither contain nor express the pleasure I felt. When I was only six or seven years old I spent a winter in Hartwick at Uncle Boyd's and Grandpa Seymour's, and attended Mr. Collins' academy (a better school than any we then had in Susquehanna County), making my home at Uncle Boyd's in term time, and in vacation hurrying off three or four miles through fearful snowdrifts to the warm embrace of grandparents, uncles and aunts, in the home of my mother's childhood and youth.

One of my mother's brothers ("Uncle George") was a minister, and, when he was finishing his theological studies with Rev. Dr. William R. Weeks on Paris Hill (five miles from Hamilton College), I spent a summer with him and his younger brother ("Uncle Alonzo") in the study of Greek and Latin. After preaching a short time with great earnestness and much promise of usefulness, he died of consumption. From him we gave the name of "George Seymour" to the little boy who was born January 24, 1850, and died February 7, and who, if he had lived, would have been twenty-eight years old this very day (January 24, 1878). This uncle seems to have drunk in the theology of Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Emmons undiluted if not double distilled from his theological teacher, Dr. Weeks, and preached it in all its strength and intensity. Indeed, I am not sure but he drank it in with his mother's milk or imbibed it from the lips of his father, for there seems to have been a tendency to Emmonsism in the family. Uncles John and Hart Seymour were both Emmonsites, and from the former, who was his partner in trade and his most intimate personal friend, my father received a bias in the same direction.

My mother's family were generally more intellectual, more reflective, and more spiritual, than my father's, who were, for the most part, intensely practical, business-like and perhaps rather worldly in their natural tendencies. My father was as much interested in the public education of his sons, all of whom were graduated at Amherst College, as my mother; but the impulse came largely, I think, from my mother. I am confirmed in this view by the great difference between my father's family and those of his brothers and sisters, only one of their numerous children having received a college education, while all of his were thus educated. On the other hand, the brothers and sisters of my mother generally sent at least one son each to college. My uncle, Deacon John Seymour, of Lyme, Sandusky County, Ohio, mentioned above as my father's partner and friend, is the only one of that generation surviving. He is a very intellectual, thoughtful, earnest man, of a highly speculative cast of mind, who has always been drawing out systems of theology, geological theories, and the like, and is now absorbed in the study and interpretation of prophecy and seeing its literal fulfillment in the political changes and revolutions of the times.

My mother was no dreamer. She was practical and sensible. But she was also intellectual, reflective, imaginative, emotional, spiritual, fond of reading and intent on the intellectual and spiritual improvement of her children far beyond the average of women, and much above the level of those by whom she was surrounded. She was a beautiful woman, with a broad, high forehead, large, liquid blue, almost black eyes, and a figure at once winning and commanding. Her heart was as large as her brain. She loved everybody and craved the love and sympathy not only of her family, but of her neighbors and acquaintance, of all whom she knew or with whom she came in contact. Her voice was musical, and fitted her to be, as she was through the larger part of her married life, the leading female singer in the choir. In like manner she was put forward, often much against her will, as a leader in all matters pertaining to society and the church. Other women in Harford had more physical strength, could make more butter and cheese, turn off more of the hard "work" in the kitchen, the larder and the laundry of the farm-

house (although she did a great deal of this and was by no means deficient in the virtues of a rural housekeeper), but when it came to education, mental culture, social refinement and religious improvement, her neighbors with one voice would say, "thou excellest us all." But her throne was in her home, in the minds and hearts of her husband and children, and a cultivated mind and a large, loving heart were the sceptre of her power. My father, naturally stern and firm almost to obstinacy, was softened and swayed by her influence. And her children—all sons—felt that to her, more than anyone else under God, they owed not only their existence and education, but their character, usefulness and happiness. No sooner was a son given to her than she began at once to pray for the blessing of heaven, and to plan for his education. And though she overworked body and mind and heart, and died when she was only fifty-six, she lived to see all her three sons not only converted and educated, but actively and successfully engaged in the work of educating others.

We have never had a good likeness of my mother. A poor portrait of her was painted at Pittsfield after she had already been partially paralyzed, and it is now in the possession of my brother Wellington's family in New York. There is an imperfect lithograph of my father in Miss Blackman's History of Susquehanna County, and we have pretty fair photographs of him in his latter years. There is no printed memorial of my mother. A brief obituary of my father, prepared by myself, was printed in the Congregational Quarterly April, 1869, and a fuller sketch of his life and character in the Amherst Record, also from my pen. (Note: See Appendix A.) Some account of my father may also be found in the History of Susquehanna County, and also in Rev. Adam Miller's Historical Discourse, printed in 1844.

The documents just mentioned will also give my children and children's children, if they should desire to know anything of their grandfather's early life, some conception of the comparatively rude, primitive, frontier and pioneer kind of life which still existed in Harford in those days, and indeed so long as I continued to live in my native place, and which had not a

NABBY (SEYMOUR) TYLER

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little influence on my own character. It was only sixteen years before my birth that my grandfather moved his family, as there described,* into the then almost unbroken wilderness of the Beech-woods in a "huge canvass-covered ox-wagon which was their vehicle by day and their tent by night," making a journey of three weeks at the rate of ten miles a day, much of it by a road that had only been cut without being made. It was only eight years before my birth that the church was organized of which I was to become a member, organized in a log-cabin beneath a bark roof; and only three years before I was born, that the town was organized and named from which I "hailed" in college, and which I have never ceased to love as my native place.

July 24, 1880.

Thus far had I written two years and a half ago, since which date various occupations and diversions have prevented my writing anything. Meanwhile, the fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. Adam Miller as pastor of the Congregational Church in Harford has been celebrated, and my address on that occasion has been printed together with the other exercises. In this address I took occasion to give at some length some rambling reminiscences of what were to me among the most interesting events, scenes and characteristics in my own early life and the early history of my native place. This pamphlet shows that the educational and religious history of Harford is quite unexampled (certainly for so small a town) in Pennsylvania, and not often paralleled even in New England. This history I shall not here repeat, leaving it for those who wish to read it in the Semi-Contennial pamphlet.†

My classical studies preparatory for college, which I began at the age of seven with Mr. Lyman Richardson, and which I completed (even so far as to enter the Junior Class in college) with Mr. Preston Richardson, I carried forward, in the interval of some years between the two, by snatches as I (or rather my father) could pick up a teacher in the vicinity or hear of one at a distance. Thus, when I was about ten years old I spent a summer studying Greek and Latin with Rev. Dr. Weeks (al-

* See page 146.
† See page 152.

ready mentioned) on Paris Hill, in full view of Hamilton College, and two or three years later another summer with Mr. Collins (my old teacher for one winter in Hartwick) in West Sherburne or Sherburne Hill, New York, and something like a year still later with Rev. Eli Meeker at Montrose, the shire town of my native county. They were all poor teachers even for those days—very poor according to the present standard of classical teaching; but they were the best I could find, and I made the most of them; I even thought well of them because I knew none better; and always treated them with respect and honor. I thought myself especially fortunate when I found in Mr. Meeker a man who could teach me to draw maps in the study of geography, and, *mirabile dictu!* who also knew French and could teach it after a sort! Having never before seen a person who knew French, I thought him a prodigy, and myself quite as much of a prodigy when I returned to Harford with a smattering of the same tongue. And I fear I showed my vanity by an undue display of my linguistic attainments. At least I remember copying some French verses into the album of a young lady who knew no language but her own, and speaking on the stage Paul's Speech to Agrippa in the Greek of the New Testament, at a very early age. My friends and neighbors however were more to blame than myself, for they not only insisted on my thus making my appearance in public, but they would even trot me out for a part of an evening's entertainment in the parlor.

Classical studies, however, were never allowed to interfere with a good English education. My reading began to be shown off when I was not more than three or four years old. Almost from childhood I was always chosen first in "choosing sides" whether in the day school or the evening "spelling school," and I very rarely missed a word. I shall never forget the curiosity and delight, exceeding even the eagerness of a child's passion for a new toy, with which I received Morse's Geography and Atlas (the first American edition of a geography that had ever been accompanied by an atlas), and how implicitly I believed then and ever after the assurance of the editor (perhaps it was the recommendation of some teacher), that, with the help of the atlas and the questions on it, a boy would learn more of geo-

graphy in three months than in a whole year by "the old methods"! I liked arithmetic, though I could have learned more theoretical and practical arithmetic in a term or two from Colburn's First Lessons than in as many years from old Daboll. And when I began the study of Bonnycastle's Algebra it charmed and fascinated me by its magical results as much as Euclid delighted me by the Greek-like perfection of its demonstrations.

Nor was I less fond of play than of study. Especially the old-fashioned game of "round ball" or "base-ball," as we more frequently called it, was a never failing amusement. Usually I was the catcher; and I must say that for pleasure the modern "national game" with all its science is both stupid and savage in comparison with the game we used to play. I remember once a famous game of "gool" (goal) in which the young men of Mr. Lyman Richardson's school, and even the middle-aged men of the village (the fathers, uncles and older cousins) took part. But they were usually too sober and too much in earnest to have much to do with amusements of any kind. Jugglers, tumblers and circus-riders were tabooed by the better families, and indeed were rarely seen in Harford. Card-playing was no better than dancing—both were works and devices of the devil. House-raisings and general trainings were welcomed by the boys as almost their only holidays. A raising, especially of a large building, was a great occasion, which the neighbors must needs attend as a matter of mutual civility, and in the good old times the whiskey bottle and the punch bowl (or rather the jug of whiskey and the pail of milk-punch), were free for the boys as well as for their elders. In the autumn, husking bees were not uncommon, and apple-parings were an unfailing resource in the long winter evenings, ending, of course, with games suited to the children and youth; and apples and cider were the principal part of the entertainment. The useful was almost always the motive or at least the excuse for the amusing and the agreeable. Singing schools and spelling schools were scenes of much innocent enjoyment joined with improvement. My chief interest in attending the evening religious meetings (which in early days were held from house to house in different parts of the town) when I was a boy, was, I confess, the opportunity they afforded

of "going home with the girls." It almost makes my heart beat faster now, as I recall, as fresh almost as if it were yesterday, the evening when I first ventured to offer my arm to a young lady for a walk of a good three-quarters of a mile home from such a meeting! And a nice girl she was, with the instincts and feelings, the manners and refinement of a lady. And when it fell to my lot to "choose sides" in a spelling match in school, more than once I choose her, not because she was the best speller, but that she might sit by my side!

Fashionable parties were unknown. Afternoon tea-drinkings of a few neighbors and friends were frequent in the less busy season, and were very cosy and most heartily enjoyed. Sociables of old and young people together were spiced with singing, always of sacred music, but it was sometimes pretty lively. "Fugue tunes" were general favorites. Such a thing as a piano was unknown. It was only after they got into "the new meeting-house" that the bass viol, the flute or clarionet, and sometimes, if I mistake not, the violin, were introduced.

Extreme plainness and simplicity marked all the customs of domestic and social life. The people were almost all farmers, and they raised almost all that they ate or wore. The men grew their own wool and flax, and the women spun and wove them and made them into garments. Home-spun and home-made apparel for both sexes was the prevailing style and sentiment.

In my childhood my parents ordinarily shared the bread and milk suppers with their children. For breakfast they usually drank their "Young Hyson" tea, though they not infrequently drank with us bread—or rye-coffee. Rye and Indian was the most common bread; and when we were permitted to toast it ourselves on the loaf before the kitchen fire, cutting off one thin slice after another, and eat it with plenty of fresh milk or recently made butter or toasted cheese, it was a feast fit for a King. But when these farmers' families laid themselves out for a dinner or a tea, they knew how to bring on the luxuries and the delicacies in a perfection equaled only by their abundance.

In most families the domestic work was done almost entirely by the mothers and daughters. My mother, having no

daughters, took young girls to bring up till they were of age, taught them the arts of housekeeping and gave them opportunities for school education as good as were enjoyed by most other girls of their age. And they all, without exception, married among the most respectable young men in town. And what is still more primitive and democratic, the colored boy, Augusta Sophia (who was brought up in the family from early childhood till he was twenty-one), not only attended the common schools with the other boys of the family, but married a respectable white wife, and they became the parents of a family of sons and daughters who have not only been treated with consideration and kindness in town and church, irrespective of color, but have been distinguished for their talents, virtues and achievements.

The catechizing of children still continued in my early childhood. It was done by the minister who gathered the children for this purpose in the old meeting-house of a Saturday. But most of my catechism was learned and recited at home. I still remember the New England Primer and the first part of the Westminster Assembly Catechism as I then and thus learned and recited it, but I do not think I ever heard it all. When I was about eight years old the Sunday School was started. And I well remember the first one I ever attended—perhaps it was rather a preliminary meeting of parents and children for organizing a Sunday School. It was in the then new "Sentre School House,"—was very fully attended by all ages and both sexes, and excited a good deal of interest. We then had no question books, no set, still less "international lessons." Each class or teacher did what was right in their own eyes. But the chief interest generally was in committing the Scripture to memory and reciting them, and the chief ambition was to excel in the number of verses or chapters that the individual pupil could repeat from Sabbath to Sabbath. I thus committed to memory whole chapters at a lesson, and before I left home had learned "by heart" nearly all of the Gospels.

At a later period question books were introduced, and I remember that then the Sunday School took the place of the afternoon prayer meeting, going from house to house (some-

times more than a mile from the centre), and persons of all ages and both sexes constituted one great bible-class, which, like the prayer-meetings, was usually conducted by one of the deacons.

Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, whose pastorate was almost commensurate in its duration with my own stay under my father's roof (he having been installed in 1810, the year of my birth, and dismissed in 1827 shortly before I went to college), preached only half of the time in Harford, and the other half he performed missionary labor in the destitute portions of northern Pennsylvania. Hence we had "deacon's meetings" on one-half of the Sabbaths of each year, and the deacons being thus obliged to conduct religious services on Sunday and hold prayer-meetings on week days, and expected to perform other pastoral work in the watch and care of the church, became, some of them, gifted in prayer and exhortation, and, like some of the deacons in the primitive church, almost equal to ministers in the word and work of the Gospel. The deacons in my early childhood were Caleb Richardson and Moses Thacher, the former the father of my early classical teachers, Rev. Lyman Richardson and Mr. Preston Richardson, and the latter a brother of my Grandmother Tyler and the father of Rev. Washington Thacher and of Mrs. Sarah (Thacher) Seymour, the wife of my Uncle John Seymour—both good men and ruling well their own households. and thus, according to the Scripture, qualified to rule and lead in the church. They were succeeded by Deacon Lee Richardson, son of the former, and Deacon Joab Tyler, my father, both farmers, and both men of strong minds, warm hearts and sturdy wills, both earnest and devoted Christians, and both zealous laborers in revivals of religion not only at home but in neighboring churches. My father was very often sent as delegate to meetings of the Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly, (our church, the Congregational, being connected with the Presbytery in those days on "the half-way plan" of union) and quite as often accompanied the minister when he went to labor in times of unusual religious interest to Montrose, Carbondale, and even as far as Binghamton, all of which churches were less strong than the church in Harford in their early history.

The church in Harford was founded or at least chiefly built up by the labors of such revival preachers as Rev. Seth Williston (a missionary of the Congregational Missionary Society, and a connection of the Willistons of Easthampton), and Rev. Joel T. Benedict, of Franklin, New York. And it continued to experience powerful revivals of religion under the labors of its pastor Rev. Mr. Kingsbury, assisted by such pastors as Rev. Mr. York of Towanda and Rev. Mr. Judd of Montrose, and such evangelists as Rev. Lyman Richardson. Revivals have also continued to characterize the history of the Harford church during the more than fifty years pastorate of the present pastor, Rev. Adam Miller. But the latter part of Mr. Kingsbury's ministry was a period of comparative declension in the church. I was too young to feel much the influence of the revivals in the earlier part of his ministry. My earliest religious impressions were only such as were the natural result of a Christian nurture and education, of my mother's prayers for and with me, and my father's instruction and exhortations. The colored boy, Augusta Sophia, who was brought up in the family and who was always a true friend and elder brother, also exerted a good religious influence over me. I remember times of special seriousness and thoughtfulness from my earliest childhood, when I wished I could become pious, but knew not how to do it. It seems to me now that I might have been led to begin a religious life much earlier and to continue in it, if my parents and friends had been, I do not say more faithful, for they were very faithful in their way, but if they had believed and trusted more in Christian nurture and less in sudden and singular conversions. Be that as it may, the fact is, that I lived an irreligious and for the most part a prayerless life, not so much as repeating the Lord's Prayer even with any regularity, until I was about sixteen years of age. At that time Rev. Edwards A. Beach, a graduate of Amherst College of the Class of 1824, came from Auburn Seminary where he had not yet completed his theological course to preach to our people and labor for a revival. His labors were blessed, and some fifteen or twenty of my age, and older, chiefly young people, were gathered into the church. The change was less marked outwardly, and less emotional and spas-

modic inwardly in myself than in many of my companions, but I began from that time to feel more interest in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. I took part in the prayer-meetings and labored more or less to win others to Christ. And it was only after this that I began to think with any interest of going to college. My father and mother wished me to go, and had done what they could to furnish me with the means and opportunities of preparation, but I was averse. I loved learning, but I loved home more, and for the sake of home and friends I should have been quite content to remain on the farm and be a farmer all my life. More than one crying spell did I have at the mere mention of leaving home to spend four years in college. I had even said to my parents, whose will was usually law to me, that I could not and would not go to college. Perhaps my ideal would have been to be a merchant. I used sometimes to assist my father's partners in the store and it was always with pleasure that I took my place behind the counter for a few days or a few hours to meet an exigency. But after the change in my religious feelings I began to think of a college education as a means of usefulness, and so in the first place as a duty, and then with an increasing pleasure. And when I was again asked if I would like to go to college, the answer was a full and free consent.

My study of Latin, Greek and mathematics preparatory to college had been going on ever since I was seven years old, but in a very desultory and intermittent way, now with Mr. Lyman Richardson in Harford, now a term with Dr. Weeks on Paris Hill, now a summer with Mr. Collins at Sherburne, now a year with Rev. Eli Meeker at Montrose. Not one of these was a good teacher of languages. My recitations were brief and superficial, consisting chiefly in a careless translation of the text, with the "parsing" of a few words as we went along, but without anything that would now be called drill, or suggestive and inspiring instruction. And if they had been good teachers my terms of study and instruction were so casual and interrupted by such long intervals that I could hardly have been expected to obtain a good preparation for college. None of my teachers knew anything of the rules for the pronounciation of Latin, still less of the meaning or use of the Greek accents.

During this period there were times when I studied Latin and Greek by myself without a teacher. At the same time I read more or less of English history. Of books collateral to classical studies there were none in Harford; I never saw any in the hands or on the shelves of my teachers, and I knew nothing of their existence. It was an era in my life when a library was started in my native place by private subscription, and some fifty to a hundred books, chiefly histories and works of taste and imagination, were for the first time opened before my admiring eyes. When the time for drawing books came, while others chose the works of Irving and Scott, I seized upon such books at Hume and Gibbon. And many a long winter evening, after the rest of the family had gone to bed, I sat up and read by the dim light of a tallow candle a lesson in Cicero or Virgil or the Greek Testament, and then a certain number of pages in Hume's or Gibbon's History.

But when my mind was made up that I wanted to go to college I gave myself without interruption to the study of Latin, Greek and mathematics, with Cousin Wadsworth Tyler as my classmate and constant companion, under the instruction of Mr. Preston Richardson. Still I labored under many disadvantages which my sons and other boys, trained in the high schools and academies of New England, can little imagine. Mr. Richardson was not a good scholar in the languages, and not a good teacher according to modern ideas and standards, either in the languages or mathematics. And our text-books were even worse than our teacher.* They were all foreign, imported from England. No such thing as an American text-book in Latin, Greek or mathematics was known in my boyhood. Corderius as a first Latin book, a Delphini edition of Virgil, a Cicero without any notes, Hackenborg's Greek Grammar, the Greek Testament and Graeca Minora (Dalzel's) for preparatory Greek, and the Graeca Majora for College Greek (with Latin notes). The Greek Lexicon of Schrevelius with definitions in Latin, Bonnycastle's Algebra, and Enfield's Natural Philosophy—

Note.—In what I say of Mr. Preston Richardson as a teacher, I mean no disparagement to him. He had labored under greater disadvantage than myself. He made the most of himself and his opportunities, did all that he could for his pupils, and rendered an invaluable service to the cause of education in Northern Pennsylvania. See Address at Fiftieth Anniversary of A. Miller.

such were the text books with whose help (?) or under whose burden I worked my way into college, and most of the way through it. I was indebted to my friend, Mr. Beach, for the first sight of Goodrich's Greek Grammar (a great improvement on Hackenborg, but still exceedingly meager and imperfect in comparison with Crosby's or Goodwin's) which he brought from Amherst. And when at length, far on in my college course, I came into possession of a Pickering's Lexicon with definitions in English, and Day's Algebra, Trigonometry and Mensuration of Superficies and Solids, it was to me like the dawning of a new day, like being born into a new world.

CHAPTER II.

Hamilton is nearer to my native place than any other college (about one hundred miles), and this, when there were no railroads, was no small consideration in regard to economy as well as convenience of access. Then my teacher and others from Harford were graduates of Hamilton. Moreover, Hamilton College was only twenty-five or thirty miles from Hartwick (Otsego County, N. Y.), the home of my mother's youth, which I had often visited with her, and still the residence of uncles and aunts with whom I could spend my short vacations.

So in the fall of 1827, when I was just about seventeen years of age, my father and mother took me in a lumbering sort of a two-horse stage coach, hired for the occasion, via Hartwick, to Hamilton College. I went with fear and trembling. For the sake of economy I was to enter the junior class and to spend only two years in college. How well I was fitted to enter two years in advance may be inferred from the disadvantages under which I made my preparation. I expected to fail and be rejected, for I had the most exalted conception of a college and every person and thing that pertained to a college. But when I came to it the mountain dwindled to a mole-hill. I had done well and thoroughly all that I knew how to do, and I passed the examination before the assembled president and professors without difficulty. Indeed. I suspect they were only too willing to receive us (Cousin Wadsworth and I entered together), for the college had less than one hundred students in all, and was at this time in a depressed condition and in serious trouble owing to a want of harmony between the president and the trustees, and to divisions also in the Board of Trustees itself.

We roomed together in one of the rooms of their newest hall, and strangely enough, though right under the college bell, and though in my anxiety to be up in season I rose and looked for the dawning day more than once in the night, we overslept the very first morning. This was a bad beginning. I was frightened half out of my wits. I thought I should be surely censured,

if not even expelled. But it was passed over almost unnoticed, and it was the only time I ever overslept in all my college course.

I remained a member of Hamilton College only a single term, and the college made very little impression upon me and contributed very little to my education or the formation of my character. The site, though commanding a wide and attractive view of the surrounding hills and the valleys of the Oriskany and the Mohawk, is inconvenient of access and unfavorable for a college. It is a mile from any place, on the brow of a steep and lofty eminence. This hill we had to descend and ascend again every time we went to church, to the post-office, or even to a shop or store. It was a great treat, as well as relief when President Davis or Doctor Schermerhorn would consent to preach to us in the college chapel. Dr. Davis was not only an eloquent preacher, but a fine scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and for an endowed and prosperous college he would have been an excellent president. He had been tutor in Williams and Yale, Professor of Greek in Union, and President of Middlebury. But the Trustees of Hamilton were in a chronic quarrel with him, and wished to get rid of him. Very soon after I entered, Professor Strong, who was greatly distinguished in the pure mathematics, though not a good teacher, was called away to Rutgers College in New Jersey. The trustees made no provision for filling his place, and before long President Davis resigned. There was now as little left in the faculty as in the place or the college to attract students, and at the opening of the next term a large part of them—all but two of my class—had left.

At the close of this my first and only term there, I went on foot and alone to spend the vacation, or rather to await the action of the trustees and the course of events, with my friends in Hartwick. My cousin and chum awaited the same issue at college, and when nothing was done at the meeting of the board, and nothing was likely to be done, he followed me to my uncle's, and thence we went, partly carried in a sleigh by Uncle Hart Seymour, partly walking through the snow, and partly by stage, to our homes in Harford. With not a few of his class and college-mates he soon after joined Union College, where he graduated

with honor in 1829. I stayed out a year, and then entered Amherst College.

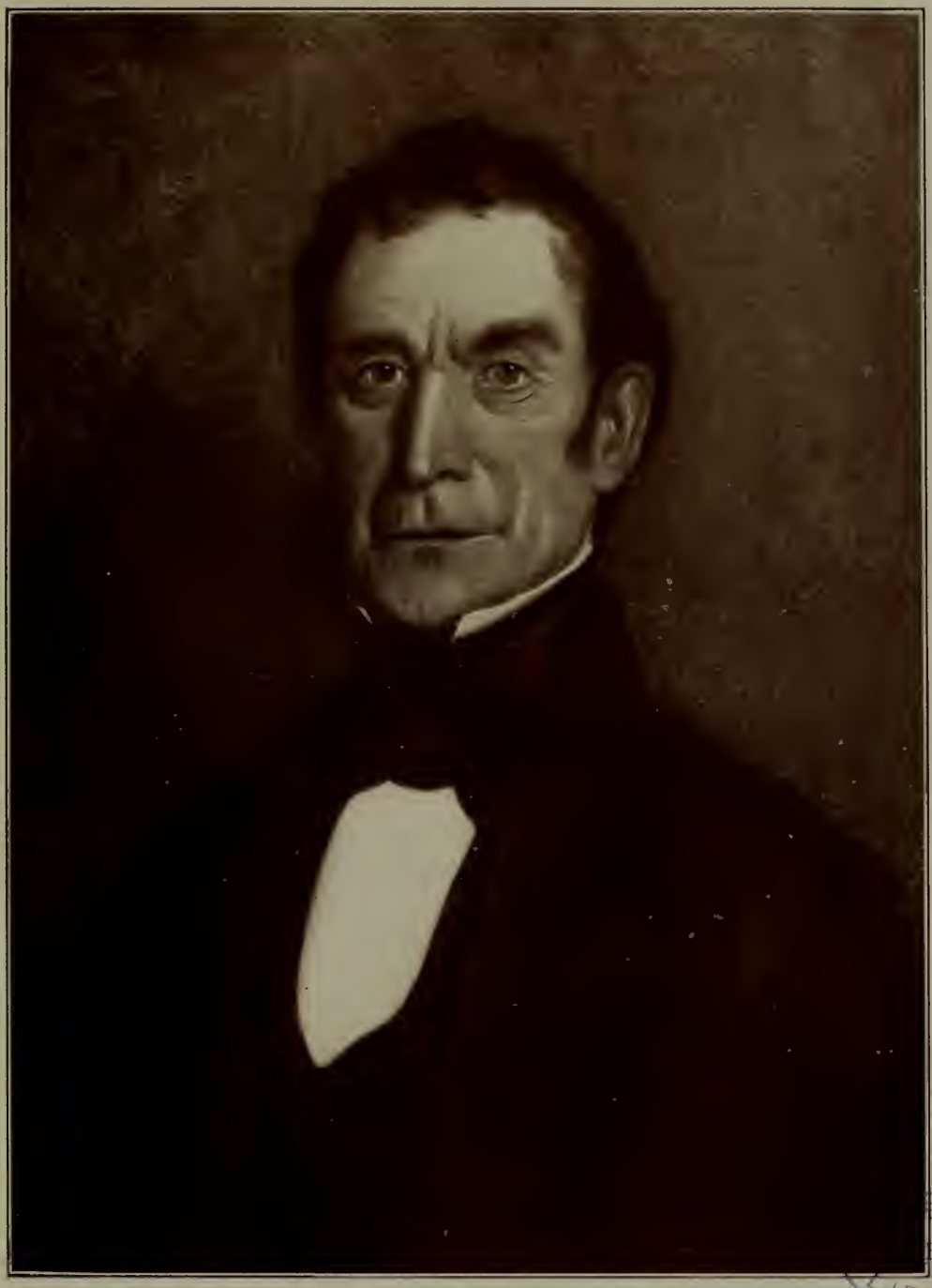
Meanwhile, I made an effort to raise a little money by teaching school, and thus relieve my father in the expenses of my education. In the spring of 1828 I opened a private school in Norwich, New York, and continued it one quarter with but indifferent success either in teaching or replenishing my finances. The school was small, the tuition was low, and the boys had not been taught subordination and obedience either at home or in school. Near the close of the quarter I thought it necessary to punish two or three of them—not very wisely, either in the manner (flogging) or the degree, as it now appears to me. It raised a storm of anger and rebuke in the families, and to some extent in the community, though I had the approval and support of the better part of the people, and I withdrew at the expiration of the quarter.

I learned wisdom, however, by experience. My stay at Norwich was also of service to me in the extension of my general reading and the cultivation of my taste. I boarded with the Presbyterian minister of the place, a Rev. Mr. Rexford. The leading lawyer of the village also boarded there with me. Their conversation was improving, being more intelligent than I had been accustomed to, and their knowledge of books was of service in stimulating and guiding me to a wise use of my out-of-school hours in the company of good authors. I remember particularly the interest with which I read Shakespeare (for the first time) and some works of Kotzebue, the German dramatist, at the suggestion and under the guidance of Mr. Thorp (my fellow boarder), and with the benefit of his criticism and remarks. A suggestion of Mr. Rexford, the clergyman, with whom I boarded, that I was in the habit of reading other books more than the Bible, was also of service to me, and has never been forgotten.

From Norwich I went to Binghamton and for two quarters taught a private select school, which I purchased from a Mr. Woodruff and sold in like manner when I was through to Mr. Rosman Ingalls, a townsman and fellow student in the school of Mr. Lyman Richardson. This school was more satisfactory to myself and to my pupils and patrons than that at Norwich, and I

left with a small sum of money to start with again in college. My school room was a hall on the west side of the Chenango, for which I paid rent to the Free Masons, and which has long since given place to the spirit of improvement. I boarded, also, most of the time on the same side of the river at a Mrs. Newhall's, together with two fine young men, Bliss and Collins, who, though considerably older than myself, came from Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, to be my pupils. Among my pupils were John M. Doubleday, then a beautiful little boy who not infrequently recited his Latin grammar sitting on my knee; Elihu and Richard Ely, Charles Park, afterwards a worthy and successful business man in New York City, and Miss Catherine Whiting, afterwards my sister-in-law, Mrs. Stowers. Amelia Whiting was then with her sister, Mrs. Lester, in Canandaigua, and I never saw her till, on my first acquaintance with her years after, I wooed and won her for my wife. But I enjoyed much my calls at Mr. Whiting's, and most of all, my visits, talks, flute-playings, etc., at Mr. John Doubleday's. And I have always cherished a grateful remembrance of Rev. Mr. Lockwood, who had just come to Binghamton, and whose preaching I liked, but who rendered me the most important service by encouraging me in a free and intelligent use of his excellent library.

And now I was to set my face towards Amherst College. My father had heard not a little of the college, and with not a little interest, from Rev. Edwards A. Beach, an alumnus of Amherst of the class of 1824, whose labors in Harford had been blessed in the revival at the time when I became a member of the church. He (my father) was also quite delighted with the Inaugural Address of President Humphrey. My own thoughts were further turned in that direction by some of my fellow students at Hamilton having gone there at the general breaking up of the classes among whom was my classmate and roommate at Amherst, Benjamin Schneider. The two things which chiefly drew me to Amherst were first and most of all its most religious and missionary spirit, and then, the youthful enterprise, energy and buoyancy of the president and professors. And I cannot but put on record here the debt of gratitude I owe, first to my Heavenly Father for all the wise and kind and mysterious providences



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which brought me so unexpectedly to Amherst, and, secondly, to my father and mother, who showed a wisdom and foresight in the matter which could not have been expected in the untoward circumstances in which they were passing their lives.

It was in midwinter that I set out for Amherst, for I was to enter in the same standing which I left at Hamilton, viz., the second term of Junior year. There were at this time, it will be remembered, no railroads, and we knew almost nothing of stage routes or public conveyances of any kind in or towards western Massachusetts. As for Amherst, it was then utterly unknown in the greater part of the Middle States. So my father and I harnessed up "Old White" in a cutter, put in my trunk and a considerable box of books and bedding, and before daylight Monday morning we set out in a snow storm to feel our way as best we could to the far-off college of our choice. We pushed on traveling early and late, at the rate of about forty-five miles a day, down the Newburg turnpike as far as Mamakating Valley, through that valley, now the route of the Delaware and Hudson canal, to Kingston, where we crossed the Hudson on the ice. Thence, by a series of zig-zags, finding our way with difficulty, to Stockbridge, then over the mountains, down the Westfield River to Chester, and over the mountain again via Huntington (then called Norwich), to old Father Payson Williston's in Easthampton where we arrived about tea-time Friday evening. Passing the night at Northampton with William Arms, an Amherst student from Montrose who was teaching a district school for his winter vacation, we drove over to Amherst with him the next morning, and in the course of the day I passed my examinations and found a room with my classmate and since life-long friend, Benjamin Schneider. We found comfortable sleighing all the way (a kind Providence as it now seems to me and rather remarkable, for few winters since have furnished good sleighing over all that route), though the snow was thin and the stepping worn and precarious in the region of the Hudson. A thaw threatening, my father hastened to return early the next week by a more northern route, via Albany and the Valley of the Susquehanna, finding good sleighing again all the way.

At the time of my entrance, Amherst College had two hun-

dred and eleven students and nine teachers, Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D., being President; Rev. Edward Hitchcock, Senior Professor (of Chemistry and all the branches of Natural History); Rev. Nathan W. Fiske, Professor of Greek and Belles Lettres; Rev. Solomon Peck, Professor of Latin and Hebrew; Samuel M. Worcester, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory; Jacob Abbott, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Ebenezer S. Snell, Teacher of Mathematics and Librarian; Ernest Rovel, Teacher of French and Spanish, and Joseph S. Clark, Tutor of Latin and Greek. The president and professors were all ministers, though Abbott and Worcester, not being ordained, are not called Reverend on the catalogue; and President Humphrey preached half of the time at the Sunday services of the college chapel, and the professors preached in rotation on the alternate Sundays.

As I have described and characterized them all in my History of Amherst College, I need not speak of them here. Suffice it to say, though, with the exception of President Humphrey and Professor Hitchcock, they were all young men, I looked up to them all with the profoundest reverence, and neither dared nor desired to censure or complain of them, scarcely even to criticise them, either as a faculty or as individuals. And on the principle of that apothegm of one of the Seven Ages: "Parents may expect from their children the reverence and obedience which, when they were children, they paid to their parents," my character and conduct as a student entitled me to the respect and affection, which especially in my later years, I have always received as a professor.

I had read more Greek than was required for my admission to the second term of Junior year, having improved all my spare time while teaching and in the interval between the two colleges in reading, really at sight, though that was a thing I had never heard of at the time, almost the entire first volume of the Graeca Majorca (which contained only prose writers and all the prose which was then read in the colleges), and quite a number of books of the Iliad, which was not then read (except in the extracts of the second volume of the Graeca Majora), in any of the New England colleges. I think I got my lessons both in

Greek and Latin so that I understood them and could construe or parse them as well as any member of my class. But of correct pronunciation and elegant translation I had hardly a conception. And the want of these habits, which should be formed in the preparatory school and in the earlier years of college, has cost me toil and trouble and mortification all my life. Still my rank was high in the classics and still higher in mathematics and natural philosophy, in which Professor Snell ranked me, not only first in my class, but among the best that he had ever taught. And one of the Faculty told me afterwards that there was not a little hesitation between myself and Hackett in the assignment of the valedictory, though I never dreamed of comparing myself with Hackett as a classical scholar; and he added that if I had been here through the four years I should undoubtedly have had the first appointment.

There was no season of powerful revival while I was in college. But my class was blessed with such a season in 1829, before I entered, when Edward Humphrey, Henry Lyman and many others of that class, and Hackett and others of my class, were converted. And in 1831, the year after my graduation, there was a revival of great power, when my brother Wellington, Jonathan Brace, Ebenezer Burgess, and other leading men began a new Christian life. And the religious influence was so strong when I was in college that very few left without a Christian hope—in my class only one or two.

I boarded four terms—the whole of my connection with Amherst College, except my last term—in a club at Mr. Green's, an old house on the site of Miss Green's present residence, half way down to Mill Valley, and my board cost me never more than seventy-five cents a week. For two terms, when I was the steward (purchaser and purveyor) of the club, it cost me almost nothing. Many of the best students in college then boarded at about the same rate, and in a style of simplicity and frugality, of course, to correspond, dispensing with tea and coffee and all luxuries, but having an abundance of wholesome and nutritious food.

I roomed through all my course in the old North College (on the site of Williston Hall), which was afterwards destroyed by fire, so that I have no associations of my college life with any of

the existing rooms. My roommate in my Junior year was Benjamin Schneider, whose acquaintance I formed at Hamilton College. He was a fair scholar, a good speaker, an amiable man and a devoted Christian. His influence on me and in the college was excellent. We corresponded with each other during his long and useful missionary life, and I have preserved very many of his letters. At the beginning of my Senior year my brother Wellington entered the Junior class, and we roomed together through that year. His class then numbered seventy-three, and it graduated sixty, being much larger than any other class then in college, and the largest that was graduated in the first forty years of its history. He was among the foremost scholars in his class, though he did not receive either of the then highest honors at Commencement. He and I boarded together as well as roomed together through the year.

We received our appointments for Commencement at the close of the spring term. The spring vacation following Wellington and I spent in visiting for the first time the native place of my father and of very many of the early inhabitants of Harford, viz., Attleboro, Massachusetts. We walked the whole distance to and from Attleboro, more, I confess, for the economy than for the pleasure of it, though it was not without its pleasures and educational advantages as well. We met a hearty welcome from the Thachers and the Carpenters of Attleboro—the Tylers had all left the place—and enjoyed our visit greatly. From Attleboro we walked to Wrentham, where Rev. Moses Thacher, a cousin of my father, was settled in the ministry, who, being at the time a member of the Massachusetts Senate to which he was elected as a leading Anti-Mason, took us into his carriage Monday morning and brought us in to Boston, which we now saw for the first time from Dorchester Heights, crowning the promontory and glittering in the morning sun. The harbors and wharves, the warehouses and stores rising from the water's edge, the dwelling houses rising street above street, clustering about the common and culminating in the statehouse, more than realized my youthful imagination of a splendid city and the capital of a great state.

As the Massachusetts Legislature in those days held a spring as well as a winter session, and the "Election Sermon" was then

delivered in May, and the anniversaries clustered around it, we attended several of the meetings and heard Dr. Channing preach the Election Sermon before His Excellency, the Governor, His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Great and General Court, in the Old South Church. It was the first time I had ever seen a representative Unitarian, and I confess I looked on Dr. Channing with something of the feeling with which I should have seen a lion, tiger or rhinoceros exhibited, and I awaited the benediction (to see whether he would recognize the Trinity) with the mingled curiosity and solicitude with which I should have awaited the explosion of a mine. But there was nothing to differentiate the sermon or the benediction from those to which I had been accustomed in orthodox churches. And there was a high tone of Christian ethics and an elegance of style which I greatly admired.

Returning to Amherst after a vacation of three weeks, the last three weeks of the month of May which was then the spring vacation, we found (as we usually did at the close of the spring vacation) that the college grove, the orchards and forests, and the whole country had leaped in our absence from winter into spring, and it surprised and delighted us like some wonder wrought by a magician's wand.

After a few weeks of study of Butler's Analogy and Paley's Moral Philosophy under President Humphrey, with a lecture on the Assembly's Catechism every Monday morning, and a lecture on life and manners, winding up with one on marriage, in which practical lectures the good Doctor's strong, shrewd, sharp common sense shone out conspicuously, we came to the Senior examination, which then occupied three days and extended over all the studies of the curriculum. It was, of course, little more than a sham and a bore, at the end of which we were all sold our diplomas, and then invited to meet the faculty, not their families, still less the young ladies of the village, at a mid-day collation at the president's house; and then we were dismissed for a six-weeks' Senior vacation. As I expected to commence teaching in the Amherst Academy soon after Commencement, and as I had already written my Salutatory Oration and deposited a copy with

the professor, I went home and spent the vacation in visiting parents and friends.

Commencement in our day was the great and general holiday for this section, and people came pouring in from the vicinity for ten, twenty and thirty miles around, till they not only crowded and packed the church to its utmost capacity, entering with a rush that the whole body of students—marching in procession and forming a compact body at the door, aided by the sheriff of the county and the constables—could scarcely resist, but filled also the common with their sports and shows, and all the streets leading to the middle of the town with the horses, and vehicles of every imaginable shape and kind. The exercises lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till four or five in the afternoon, only adjourning about an hour at noon for the Commencement dinner. And through the whole of these two long sessions, the trustees and faculty, the alumni and clergy, and a great crowd of the uneducated but intelligent people of the town and the surrounding country, would attend and listen to the speaking of the young men from early morning till almost evening. Commencement exercises at New Haven were even longer in those days than at Amherst, continuing not infrequently until dark, and closing by candle light. Scarcely anything more strikingly illustrates the change that has come over people in regard to their appetite for gathering and seeing and hearing at anniversaries and other public occasions than the contrast between the college commencements of fifty years ago and those of the present day.

In my class twenty-six out of thirty-two had appointments and actually spoke at Commencement, and there were seven grades of appointments, viz., oration, disputation, dissertation, essay, colloquy, discussion and dialogue, besides a poem and several specific distinctions under some of these genera made by a distinguishing epithet, such as valedictory, salutory and philosophical oration, philosophical dissertation, literary discussion, etc., making in all considerably more than the perfect number and variety of parts. Besides the larger part of the graduating class, there were two Masters' orations by Mr. William P. Paine and Mr. Joseph S. Clark, which, by courtesy, were of unlimited duration.

In the Junior Exhibitions there were two or three appointments still lower than any of the above, one of which was a conference, wherein three or four persons, whom the faculty knew not how to dispose of or suitably honor in any other way, were made to stand up in a row together on the stage (in the "gowns" which in those days were usually worn by the speakers), and set forth in successive discourses their views on one and the same subject. In one of these I remember the subject was the discovery of the Sandwich Islands, and every one of the four speakers narrated the death of Captain Cook and more than "thrice they slew the slain." No wonder the exhibition could not long survive such a strain. My class gave the last, and it was almost the death of the class as well as of the "Junior Exhibition," properly so called. After that the college had two exhibitions, a spring and a summer, in which there were fewer appointments, and these were distributed through the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes, so that no student could know that he was not to receive an appointment till near the end of his college course.

The first year after my graduation I spent as assistant teacher in Amherst Academy, of which Rev. Simeon Colton, for several years previous principal of Monson Academy, had just become the principal, and which, though possessed of no endowments or funds beyond the building and the grounds, was then the largest and most flourishing institution of the kind in the state. (See the Chapter on Amherst Academy in my History of Amherst College.) Mr. Colton taught the classics and I the mathematics and English branches. If the choice had been given me at this time I should probably have chosen these studies. It was at Andover Seminary and during my tutorship in college that I came to prefer the department of languages. It was a pleasant and profitable year to me. Besides preparing my lessons and teaching my classes with a good degree of acceptance and success I was able to pursue a course of helpful reading, study and writing, making use of the college library and keeping up my acquaintance with the faculty and students of the college, while at the same time I was extending my acquaintance with the people and the churches of this and the neighboring towns. I boarded the first term in a boarding department kept by Mrs. Ferry in the base-

ment of the academy building for the economy and convenience of academy students, and the rest of the year (that department having been given up) in a boarding house kept by the same lady for college students in the old yellow gambrel-roofed house of Judge Strong which was then, as it now is, one of the antiquities and celebrities of the place.

Among my fellow boarders at this time was Henry Ward Beecher, then a Freshman just entered from the "Mount Pleasant Classical Institution," which was at that time, like the academy, in the spring tide of its prosperity, with a hundred students within its walls. This was the beginning of one of the most popular boarding houses in Amherst, which, as long as Mrs. Ferry lived, continued to be a home for not a few of the choicest students of the college, not only before but also after their graduation, and never ceased to be a sort of home to me. It was also the beginning of a pretty intimate acquaintance with Mr. Beecher, which continued through his college course and was never interrupted till his death. My predecessor in the office of assistant teacher in the academy was Justin Perkins, afterwards the distinguished and venerated missionary to the Nestorians, to whose recommendation I was chiefly indebted for the situation, and whom in turn I relieved by purchase of certain heirlooms and appurtenances of the office, such as furniture, apparatus and the like; and this was the beginning of a life-long friendship and correspondence with that wise and good man. I found also a true friend in Mr. Colton, the principal, and a warm welcome to his house till after some years of faithful though not brilliant service in the Academy here, he became President of the University of Alabama, where he remained until his death.

But nothing in my relations or experience during this year was perhaps so conducive to the development of my mind and heart and whole character as the wide and deep religious interest which began in the college and extended through the town. It was perhaps the most powerful revival and among the most blessed in its fruits which the college ever experienced, and was of great personal interest to me, because my dear brother, Wellington, who was a Senior in college and whom I saw almost every day, especially at this critical period, then began his Christian

life. The revival was also of great power in the village and brought into the village church many of the leading business men who thenceforth became pillars in the church and society.

It was likewise a season of revival in very many of the neighboring churches, and indeed was a time of rich refreshing and large ingathering to the churches generally. Under such circumstances it could not well be otherwise than that my heart should be warmed and my mouth opened to speak for Christ in religious meetings in the academy, the college, and, indeed, wherever I went. It seems to me that I have never spoken extempore with so much freedom and joyfulness since. If I had continued to speak thus freely and frequently from that time onward, I do not know but I should have made a ready, possibly an eloquent, extemporaneous preacher. But the Theological Seminary and the college professorship, instead of developing the power to extemporize, have cultivated the habit of criticism, which, I sometimes think, is the bane and blight of all highest intellectual as well as moral excellence.

In the spring of this year at the invitation of my pupil, Lewis Hopkins, now Dr. Hopkins of Middleboro, Massachusetts, I spent several days at the house of his father, John Hopkins, of Northampton, in attendance on a Protracted Meeting (a "four days' meeting" it was then called) in the First Church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Penny. Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford did all the preaching and assisted Dr. Penny in the inquiry meetings, prayer meetings, etc., by which the preaching was accompanied. The preaching was at once strongly doctrinal and highly practical; plain, pungent, level with the humblest understanding, yet convincing to the highest reason, and through the understanding and the reason going right home with great power to the consciences and the hearts of the hearers. The congregation had the reputation, as it has now, of not being very susceptible, but the results were good, if not great—Christians were quickened and not a few of the irreligious were converted. It was the first meeting of the kind which I had ever attended, and one of the earliest in the long succession that were so much relied on for so many years afterwards and followed with such abundant blessings. It was a blessing to me, and prepared me to

co-operate with my pastor Rev. Adam Miller in such meetings in Susquehanna County in my vacations, and to assist in the preaching at such meetings in the vicinity of Amherst after I was licensed.

It was while teaching in the academy at Amherst that I began to read the Latin Classics, particularly Ovid's Metamorphoses and Cicero's Letters, at sight and as a pastime, and thus formed a taste and a relish for them which I had never before possessed. After reading through the Metamorphoses I wrote a paper of comment and criticism, and largely, I suspect, of admiration and gush, on the poem, which was read before the Chi Delta Theta, the earliest Greek letter society of the college, whose membership was based chiefly on classical and literary culture. From this time I was in the habit for some years of carrying with me a pocket edition of Cicero's Letters for daily reading, and I have never ceased to admire the Greek-like elegance and affluence which distinguished these letters scarcely less than his orations and his more elaborate literary and philosophical works.

At the close of this year my parents came on in their carriage to see my brother Wellington graduate at the college, and to see me wind up my connection with the academy. They had never seen a college commencement, and they enjoyed the occasion greatly—attending all the public exercises, and being hospitably entertained at the house of Mrs. Ferry. Then they took their two sons into a carriage and drove first to Andover, which was to be our home for the coming year, and thence to Attleboro, where my father was born and where he had cousins in great numbers* who welcomed him as a brother and made him at home in their houses. The relation and connection between Attleboro and Harford, its colony, had always been intimate and very interesting. The acquaintance is still kept up and the relationship is still recognized, though the mutual visits are now comparatively infrequent. But at this time the attachment was fresh and strong. At the time of my father's visit his next older brother, Uncle Job, was with him, and there was a continual round of visits, dinners, suppers, clam-bakes, etc., etc., as if they all belonged to the same family. Rev. John Ferguson was then

*Not Tylers, but Thatchers, Carpenters, Etc. There was one family of Tylers, Ebenezer, father of Rev. William Tyler, a successful manufacturer at Pawtucket, but none at Attelboro.

the pastor of the Congregational Church, and the acquaintance which I then formed with this shrewd, staunch, sensible and sage Scotch preacher and his excellent wife grew into a friendship which waxed warmer and stronger during his pastorate in Whately and his long and able service of the Tract Society, till I preached his funeral sermon in 1858. In a subsequent visit at Attleboro (while I was tutor at Amherst), Mr. Ferguson took me with him when he went to spend a Sabbath and preach at Franklin, and introduced me to Dr. Emmons, with whom he was quite intimate. Dr. Emmons was then nearly ninety (he lived to be ninety-five) and was still pastor of the church, though he had a colleague (he had been sole pastor for fifty-four years). Though infirm in body, he was still in good health and in the full possession of his senses of seeing and hearing, and of his mental faculties, and he quizzed me on all sorts of subjects with as much eagerness and sharpness as if I had been under examination as a candidate for settlement in the gospel ministry, and his questions were as short and crisp and quaint as a catechism or a creed. When I was introduced as Tutor Tyler, "Tyler," said he, "What Tyler be you?" And no sooner had I answered this question than he asked: "Tutor, how old be you?" thinking that I looked young and perhaps green for a tutor. And so he kept up a running fire of questions to the end of the interview. Mr. Ferguson apologized for his garrulousness and spice of egotism as an infirmity of age rather than characteristic of the man. However that may be, it was vastly amusing to me, and it was a great pleasure to see and hear a man whom my father and uncles and the good people of my native place honored as a teacher, not to say an oracle, in theology, and whose sermons I had heard read in "deacon's meetings" in the old "meeting house" from my earliest childhood.

CHAPTER III.

THEOLOGICAL STUDIES AT ANDOVER. TUTORSHIP AT AMHERST.

In the autumn of 1831, my brother Wellington and myself, he having just graduated at Amherst College and I having just completed my year of teaching in Amherst Academy, found ourselves classmates and roommates together in the Theological Seminary at Andover. There was also another Tyler in the class, John E., son of Dr. Bennett Tyler, President of the Theological Seminary at East Windsor, and as we were alphabetically arranged, he was known as Tyler first, Wellington as Tyler second, and I as Tyler third. Neither of us having any particular taste for genealogical research, we never traced our families to a common ancestry, although his father and our uncles looked enough alike to be brothers, and we confidently inferred a family connection from the family likeness, and that the more willingly because we liked each other from the first, and ever after cherished a mutual friendship and affection.*

The class which we entered was large, numbering seventy, larger, I think, than had ever entered Andover, or perhaps any other theological seminary, at that time. This large number was partly the fruit of the many and powerful revivals of religion in the churches in the years immediately preceding, and partly owing to the strong hold which Andover Seminary had at that time upon the confidence of the Christian community. Rev. Ebenezer Porter was then President and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric, Rev. Leonard Woods Professor of Christian Theology, Rev. Moses Stuart Professor of Sacred Literature, Rev. Ralph Emerson Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and Rev. Edward Robinson Professor of Hebrew. Our class being so large, it was divided, and Rev. Leonard Woods, Jr., afterwards President of

*(Note: The Tylers in Northampton are sprung from Rev. John E., and Rev. Josiah Tyler. The Zulu missionary, class of '45, was his brother, and Dr. John B., of the Class of '65, and Eliphalet W., of the Class of '68, were his sons.)

Bowdoin College, assisted Dr. Robinson in the teaching of Hebrew and the Literature of the Old Testament. Professor Stuart was then in the zenith of his reputation, power and influence as a teacher, and inspired his classes with his own enthusiasm for the language, the literature, the truth and the spirit of the Old and the New Testaments. He was not so remarkable for accurate scholarship in the Hebrew or the Greek languages. He might, perhaps, make some slight mistake or inaccuracy in regard to a Hebrew point or a Greek accent in every recitation. Professor Kingsley, provoked by his complaints of the imperfect preparation of college graduates for the study of the original Scriptures in the Theological Seminary, reviewed with great severity his edition of Cicero on the Immortality of the Soul, and picked flaws in almost every page of the notes. But while Professor Kingsley never made a mistake, he never stirred a student to the lowest depths of his intellectual and moral nature. Professor Stuart, on the other hand, in spite of all his mistakes, which, by the way, he was always ready to acknowledge and correct on the following day, sent his classes away from his lectures and recitations impressed with the beauty and power of the original Scriptures, alive and awake to the excellency and the glory of the truth which they reveal. He was not merely a scholar. He was a teacher, an educator. He taught us how to study language, how to interpret the Scriptures, how to apply them to our own times. I have never forgotten his lectures, his informal and incidental talks about the best methods of teaching, and I have profited by them all my life. So have multitudes of others. They were full to overflowing, not only with learning, but with good common sense, practical wisdom, humor and shrewdness, happily blended with fervor, earnestness, point and power. Hence he not only left his mark on his pupils, but exerted a powerful influence on the curriculum and the instruction in all our theological seminaries. While he was felt as a power at Andover, he was acknowledged as the father of Hebrew studies, not to say the inspirer also of Biblical Theology, among all in every part of the country who aspired to a thorough preparation for the gospel ministry.

Dr. Robinson, to whom our class was chiefly indebted for

instruction in Hebrew in the Junior year, was the complement of Professor Stuart—deficient in the enthusiasm, the emotion, the sympathy, the wit and point, the warmth and brightness which made Professor Stuart the inspiring teacher that he was, but strong in the very particulars in which Professor Stuart was deficient—an accurate, patient, thorough, comprehensive scholar, master of all the minutiae of Hebrew grammar and lexicography, well acquainted with several of the cognate languages, already an adept, and destined, by his subsequent "Biblical Researches in Palestine," to become the leading authority on the geography and archaeology of the Holy Land. Well might we think ourselves happy in having two such teachers, each the complement of the other, and both together forming so large and so complete a whole. Dr. Robinson was kind and sympathetic to me personally, and, besides his inexhaustible patience with my questions on our lessons in Hebrew, he laid me under great obligations by guiding and stimulating me in beginning the study of German.

Leonard Woods, Jr., was a fine scholar, a popular tutor in Hebrew and Greek, highly esteemed as a man and a gentleman, and much admired as an able and eloquent preacher "without notes" in the Seminary pulpit. He already gave promise of the distinction to which he afterwards attained, and we did not at that time foresee any such theological vagaries as he gave utterance to in his famous Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, nor did we discover those personal and social idiosyncrasies which were somewhat conspicuous in his presidency at Bowdoin.

Next to Professor Stuart, and more even than he, though in a very different way, Dr. Leonard Woods, Senior, was the ruling spirit of Andover Theological Seminary in our day. He was not an inspiring teacher. He gave no text-book instruction. He was not an eloquent lecturer. He had little or no imagination or emotion. His lectures were written in full in a clear, transparent, simple, unrhetorical, unadorned style, and delivered in a calm, quiet, somewhat monotonous manner, with much gravity and dignity, but without any of the enforcements and adornments of elocution. He had no enthusiasm and inspired none. But he was easily and perfectly understood, no one doubted his sincere and hearty belief of the doctrines which he taught, and every one

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felt the force of his arguments and the weight of his character and life. He went over the whole field of natural and revealed religion logically and systematically, taught the orthodox Calvinistic doctrines with great clearness and force, answered questions and objections with inexhaustible patience, magnified the law of God, the Gospel of Christ and the truths of Christianity, and made them appear not only reasonable and honorable, but great and glorious, worthy of the acceptance and obedience of every intelligent creature. He insisted on the necessity of a wide and deep Christian experience for ministers of the gospel, and showed his interest in the Christian character and life of individual students by inviting them one by one to his study for prayer and conversation on personal religion.

Dr. Woods was not widely read in ancient or modern theological lore. He was steeped in the writings of the Mathers, the Edwardses, the Dwights, the Hopkinses, and the Emmonses of New England theology, and well acquainted, not to say imbued, with the teachings of Drs. Alexander, Miller, Hodge and other Princeton divines. But he was in no danger of being led astray by the learning or the theology of the Germans. German philosophy had no attractions for him. The Scotch philosophy, the philosophy of the understanding and of observation and common sense, was more to his taste. The theology of New England, the theology of Edwards, was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Of this he was fully persuaded in his own mind, and of this it was his life-work to convince and persuade others. This was the faith once delivered to the saints, and this it was his mission to defend and transmit unimpaired and unchanged to succeeding generations. And he magnified his office as Professor of systematic and controversial theology, as the appointed and anointed champion of old-fashioned, old-school New England orthodoxy. His publications, which were numerous and weighty, were chiefly theological and controversial, and they were models of that kind in writing—cool, calm, clear, courteous, dignified, logical, Scriptural, serious, earnest, without any parade or display—aimed simply to convince and persuade and win men to the truth. He stood in the forefront of the Unitarian controversy, and was more than a match for Dr. Ware and Dr. Chan-

ning. In his Letters to Dr. Taylor and his Reply to Dr. Mahan, he opposed, perhaps more strenuously than was necessary, but with equal firmness, some of the peculiar, and, as he thought, dangerous tendencies of New Haven and Oberlin theology. He published also lectures on "Church Government" and on "Swedenborgianism." In the former, while he adheres to Congregationalism, he pleads for some more strenuous rules of law and order and betrays a leaning towards the Consociationalism of Connecticut, or, as some thought, the Presbyterianism of the Middle States. His entire works, published after his resignation of the professorship, consist of five large royal octavo volumes. The first three volumes contain his lectures, one hundred and twenty-eight in number, on the whole range of doctrinal and practical theology. The fourth volume contains chiefly reprints, his Lectures to Unitarians, his Reply to Dr. Ware's Letters to Unitarians and Calvinists, his Letters to Dr. N. W. Taylor, his Examination of the Doctrine of Perfection, and his Letter to Dr. Mahan on the same doctrine. The fifth is a volume of Essays and Sermons, the essays being chiefly on the philosophy of the mind, and on cause and effect in connection with fatalism and free agency, and the sermons being chiefly at ordinations, and at the funerals or on the death of distinguished persons (nine in number) such as Samuel Abbot, Samuel Spring, Samuel Worcester, Moses Brown, Jeremiah Evarts, Ebenezer Porter, Harriet Newell, etc. Voluminous and theological as his works were, within six years after his death (he died in 1854) they had already reached a fourth edition, a demand unprecedented, I suspect, for a book of so many volumes on such a subject, and not likely to be duplicated in our untheological age.

And this leads me to remark that Dr. Woods was not a mere theologian. He was in demand in the principal pulpits of the day on special occasions. He preached and printed, as we have seen, a large volume of ordination and funeral sermons. He was prominent in the organization and management of missionary, tract, education and temperance societies, in all the charitable and benevolent operations of the age in which so many of these movements had their origin. He was a frequent member and moderator of ecclesiastical counsels, especially when questions of un-

usual difficulty were involved. He was a natural organizer and trusted leader of the orthodox churches of Massachusetts, and from the quiet of his study as well as from the chair of his lecture room he touched the secret springs of Christian thought and action in every part of the country and the world.

Rev. Ralph Emerson, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology, was a newcomer, fresh from the pastoral office (appointed in 1829) and so well fitted and furnished by personal experience to give us instruction and advice on that side of his department, but without any special qualification or preparation to teach Ecclesiastical History. Indeed all our professors came directly from the pastorate to their professorships, and at their first entrance upon the duties of their office they were no better furnished for their work than the ministers with whom young men used to prepare for the ministry, only they had their several departments and more division of labor, and they could give their whole time to the work. And the theological students of our day not infrequently discussed the question as to which was the better way of preparation for the ministry, the old way or the new, the theological seminary or the study and the parish of some distinguished pastor. Professor Emerson was respected and beloved, but his lectures were neither stirring nor profound, and he left no very deep or lasting impression upon the character and life of the students.

Dr. Ebenezer Porter, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric from 1812 to 1832, and President from 1828 to 1834, was well adapted to fill both these offices and was much admired for his attractive person, his dignified and courteous manners, his refined taste and his Christian sympathy and spirit. His influence on the style of writing and speaking in the Seminary was most happy. But his health was so feeble during my first year in the seminary that I never heard him preach nor received his instructions. And when, after an absence of two years in my tutorship at Amherst, I returned to Andover, he had gone to his rest. His works, chiefly on Sacred Rhetoric, were published in Great Britain as well as America, and his "Rhetorical Reader" long held its place as a text book in the colleges, and went through more than three hundred editions.

Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, D.D., LL.D., who succeeded Dr. Porter, came from Philadelphia with a high reputation as a preacher, and was very popular at Andover, both in the pulpit and the professor's chair. His first appearance at Andover, if I mistake not, was in his address before the Porter Rhetorical Society at the Anniversary, on "Doctrinal Preaching," in which he insisted that doctrinal preaching, by which he meant the preaching of the great central truths of the Gospel as revealed in the Scriptures, was the only powerful preaching—such preaching as Paul describes in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians and exemplifies in all his Epistles, and declares to be the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation. And when, after comparing this with the speculations of human philosophy, the pride of human reasoning, and the meretricious ornaments of rhetorical art, he wound up the paragraph with the triumphant appeal of the Apostle: "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" the audience was thrilled and inspired, and the feeling was universal that that was the kind of sacred rhetoric that should be taught at Andover and in all our theological schools. At the same time, he was an admirable sermonizer, a severe critic, a tasteful and skilful teacher by precept and example in his department. He remained at Andover only two years, however, after which he accepted a call to the pastorship of the Mercer Street Church in New York City. And inasmuch as his instructions were the chief attraction, and his department the principal work of the Senior year, I left Andover and followed him to New York, where he was so kind as to meet a class of young theologues once or twice a week in his study; and his preaching, at once so instructive and so eloquent, was worth more to me than the best course of lectures on Sacred Rhetoric. And here as well as anywhere it may be remarked, that that class of theologues became the nucleus of the Union Theological Seminary in which Dr. Skinner was for many years a professor. And while thus unexpectedly sojourning in New York I was examined and licensed by the Third Presbytery of New York, which was a New School Presbytery in full sympathy with the faith and the spirit of New England Congregationalism.

We had a good deal of able and faithful preaching in the chapel of Andover Theological Seminary. Leonard Woods, Jr., was a pulpit orator, and gave us orations from the pulpit which were much admired, the more because he was the only one of our regular preachers who preached without a manuscript. Professor Stuart was always fresh and breezy as well as learned and eloquent in his discourses. Dr. Woods was sound in the faith, transparent in style, edifying in doctrine, though rather monotonous, not to say soporific, in his delivery. Both these professors usually preached sermons that were profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness, although they could not refrain from giving us too many theological disquisitions. And what was worse, they sometimes preached controversial sermons advocating opposite sides, old school and new school views, of controverted points in theology. And worst of all, it was then customary for members of the senior class to occupy the pulpit in rotation on alternate Sabbaths, and however good their sermons might be, the inevitable consequence was that the students listened more as critics than as hearers of the Word. And the effect on the students of Phillips Academy, who were required to attend the chapel service, was, if possible, even worse than it was on the members of the theological seminary. Of course this method of supply, worse if possible than a perpetual succession of candidates in the churches, has been discontinued long since at Andover, and is now only a memory and a curiosity of the olden time.

Among the preachers from abroad with whose services we were not infrequently favored, the most acceptable and perhaps the most frequent was Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was then in the zenith of his power and influence. His preaching was, in the fullest sense of Dr. Skinner's use of the word, doctrinal. At the same time it was in the highest degree practical. His sermons were logical, but it was the logic of common sense. They were theological, but it was the theology not of a system or of the schools, but of the Bible and of every-day life. He preached as Paul did to the Ephesians and the Corinthians, testifying repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, and holding up the cross of Christ as the wisdom and the power of

God unto salvation. He had not the imaginative and impassioned eloquence of his more distinguished son—his irresistible power to move the masses in platform speeches, on political subjects and on public occasions. But he was more of a revivalist and evangelist, more also of a pastor and preacher to common congregations, more of an organizer, trainer and leader of churches. He magnified Christ as all in all, God over all blessed forever. "Christ is the acting Deity of the Universe." That was the first sentence of the first sermon I ever heard him preach. But above all else he exalted Christ as "the Saviour of sinners."

Amherst graduates who study theology at Andover often discuss the question as to which place is the more beautiful, and find it difficult to answer. Perhaps the easiest and possibly the truest answer would be that they are both the most beautiful. Each is a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Both have spacious and beautiful grounds and fine buildings. Both command broad and variegated views, and look down upon valleys of rare beauty and richness. Both are compassed about by attractive walks and drives. Both boast the unrivaled splendor of their sunsets. Boston is nearer to Andover than it is to Amherst, and Cambridge is near to Boston. But Lawrence is hardly a match for Holyoke. Prospect Hill compared with Mt. Holyoke is as a mole hill to a mountain, and the valley of the Merrimac, after all that can be said of it, is not to be compared with the meadows and the villages in the Valley of the Connecticut.

Andover is an excellent place for study. It is aside from all exciting and distracting circumstances. The spirit of study, thought and inquiry reigns there. The faculty study, think and inquire, and they inspire study, thought and inquiry in the students. A large and choice library invites, stimulates and helps the student in the investigation of the profoundest questions that occupy the human mind. When I was there the Society of Inquiry and the Porter Rhetorical Society were live societies, and gave rise and scope to animated discussions and eloquent speeches. The churches of Andover and the neighboring towns furnished opportunity for those who wished to labor in Sunday Schools and evening meetings. The Sunday School in the old first parish,

under the superintendence of Justin Perkins, gathered in almost all of the congregation, filled the whole church, galleries and all, and was a model for other schools. I cast in my lot with the West Parish, taught the "Recruiting Class" in the gallery, so called because it brought in recruits both of teachers and pupils for the Sunday School; and much of the time I conducted the Sunday evening prayer meeting in that parish. The two years which I spent in Andover were years of great enjoyment and profit to my mind and heart; to my whole nature, intellectual, moral, social and spiritual, and I owe it not more, perhaps not so much, to the direct instruction of the professors, than to the very nature of my studies and the favorable circumstances under which I pursued them, the companionship and fellowship of Christian brethren all with one mind and one heart engaged in the same sacred studies and pursuits, and last, but not least, the atmosphere of the place, the memories of missionaries and other wise and good men who had sat in those seats and occupied those rooms before us, and made us feel that we trod on holy ground and the air we breathed was holy.

Half a dozen or more of the members of my class or contemporary classes became distinguished as professors in colleges, and received their appointment before or shortly after their graduation at Andover. This fact illustrates several things —the high scholarship of those classes, the reputation of the seminary, and the custom in those days of appointing officers of colleges, especially professors, from schools of theology without the special studies which are now deemed requisite as a preparation for the office. All but one of the professors in the first faculty of Amherst and nearly all of the tutors during the first two decades were Andover students.

At the close of my first year at Andover I was appointed tutor at Amherst. At the same time my brother Wellington left Andover, and began his career as a teacher at Harrodsburg, Kentucky. At the end of two years, I returned to complete my theological studies at Andover, and he was appointed to take my place as tutor at Amherst. At the close of that year—the first year of his tutorship and the second year of my theological studies—I took a horse and buggy at Andover and taking him

and our younger brother Edward in at Amherst, we drove together via Hudson, over the Catskill Mountains and down the Susquehanna River, to visit our parents in Harford, and spend the fall vacation with them. It was a pleasant drive and a delightful visit. We enjoyed parents and friends, the old homestead and its surroundings, old acquaintances and old associations, all the more keenly for enjoying them together. And I have never forgotten the amusement we found in returning over the old Catskill turnpike, in making the gate-keepers take our Pennsylvania paper money, and give us silver money in exchange. We seldom, if ever, had in our pockets or purses—we took good care not to have in reach—anything smaller than a five-dollar bill when we reached the turnpike gates. And as these were numerous and frequent, and only a few miles apart, we got rid of a good many five-dollar bills before we reached the Hudson River.

If any of my children or grandchildren raise the question whether this act was strictly honest or honorable, I can only say, you who have had no experience with a "wildcat currency" cannot understand or conceive how great the temptation was. And I warn all who are enjoying the benefits of our excellent system of a sound national currency to beware how they lend their vote or their influence in favor of a currency that is current only in a single state or section. Such a currency is not only bad money, but it is demoralizing in its influence.

During my second year of study at Andover, I began to write for the press. At the suggestion of Professor Stuart, I translated two chapters of Gesenius' Commentary on Isaiah, and published them as two articles in the Biblical Repository. I also became so much interested in the Catholic controversy of the times that I wrote a series of a dozen or more articles for the Boston Recorder under the general title of "Popery as it Has Been, and Is, and Would Be." My readers will infer from this title that the articles were a vigorous, not to say fierce, onslaught upon the assumption and aspirations of the Papacy. And the facts would justify the inference.

On my return to Andover at the beginning of my third year of theological study, finding that Dr. Skinner had left

the seminary for the pastorate of the Mercer Street Church in New York, as already related, I followed him to that city, pursued a course of study in sacred rhetoric under his guidance and direction, and was licensed to preach by the Third Presbytery. The change was advantageous to me in many ways. Besides the superior instruction which I received from Dr. Skinner, who had been both a pastor and a professor, together with more or less of instruction and suggestion from other pastors, secretaries of missionary boards, etc., I now had the opportunity of hearing the best preachers, the most eloquent platform speakers, and some of the most distinguished lawyers in the city. In short, I could supplement all the advantages and disadvantages of my birth and early education in the country by some observation and experience in the great metropolis. At the same time I found to my surprise that there is no better place for hard study than a great city, if a man goes there for that purpose and is firmly resolved to make the most of his opportunities. As a rule I studied, read and wrote without interruption or distraction from my breakfast hour till three or four o'clock in the afternoon, then walked briskly down town, went to the post office, attended to any matters of business or interest, and walked back again to a late dinner. And nowhere and never did I pursue study with more concentration, vigor, pleasure or success, than during that winter in New York. There is no place in the wide world where one can be so secluded, so solitary, so unmoved and unaffected by passing scenes, so utterly alone in the world, as in the midst of a great city.

In the spring of this year (1836), my brother Wellington was invited to the principalship of the Academy in Manlius, New York, and the faculty consented to release him from his tutorship at the beginning of the spring term (before the expiration of the college year), if I would take his place for that term. I consented, the arrangement was made, he went to Manlius, subsequently to the charge of a ladies' school in Columbia, S. C., and thence to his life work in the Young Ladies' Institute at Pittsfield; and I came to Amherst, acted as tutor for the term, and then was appointed professor of Greek and Latin to succeed Professor Fiske when he was transferred from that professor-

ship to take the place of Professor Park as professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. Little did Dr. Woods imagine the consequences to himself and to Andover Seminary, when he came to Amherst and persuaded Professor Park to go to Andover! Little did Professor Park foresee the changes that were to follow him and the seminary in the half century of his connection with it. And little did I anticipate how my coming to Amherst for that brief temporary service was to affect my whole life-work, and the history of the college. It had been my expectation to "go west" either as a professor in some western college or as a home missionary. And I had actually made all my arrangements to leave New York and visit my home in northern Pennsylvania on my way to the West, when I found that the roads were in such a state that the stage agents would not undertake to carry me and my baggage over that route at that season of the year. While I was thus delayed and the way I had chosen was thus closed against me, the door was opened, as above described, for me to come to Amherst. I came to Amherst without a thought of remaining beyond a single term in the tutorship, and I have been here ever since, first as Professor of Greek and Latin, then of Greek alone, having been Professor of Greek from 1836 till my resignation in 1893, in all, a period of fifty-seven years. During this period my history is identified with that of the college, where it is already written incidentally and may be read, some of it directly, and more of it indirectly and between the lines, in my History of Amherst College. Those who wish may find some account of my personal associations, and how much I prized and enjoyed them, during my tutorship and the early years of my professorship, on pages 160 to 170 of the first edition of my history of the college. And I set down here some details of my life in vacations and my doings outside of college and seminary work during the same period.

I entered Andover Seminary in the autumn of 1831 somewhat exhausted by my labors as a teacher in Amherst Academy and by the extra study and reading which my ambition impelled me to pursue in addition to my teaching. The consequence was that, before the close of the year, my health suffered so that I felt obliged to ask leave of absence for a few weeks of rest and

recreation. When I first conferred with President Porter on the subject he very politely and kindly invited me to take a seat in his carriage and drive with him on some excursions which he contemplated for the improvement of his own health. But circumstances prevented his taking these excursions, and by the advice of my physician I resolved to try the effect of a fishing voyage. Accordingly, I went down to Boston and after considerable looking and inquiry, finding no more satisfactory arrangement, I took passage and service—such service as I chose to render—on board a fishing smack which hailed from Lynn, fished for mackerel and cod whenever they could be found in the waters outside Boston harbor, and ran into the harbor to find a market for them every day or two, whenever they had laid in a supply. A diary which I kept in pencil during this novel experience lies before me and I decipher and copy a few extracts.

After visiting Mount Auburn for the first time, while waiting the pleasure of my "skipper," and attending Commencement two days at Cambridge (the Commencement proper and the Anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society where I heard an oration by Jared Sparks and a poem by Professor Felton, all of which I enjoyed exceedingly), I embarked for my first sail on the salt water, got my first view of Boston harbor and its surroundings, made my first experiment in fishing for cod and haddock, and had my first experience of seasickness. And if terra firma was ever welcome to a poor sea-tossed landsman it was welcome to me when I set foot on shore at Lynn to spend the Sabbath.

The next week I had my first experience of mackerel fishing. The fish are first lured about the vessel by large quantities of decayed or salted fish cut or ground fine, which is thrown into the water and suffered to float at large. This done, if there are mackerel near, they are soon seen in "schools" coursing through the water near the surface and making it alive with their rapid and graceful motions. Hooks of about the size of an ordinary trout hook are then thrown out, without a rod, with a line from twelve to twenty feet in length. Each fisherman attends two lines, holds them in his fingers, and, when a fish bites, hauls them in one at a time hand over hand. In a good school the fisherman may thus haul his lines alternately, as fast as he can, with-

out intermission. He has no trouble or delay in unhooking the fish—a slight jerk suffices to tear the hook from the tender mouth of the mackerel, the fish is cast on the deck, and in a moment the line is afloat again for another victim. While thus fishing the reflection was often forced upon me that my employment, though lively sport for me, was death to them—yes, and a cruel death, too, for the laceration of the mouth to extricate the hook is but the beginning of suffering, as the victim is then cast among a mass of fellow sufferers to gasp for his native element —to palpitate and struggle and die in an element as foreign to his nature as water is to ours. Yet not one emotion of pity throbs in the bosom of his unfeeling captor. Surely there is no flesh in the fisherman's obdurate heart.

But in the next day's diary I find the following entry: It is recorded of Franklin that he would not eat animal food till one day he saw one fish swallowing another. This sight banished his scruples and removed the taboo from the proscribed article of food. An effect analogous to this has been produced on my mind by this day's observation of the habits of the inhabitants of the great deep. Yesterday my sympathy for the suffering fish almost led me to execrate the business of the fisherman, and still more to curse that carnivorous appetite which creates the demand for it. But when I see with what voracity the finny tribes devour one another whole, my sympathy is abated, and I become reconciled to the idea that man should share in the slaughter and the spoil. For gluttony the fish stands without a rival; the land furnishes no parallel. In comparison with the fish, the swine is the very personification of abstemiousness. The latter selects its food; the former swallows everything edible, and many things that are not edible, with indiscriminate greediness. The former masticates its food partially at least; the latter swallows whole whatever it can take into its capacious stomach. Fish distance even the fabled harpies of antiquity—we do not read that they ever preyed upon their own species; these do. At once the greatest gluttons and the only cannibals among animals, they swallow not only their own species, but their own offspring, with unsparing, indiscriminate voracity.

In connection with these fishing excursions I availed myself

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of the opportunity to see Lynn, Nahant, Salem and Lowell, and it is at once amusing and instructive to compare these places as they are now with the sketches of them which I find in my journal.

My last seafaring experience at this time was a sail in a "packet" ship which ran regularly between Boston and Provincetown. A dense fog led our captain to take refuge in Plymouth harbor, and I was tantalized with the necessity of lying at anchor for hours without the privilege of setting foot on the shore which was hallowed by the landing of the Pilgrims.

Provincetown was even more unique at the time of my visit than it is now. No streets, no roads, only one wagon and three horses in the whole town—passing from house to house done on foot through sand up to the ankles, from town to town by water—not a foot of soil, not a stone as big as a hen's egg but has been imported or brought in as ballast—no trees, no grass, except the beach grass, which will grow in the sand and which the general government was at that time planting in order to save one of the best harbors on our whole coast from shifting and drifting entirely away like the sands of the desert—a wide waste of sand without a fountain or a stream, yet an inexhaustible supply of sweet, fresh water to be had anywhere by only sinking a well a few feet in the sand, and stoning it up with a barrel or a succession of barrels to keep the sand from falling in, and a smart village of shops, stores and dwelling houses dropped pell-mell without any order, as if they had fallen from the clouds wherever they chanced to fall around the harbor—and all around the town acres of "flakes" (hurdles) for drying fish, or vats for the manufacture of salt, and windmills for pumping up the salt water, which revealed to the visitor at a glance the sources from which the people get their living, and not a few of them derive considerable wealth. Such is the description which I find in my note book of Provincetown as it then was. And the people were as unique and peculiar as the place. Plain in person, simple in manner, old-fashioned in their dress, behind the times in education, quaint in their language, Doric in their pronunciation, antique in their dwellings, furniture and style of living, childlike, almost childish in their superstitions and traditions, but frank, friendly,

cordial, sincere and shrewd and skilled in all that pertained to their calling, they were to me a study, a curiosity, a wonder and delight.

But I have not space for further details. I must hasten my departure. And here I met with an experience, which, though not of great moment in itself, was very grateful to my feelings, and was acknowledged in my diary at the time with devout gratitude as a special interposition of Providence in my behalf. Early in the morning I had failed of a passage in the "packet" in consequence of its sailing at so early an hour; and I then engaged a passage in a fishing vessel which was to leave at ten o'clock. At the appointed hour I went down to the wharf, and had the mortification to see the vessel just under sail and stretching out of the harbor. The wind was brisk and fair for Boston. The schooner shot away with corresponding beauty and rapidity, and promised soon to be anchored safe in Boston harbor, while I was left behind with the possibility of not being able to secure a passage for a number of days. I was vexed at myself: I do not know but I repined at the orderings of Providence. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Two hours elapsed; the wind changed to the northwest, and blew almost a hurricane, while the rain fell in torrents. And now the schooner has returned and cast anchor again in the harbor. She had proceeded only a short distance out of port, when, encountering a violent contrary wind, she turned her course, and after beating about for a time in the storm, she was glad to find safe anchorage again in the harbor from which she had so recently set sail. The packet which left the harbor early in the morning also returned, and in the afternoon I went on board, and had a pleasant and prosperous voyage to Boston, having escaped all the discomforts and dangers which both vessels had encountered, and arriving at my destination as soon as I should have done if I had embarked on the packet in the morning.

While I was thus making Boston my centre of motion, I had the privilege of attending the installation of Mr. Phelps, afterwards Professor Phelps, of Andover, as pastor of the Pine Street Church, and hearing Dr. Lyman Beecher preach the installation sermon. The principal doctrine of the sermon was

that it is the great business of the preacher to convince his hearers that they are criminally dependent on the Holy Spirit for salvation—that their own perverseness is the only cause of their dependence. After stating the happy results in confuting errors and saving souls which would follow from a mode of preaching having this object in view, he proceeded to show how this object was to be attained. First, not by preaching election, reprobation and divine decrees. You might as well teach a child arithmetic by putting him into the higher branches of Newton's Principia. Second, not by preaching inability to repent and believe. Strange infatuation to think of persuading a man to perform a duty by telling him at the outset that he can't do it. Third, not by preaching it as the sinner's duty to feel his dependence on the Holy Spirit. Is it the duty of a revolted subject to feel dependent on the military power for a return to his allegiance? Is it the duty of a child to feel dependent on the rod to bring him back to duty? Fourth, is it by preaching the law in all its extent and spirituality, with the duties which it enjoins, and his ability, if he will, to perform those duties?

The sermon was in the Doctor's ablest, if not his best, style. More study might have given it more logical consistency but not more force and fire. More complete preparation might have softened the asperity of some of his unwritten paragraphs, but it would also have taken off the edge of some merited rebukes. There was some asperity in his animadversions upon opposite views and other modes of preaching. There was sometimes a severe, not to say contemptuous, treatment of ministerial brethern who held other views and pursued other methods. There was perhaps an implied imputation to other preachers of doctrines and sentiments which they would utterly repudiate. At the same time there was a clear and strong common sense, a vigorous Saxon English, a power of argument, a felicity of illustration and expression, a directness, aptness and pungency of appeal to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, and in those extemporaneous passages in which he lifted his eyes from his manuscript, took off his spectacles, and addressed himself directly to his audience, there was a depth of conviction and a fervor of feeling,

which is rarely seen in the most eloquent preachers, and which few could resist.

The next morning I was witness to an exciting and for me a novel scene, of which I gave the following description in a diary which I kept during this excursion from Andover.

It has been my singular experience to pass twenty-two years of my life without once seeing a building on fire. Happy ignorance indeed of one of the greatest calamities to which humanity is subject! At about ten o'clock the peal of a single bell first broke in upon the hum of business. Soon another joined in the peal, and in half a minute all the bells at the north end of the city were sounding a simultaneous and loud alarm. Meanwhile, scattering cries of "fire" were heard, and a few people were seen to start upon a run. Soon a general cry was raised, and then a universal rush of the loose moving population of the streets toward the quarter whence the alarm originated. And then nothing was to be heard through the city but the bawl of firemen and the clatter of engines and the cry of boys dragging them through the streets towards the scene of action. In the interim observers from the roofs of houses and various conspicuous stations had ascertained the locality of the fire. It was the gas factory which furnished the gas for lighting the city. The intelligence spread like electricity through the city, and soon all was panic. It was known that if the reservoir should take fire, the explosion must be terrific, and it was feared that the explosion would extend through the pipes and conductors! No part of the city felt secure from danger. The men ran in large numbers, with anxious looks and hurried steps, towards the fire, while the women feared and trembled at home. I joined the moving multitude and soon was on the spot. The smoke curled and the flames rose in a manner that might have been sublime in midnight darkness, and would have been admired as beautiful but for the prevailing fear and anxiety.

The engines began to play, water poured in streams upon the building. The fire was soon checked, and in less than an hour utterly extinguished. But the roof and inner part of the upper stories were consumed. The crowd then dispersed, greatly relieved, and business, which seldom suffers such an interruption in

a great city, resumed its ordinary hum and bustle. Query: If the reservoir had exploded, would the consequences apprehended by the multitude have followed?

The next winter I was in New York at the time of the great fire which swept, like the besom of destruction, over the business centre of that city, and left it a mass of blackened ruins. The fire broke out in the evening and burned all night with irresistible fury, destroying store after store, spreading from block to block, sweeping away Custom House and Merchants' Exchange, private and public edifices, as if they were cob-houses. Granite columns cracked and crumbled, iron supports bent and bowed, brick walls tottered and fell, firemen were powerless to extinguish or check the flames, and the fire was stayed at length only by blowing up buildings in advance and thus removing the fuel that fed the fierce conflagration. When I awoke in the morning and looked out over the city from the roof of my boarding house up town, the flames were still raging, the smoke was still rising—it seemed like a perfect realization of the pictures I had seen of the destruction of Sodom. When I went down town towards noon after the work of the morning, it was the saddest ruin on which I ever set my eyes. The largest warehouses, the richest wholesale stores, some of the finest public buildings, all the busiest and richest quarter of the city, a pile of blackened wood and stone, iron, brick and mortar! The streets buried in the debris, all landmarks obliterated, nothing to mark the sites of stores and counting houses which yesterday were thronged with men of business; goods which yesterday filled the shelves and adorned the counters, scorched, half-burned, tattered and torn, and what was to me the saddest sight of all, as illustrating how futile had been the efforts of the firemen to extinguish the flames, their hose here and there abandoned and frozen solid by the severity of the cold. But evil, if not, as some theologians teach, the necessary means of good, seems to be the ordinary antecedent of progress in our world, and such great fires as those of New York, Chicago and Boston, have uniformly cleared the ground for structures more tasteful, more healthful and more useful than those which were destroyed.

In the fall vacation of 1837 I journeyed with my father and

mother, partly to visit friends and partly to see the country in which I had for some years felt an especial interest and expected to do my life work, in the great West, which then lay almost entirely east of the Mississippi. We set out soon after Commencement in our own carriage, and drove first to Ovid, New York, where we had a pleasant visit with Uncle Boyd—who was for some years my father's partner in mercantile business in northern Pennsylvania, but was now doing a good business in Ovid—and his wife, who was my mother's sister of nearly the same age and much like her in personal appearance and character, and their three children, who were of about the same age as the three children of my mother and who had been the companions and playmates of our childhood. From Ovid we drove over the beautiful "Lake Country" between Lakes Cayuga and Seneca, to Geneva, where we visited Uncle Alonzo, mother's youngest brother, and were captivated by the beauty of High Street, with its palatial residences and royal gardens reaching down to the lake. Thence we drove on at the rate of fifty miles a day over the Ridge Road, once apparently the southern shore of Lake Ontario, and now as level as the lake and as smooth as it was level, till we reached Lockport, where we left our horses and carriage, and took the railroad to Buffalo, where we embarked on a steamboat upon Lake Erie for Sandusky, the nearest port to Lyme, Huron County, Ohio, the residence of the friends whom we were next to visit. These details of our travels are chiefly interesting perhaps as illustrating the modes of travel and means of conveyance then in existence. Steamboats were running on some of our rivers and lakes. We availed ourselves of the first steamboat that was running on any part of our route. In 1837 there were not over twenty-five hundred miles of railway in existence in the whole country, and these were chiefly connected with Boston and Baltimore. That between Lockport and Buffalo and the one between Albany and Schenectady were all that existed in the State of New York. My mother had never seen a train of cars until she stepped into the train at Lockport, and I have a vivid recollection of her delight at the rapidity and the smoothness of the motion, and she illustrated the latter by taking out her knitting work and knitting.

At Lyme, twelve miles from Sandusky, there were two families nearly akin to us and especially dear, whom it was our special object to visit, and with whom we made a longer stay than at any other point on our journey. One was that of Uncle John Seymour, who was my mother's oldest brother, and whose wife, Sarah Thacher, was a cousin of my father; the other was that of Mehitable Seymour, my mother's youngest sister, whose husband was Dr. George Smith, a practicing physician in Lyme and the neighboring towns. Uncle John Seymour had been a partner in mercantile business with my father for several years in northern Pennsylvania. They had also been fellow laborers in Christian work, and sympathized warmly with each other in their theological opinions and religious life and spirit. Several years previous to our visit they had gone out to northern Ohio, and after exploring, had purchased a farm together, with the intention of removing their families in due time and carrying on farming and mercantile business together in this new world of the West. The education of their sons at Western Reserve College was also a part of their plan which they talked over with much interest. Education and religion and the highest welfare of their children were always uppermost in their thoughts and purposes. Uncle John moved his family to Ohio soon after the purchase. But the enterprise did not realize their expectations. It brought neither health nor wealth to the Seymour family. The Tyler family remained in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania. Their sons were all educated at Amherst College, instead of Western Reserve. John Alonzo, Uncle John's son, in due time followed suit. And now the two families had come together only for a visit. And a delightful visit it was to parents and children. Apart from the tender ties of natural affection and the perfect harmony of their religious views, there was the past to be reviewed, and the present to be talked over, and the future to be anticipated. Besides this, Uncle was a man of rare intellect and intelligence, reason and imagination, full to the brim of observations and speculations about geology, astronomy and theology, about things in the heaven above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. And it was a rich treat for a young college professor to

converse on such subjects with a man of so much sagacity, shrewdness and knowledge of affairs. I kept up a correspondence with this favorite uncle as long as he lived, and have preserved not a few of his letters. Dr. and Mrs. Smith also added much to the variety, the pleasure and the profit, of our visit. For she was not only an affectionate relative and loving friend who had always manifested the liveliest interest in my education, but was a large-minded, warm-hearted, wholly consecrated Christian woman, whose conversation and correspondence were always uplifting and inspiring. And the doctor, the worthy husband of such a wife, took me almost every day into his buggy, made me the companion of his extensive rides, initiated me into many of the mysteries of his profession, and introduced me to a wide and somewhat familiar acquaintance with the homes and the lives of the early settlers of that new, and, to me, strange country. Not the least interesting of our drives was our attendance at the commencement at Oberlin, which, at that time, was surrounded on every side by miles of the most magnificent forest of grand trees—largely black walnuts, three or four feet in diameter, tall, straight, smooth, umbrageous—that my eyes had ever seen. If Oberlin can rear men like these trees, me-thought, she will do a great work. But our entrance was beset with difficulties. We had to make our way through this immense forest. The day was rainy. The roads were muddy. The mud was deep, often up to the hubs. It was a western mud, deep, thick, stiff, sticky, more like a bed of mortar than a traveled road. But we persevered, and at length arrived at the place where the public exercises were to be held. It was a tent—the tent, I believe, in which they were accustomed then to hold their commencements. It was good of its kind, spacious, light and airy, but it was far from being water-proof, and required again and again, in the course of the day, to be supplemented by umbrellas. For the rain continued to fall in copious showers. And the graduating class continued to pour forth floods of vigorous, manly, earnest eloquence, sometimes as vehement as the storms of invective and vituperation which an unsympathizing public was wont to pour upon Oberlin in those days. But the audience was patient, sympathetic, applauding. The rain at length ceased. Sunshine fol-

lowed the storm. Oberlin triumphed, as she has in all her subsequent history. And at the Commencement dinner which followed, men and women rejoiced together, as they had studied together in their college course.

Our next stopping place was Detroit, now one of the most flourishing and beautiful cities in the great Northwest, but then a comparatively small place, still bearing distinct marks of its early Indian, French and Canadian population, and not yet giving any very clear indications of its present enterprise, wealth and prosperity. We spent the Sabbath in Detroit. And I find in my journal the following illustration of the still unique, primitive, simplicity of the people.

On leaving the church, a very novel spectacle met my eye—a dense line of horse-carts drawn up in front of the church, lined with skins, blankets and cushions, waiting to convey the ladies—ladies of rank and fashion—through the mud (it was a damp, drizzly day), and the ladies piling into them, filling them one after another, and then driven away to their homes! A notable instance of the sacrifice of pride and vanity to convenience and comfort! How much more comfortable than to walk over shoe-tops in the mire! How convenient such a carriage to get and get into. And how much better than to stay at home, or to keep a coachman in every family from attending church!

Our next journey, from Detroit to Ann Arbor, was by "stage," not, however, in a stage-coach but in a strong, heavy, lumber wagon, seated on a board, perchance on a trunk over the hinder wheels, lumbering along at the rate of two or three miles an hour, now wading in the mud up to the hubs, now bouncing over the logs of a worn-out corduroy road, one minute lifted out of the mud by a log, the next plunged deeper in the mire in proportion to the height from which we had fallen, and the horses not infrequently driven furiously down these precipices, that with the momentum thus acquired they might be able to draw the wagon up the perpendicular elevation on the other side. Such ups and downs perpetually recurring, like broken waves of the sea after a storm! While the day lasted, weary of waiting for the stage, I could relieve the monotony by walking ahead and regaling myself with the blackberries and huckleberries which

abounded by the wayside. At other times I was obliged to stay and tug at the wheels to help lift them, perhaps pry them with a rail, out of the sloughs in which they were sunk. In one instance, about midnight (for no inconsiderable part of our journey was in the night), to add to the variety of our experiences, while we were thus engaged, a pack of wolves set up a dismal howl in the forest near by. Thus we worked our passage, accomplishing thirty miles in about fifteen hours, through a part of what was then called the Black Swamp, a tract of level, low, wet and more or less marshy land, densely and heavily timbered and doubtless possessing a rich soil, but at this time sparsely settled, with very few farms and few houses, except inns, and these mere hovels or shanties to stow away emigrants and teamsters for the night.

The Michigan University at Ann Arbor was founded the very year of our visit, the same year in which Michigan was admitted as a state, and among the first acts of the first legislature of the state. It was not opened to receive students till five years later, in 1842. The magnificent endowment, however, in the gift of public lands, whose value was then estimated at $5,000,000, and the broad and comprehensive system of preparatory, normal and primary schools of which it was to be the head, and all these were to be branches, already awakened great expectations, which have been perhaps more than realized in the brief half century of its growth and prosperity. But we were drawn to visit Ann Arbor, not by its prospective university, nor by the beauty of the place, nor by the romance of its name, but by the presence there and in the vicinity of two ministerial families who had been our neighbors for several years in Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, who had done good missionary, pastoral and Christian work there, and whose society and friendship we highly prized for their culture and refinement, as well as their high Christian character. Rev. Mr. Beach, whom we found ministering to the church in Ann Arbor, had a son William, one of three Williams, William Beach, William Boyd and William Tyler, who were all of about the same age, all oldest sons, congenial spirits, chief friends, whose visits at each other's homes in Penn-

Note.—Ann Arbor takes its name from the first lady who resided in the place, and the numerous and beautiful shade trees which early distinguished it and which, in their natural and uncultivated beauty, still adorn it. So I was told at the time of our visit, and so I have written in my journal.

sylvania, though too infrequent, were marked as high days, enjoyed as play days, celebrated as holidays. Of course, the meeting of such friends and such families at Ann Arbor was a festival. Rev. Mr. Conger, the other minister, was preaching in a neighboring church. If I mistake not it was at Ypsilanti. He also had a son, too young to be my playmate, who was afterwards distinguished as a member of Congress from Michigan.

Leaving my mother to complete her visit with the Beach and Conger families, my father and I pursued our journey to Grass Lake, where we received a cordial welcome from Rev. Mr. Ellis, a former pioneer in the ministry in Illinois and trustee of Illinois College, at the time of our visit sustaining the same relation to a proposed Christian, but not State College, at Marshall, Michigan, with whom, at the recommendation of Dr. Peters, Dr. Skinner and others, I had had some correspondence in regard to a professorship in that college. We found Mr. Ellis ministering to a small but growing Congregational church, young, of course, for the settlement was only three years old, but vigorous and prosperous, full of faith and hope and courage. His family was living in a small log house with but a single room on the first floor which served at once as kitchen, larder, bedroom, study and parlor. The garret, where we slept, was the only other room, and contained the only other bed in the house. Yet there was comfort and neatness there. A healthful, palatable and tasteful table was spread. A good, and, for the place, a large library bore witness to the profession, the learning and taste of the occupant. The house was half filled with such books as Webster's and Calmet's Dictionaries, Clark's, Henry's, Scott's and Barnes' Commentaries, Brown's, Payne's and Stewart's Philosophies. Here too were Schleusner, Rossenmüller, Gibbon, Mitford and Shakespeare, and the brightest lights of English literature. An intelligent and affectionate wife, by her skillful housewifery, her contented and cheerful disposition and her agreeable and winning manners, threw the last and sweetest charm over this cottage in the wilderness. Mr. Ellis was still interested in education as well as religion, and we spent the evening in delightful conversation on subjects to which I had given much thought and to which he had devoted his life. His heart was much set upon the proposed

Michigan College, and I was half sorry that my steps had been turned away from a western to an eastern institution. And it has always been a pleasant recollection to me that this same Mr. Ellis, with whom I passed so pleasant and profitable an evening in his home missionary parsonage, was afterwards the occasion of my writing my essay on "Prayer for Colleges" by the premium which he offered for the best essay on that subject.

The place had already been selected for the site of Michigan College. It was Marshall, the shire town of Calhoun County, a beautiful town on the Kalamazoo River, about seventy miles west of Ann Arbor. Six years previous there was not a white resident in the county. Then the population of Marshall was twelve hundred. Some three or four hundred acres of land, beautifully situated in the finest portion of the town, had already been set apart, partly for the campus and partly for the endowment of the college. Buildings were to be erected without encroaching on the funds to be raised from the sale of the lands; large and liberal plans were being formed for the establishment of "Michigan College." But the college was never opened. Whether it was too near Ann Arbor and unable to compete with a richly endowed state university, or whether it succumbed to the hard times which soon followed, or it was too early in the history of the state for such an institution to be founded by private contributions,—whatever may have been the cause, the college was never opened; it existed only in the minds and hearts of its friends.

When I left home, it was my plan and purpose, after having visited friends in New York, Ohio and Michigan with my parents, as above described, to pursue my journey alone via Illinois College as far west as St. Louis, and then return by way of Louisville, Kentucky, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Philadelphia and New York City. Leaving Marshall, I set out on my journey by stage with this plan in mind. But the farther west I went, the deeper grew the mud, the worse the roads, the poorer the accommodations, the more difficult the traveling. The stage broke down three times in going sixty miles. We hired a private wagon, but that proved equally unfortunate, and finally gave up the ghost.

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And I was not long in coming to the conclusion that there was scarcely the ghost of a chance that I should ever reach St. Louis at this rate, certainly not within the space of a college vacation. I therefore made up my mind to set my face by the shortest route towards Indianapolis. But this I must do on foot and alone. Fortunately my luggage was compact and light. I could carry it in my hand or swing it over my shoulders. And I set out on my tramp rejoicing in the glorious privilege of being independent. I got on faster by my own locomotion than I had done by the stage or the hired wagon. I enjoyed the new and strange country. I was amused by the forms and features, the gait and speech, the manners and customs, of the people. I met with much hard fare, and not a few novel and strange experiences. But the country and the people at length became monotonous. I passed day after day through country which was almost a dead level, or one long swell followed another just like it in unending succession, till at length my very muscles and bones ached for the sight of a mountain or a waterfall. The atmosphere was malarious, the people shook with fever and ague, and the children all seemed to have white heads and pale faces. In traveling through Michigan, we often fell in with bands of emigrants from the East, perchance from foreign lands. Villages were springing up. Manufacturing towns were booming. The walls of taverns were covered with paper cities. But there was nothing of this kind to diversify and enliven the long, level, straight, north and south, road from South Bend towards Indianapolis, as I tramped alone through forest and prairie and morass with only now and then a farm and a solitary log house and its lonesome and ague-stricken occupants. Of course I grew weary, tired, and homesick; weary of the monotony, tired of the travel, almost sick for want of rest and change, when at length I was overtaken by a one-horse covered business wagon, without load and without seats, bound for Indianapolis, and the driver invited me to ride. Of course I accepted the invitation with many thanks, stepped into the wagon, and threw myself down upon the hay, the only contents of the wagon, and never have I so luxuriated in the richest and softest cushioned chairs or coaches of a Pullman palace car as I did lying upon the bed of hay which covered the floor of that lumber wagon.

From Indianapolis, I found my way open by the public conveyances to Cincinnati and Lane Seminary, to Louisville, Kentucky, where I had a charming visit with my friend and fellow tutor, Edward P. Humphrey, who, among other hospitable entertainments, rode with me through some of the finest "oak-openings," and "blue-grass farms" of that section, and to Ashland, near by, the far famed residence and plantation of Henry Clay, with his celebrated stock of choice cattle and horses, and thence by the famous National Road across the mountains to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and thence by the then greatly admired Pennsylvania system of canals and stationary engine railroads across the Allegheny Mountains to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER IV.

My Profession, Teaching, Private School, Tutorship, Professorship.

My profession is that of a teacher. Teaching has been my life work. I taught, as I have already related, a private school of which I was not only trustees and faculty, but proprietor, during the year which intervened between my leaving Hamilton College and entering Amherst, when I was only eighteen years old, and learned more myself from my own experience than I taught my pupils in their books and studies. The first year after my graduation I was a teacher in Amherst Academy, then one of our largest and most flourishing preparatory schools, and, while I was sufficiently successful in teaching English and Mathematics to win the approval of principal, parents and pupils, I was at the same time reading the ancient classics with a relish and enthusiasm which I had never before experienced. The next two years, although spent in the study of sacred literature and theology at Andover, widened and deepened my appreciation of all linguistic studies, under the influence of such teachers as Professors Stuart and Robinson and the inspiration of such fellow students as Elias Riggs, Edward Humphrey, Justin Perkins, Horatio B. Hackett and Alpheus Crosby.

The next two years (1832-34) I spent very pleasantly and very profitably as a tutor in Amherst. Professor Stuart thought it would be time lost and advised me to decline the call. President Humphrey, on the contrary, was in the habit of encouraging all candidates for the ministry to have some experience in teaching before entering on the sacred office, as the best way of acquiring a knowledge of human nature and learning many things which they could not learn either in college or in their profession. Tutors in those days in Amherst were expected to teach Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and not a few miscellaneous studies to the lower classes, to occupy rooms in college and keep order among the students, and to bear a most important part in

their general education and training. Justin Perkins, Timothy Dwight, Edward P. Humphrey, Ebenezer Burgess, Elbridge Bradbury and Thacher Thayer were my associates in the tutorship, and we formed acquaintances and attachments with one another, as well as with many of the students, which have proved to be as happy and enduring as they were intimate. Several of us were so fortunate as to be admitted for board to the table of Professor and Mrs. Edward Hitchcock, where we found not only health and strength of body in the simple and wholesome fare, but edification and refreshment for the mind in conversation on the loftiest themes of literature, science, morals and religion. At the same time, Mary Lyon found a cordial welcome under their hospitable roof in that memorable winter when she was consulting the friends of education, and forming plans for the establishment of Mount Holyoke Seminary. The first announcement through the public press of the idea and purpose of the founder of Mount Holyoke proceeded from the pen of Professor Hitchcock while Miss Lyon was thus domiciled under his roof in Amherst. And we tutors marveled at the faith and hope and courage and strength of which that first endowed and perpetuated institution for the higher education of women—now the mother of so many women's colleges, and so many missionaries in every part of the world—was born.

My appointment to a professorship in Amherst College was the unforeseen and unexpected result of an accident, or rather, of an accidental coincidence of several seemingly accidental circumstances. The first of these was the removal of Professor Park from Amherst to Andover. The second was the transfer of Professor Fiske from the professorship of Latin and Greek to that of Philosophy to fill the vacancy. The third was the departure of my brother, W. H. Tyler, from his tutorship at Amherst to the principalship of the academy in Manlius, New York, and my coming from New York City to fill out his incomplete tutorial term of two years, so that I happened to be on the ground teaching and preaching in my turn in the college chapel at the very time when the trustees were holding their annual meeting. So many and such were the apparently casual circumstances which conspired to bring about an appointment, which

was not at all in my thoughts, but which determined my whole life work, and was not without important bearings on the history of Amherst College. Nothing happens. Nothing is accidental. Every event, however small in itself, is more or less connected with every other, and forms a part of the plan and purpose of an all-comprehending and all-wise Providence.

It was in 1836 that I was appointed professor, and I resigned in 1893, having held the office fifty-seven years. For the first ten years I was Professor of Latin and Greek, and taught the Junior Class Tacitus, the last Latin in the course, with almost as much enthusiasm as I taught Sophomores Demosthenes and both classes the Dialogues of Plato and the Iliad of Homer. For several years I was announced as Professor of Hebrew also. And I enjoyed the study and the teaching of that primitive, simple, sacred language. But I was professing quite too much—more than any one could successfully perform. And as soon as the resources of the college permitted what the increasing number of students and the principle of division of labor demanded, I was glad to give over Latin and Hebrew to other professors and confine my labors to the Greek.

When I entered upon my professorship, all the Greek that was required for admission to college was contained in the "Graeca Minora" and the Greek Testament; and all the Greek that was studied in college was comprised in the two volumes, one of extracts from Greek prose authors and the other from Greek poets, of the "Graeca Majora"—an American edition of an English, or rather Scottish, text-book, prepared by Professor Dalzell of the University of Edinburgh, a Greek reader on a large scale —which comprehended all the Greek text and all the legitimate helps to which the noble youth of Scotland and America were supposed to have access in that generation. The notes in this text-book, with the exception of a few marvelously concise additions to the American edition by Professor Popkin of Harvard College, were in Latin, and the only Greek Lexicon to which I had access in preparation for college was that of Schrevelius, in which the definitions were given in Latin.

Immediately upon taking charge of the department I introduced a more extended and connected study of Homer's Iliad,

and feeling that no just idea of an oration of Demosthenes, for example, could be obtained from the study of excerpts, gems though they might be, I soon introduced the study of separate and entire authors substantially as it has continued to the present day. The "Graeca Majora" contained selections from some forty or fifty Greek authors, scarcely any of them a complete work, most of them mere fragments selected as specimens, but giving about as perfect an idea of the whole books and their authors as the brick which the world renowned scholasticus carried about as a sample, gave of the house that he wished to dispose of. Since that day *"Legendum est potius multum quam multa"*—"It is better to read much than many books or authors"—has been the motto of our Greek department. And in all the changes of teachers and the times for more than half a century, in required and optional studies, in regular lessons and in reading at sight, by recitations and lectures, in the text-books which I have edited and the Socratic conversations, "question and answer," which I have habitually held with my classes, my aim and end has been one and the same—not to teach words only, but words in their inseparable connection with things, and thoughts, I take it, are the greatest and best things. Not to teach the lessons only or the language only, or the literature only, or the life of the Greeks only, but the lesson and the language and the literature, and the life, and that not of the Greeks only, but of mankind as illustrated by that of the Greeks—not only to make Grecians, but scholars, and not scholars alone, but men, and not only men, but Christians, for "the Christian is the highest style of man." So may Greek always be taught at Amherst College! It was not without some good reason, founded in the nature of things, that Greek and mathematics were so long given so large a space in the curriculum of our colleges, for mathematics is the foundation of all the physical sciences, and the framework of the material universe, and Greek is the *fons et origo* of archæology, of art, of language as a study, of literature, of history, of philosophy, of ethics, of theology, of all political, moral and religious studies. In short, classical studies are, as they have always been called, "the humanities," for, as Cousin well said in his official report to the French Government on Public

Instruction in Prussia. "Their tendency and object is the knowledge of human nature which they consider under all its grandest aspects." Other studies can be pursued in their sources only in connection with classical studies, and classical studies should always be taught with more or less reference to all other studies. Indeed, they can be taught in their broadest aspects and their highest relations only in this connection. They can be seen in their true light only with an eye to the knowledge of human nature, the service of mankind and the glory of God. Well then might the great French philosopher insist that "classical studies are, without any comparison, the most important of all," and that "to curtail or enfeeble such studies would be an act of barbarism, a crime against all true and high civilization, and in some sense an act of high treason against humanity." I am afraid that Amherst can hardly plead entirely guiltless to this indictment, but I trust that she will not do so again, that she will not repeat the crime. And I hope that she will never admit students to college without any knowledge of Greek and then confer the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon those who have no knowledge of the language from which poetry, history, philosophy and all the arts and all the sciences, derive their terminology and their very names.

I said that we have been in the habit of reading the best works of the best Greek authors. Among these may be specified the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, the Histories of Herodotus and Thucydides, the Tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the Olynthiacs, Philippics, and De Corona of Demosthenes, the Apology, Crito, Gorgias and Phaedo of Plato. If there are any books in any language which above all others are suited to discipline the mind, cultivate the taste, and stimulate the highest thinking, speaking and acting, by holding up the best models of thought, speech and action before educated men, certainly these will rank high among such books, and therefore they should be among the books which hold a permanent and prominent place in our educational institutions, and which the young men in our colleges (which are educational institutions) should all, so far as possible, be encouraged to study.

There has been much discussion among classical teachers as

to whether Homer's Iliad should be read in the preparatory school or the college. There are arguments on both sides of the question. The teacher in the preparatory school and the college professor may both well covet the inspiration and the charm of the oldest and the sweetest of all Grecian singers. But it has always seemed to me a sad pity that this great poem should be read by small boys or beginners who cannot appreciate either its marvelous simplicity or its matchless sublimity. Hence, as I have already stated, soon after entering upon my professorship, I not only introduced a more extended and more connected study of Homer, but made it the last Greek in the curriculum. I read in regular lessons or at sight almost the entire poem, I gave several lectures on the Iliad and the Odyssey and had the satisfaction of finding that the Iliad seemed quite another book to the Junior, with his better knowledge of Greek and more cultivated mind and more rapid reading of the story, from what it was, when, in the preparatory school, he dragged his length slowly along over a few lines a day with perhaps as many pages of declensions, or conjugations, or rules of construction in the grammar.

Meanwhile, Professor Elwell has been accustomed to take the Freshman Class through the Odyssey in substantially the same manner, and thus these two great epics, whose song is as natural and sweet as the singing of birds, have become as familiar as they are sweet to the best Greek scholars in our classes, and are remembered by them as perhaps the most fascinating and not the least instructive of all the Greek classics.

For many years I gave one lesson a week to the Sophomore and Junior Classes in Bible Studies, partly in the Greek Testament and partly in the history, literature and criticism of the books of the Bible—their authorship, genuineness and authenticity, analysis of their contents, and the object and characteristic of each book. As a guide to the study and the recitation the class was furnished with two small pamphlets; one of Questions on the Old Testament, and the other of Questions on the New Testament, under the guidance of which we usually went rapidly over the whole or nearly all, of the books of both Testaments. In the Greek Testament we read consecutively one of the historical books, usually the Acts of the Apostles, studying the Greek text

critically, as we would any other text-book, and yet never forgetting that the books of the Bible lay claim to an authorship and an authority and a sacredness higher than any other book. I should do injustice to myself if I did not put on record the statement that I greatly enjoyed this Bible teaching, and I owe it to my pupils to add that the only instance in my whole life as a teacher in which I was ever asked by vote of a class to prolong the recitations beyond the usual length of an hour to an hour and a quarter was in these Bible lessons.

The question between teaching by text-books and recitations, on the one hand, and instruction by lectures, on the other, has been long and ably discussed, and is still an open question. Both methods have their advantages. A model text-book is a labor-saving machine which spares both teacher and student a great deal of manual labor and mechanical drudgery, and brings the whole subject in a definite and complete form for study or discussion, as the case may be, and the study-hour and the recitation hour together afford the opportunity for the student to exert all his powers in the mastery of the subject as presented in the text-book, and the best teacher to test the pupil's knowledge and understanding of the subject, to discipline his mind in the clear and correct statement of the lesson, to correct his errors and mistakes, and to add anything that may be needful for the further elucidation of the subject. On the other hand, the lecture has the advantage in the possibility of a more perfect adaptation to the views of the teacher, and to the state and wants of the students, and of a more lifelike presentation of the subject matter of the lecture, than is likely to be found in any ordinary text book. With the increasing number of universities in our country and the tendency to adopt university methods in our colleges, the lecture system has doubtless grown in popularity and encroached on the use of text-books and recitations. And this has on the whole been a gain in our educational methods. But there are losses and dangers attending the new methods. And the greatest danger is, that the student will feel himself relieved from the necessity of personal effort, study and hard work—get little mental discipline, perhaps little knowledge of his own,—and go away from the college or university with nothing but his note

books, and if he should happen to lose them, like the traditional German student, be obliged to go over the whole course again. This is even worse than the other extreme, the old college way of mechanical learning of the recitation without further illustration or addition. There is a medium between the two which is better than either, which unites the two methods and secures the advantages of both. In *medio tutissimus ibis.* If it were practicable, if there were a sufficient number of competent teachers, perhaps the Socratic method would be the best of all, when the professor is both text-book and teacher, and the individual pupil is brought in immediate contact with the individual teacher in the way of question and answer, and each exerts his utmost powers to solve the question and discover the truth. President Garfield insisted that the best university he could conceive of would be a log with Mark Hopkins sitting at one end of it, and himself at the other, discussing the great questions of philosophy, science, literature and life.

My prevailing method has been to deliver one carefully written lecture every week to each class that was reciting to me on some subject collateral to the book or the author which the class was reading. Thus when the Sophomore Class was reading the Philippics and Olynthiacs or the Oration on the Crown, I gave them a written course of lectures on the Greek orators, giving Demosthenes, of course, the prominence which belongs to him, not only as the prince of Grecian orators, but as the leading statesman of his age at Athens. When the Junior Class was reading a dialogue of Plato, I gave them a course of lectures on the Greek philosophers. And when an elective class was reading Homer's Iliad, I gave them lectures on Greek literature in general and Greek poetry in particular, especially on Homer and the Homeric question. Not the least valuable, and I believe not the least interesting of my lectures, was a short course which I was in the habit of giving to a class when they first came under my instruction on the general subject of linguistic studies, assigning reasons for the prominence justly given to such studies in our colleges and universities, and giving some advice and counsel as to the best methods of studying, especially the Latin and Greek languages. Students in college can hardly be expected to elect

the further study of Greek, if they regard it as the study of mere words with the lexicon and grammar, like a small boy in the preparatory school. Or if they do elect it, they will pursue it with little pleasure and profit, and with no enthusiasm, unless they bring to it some idea of the nature of language, of the indissoluble connection between words and thoughts and things, and of the history and philosophy of the Greek language and its genetic and vital relation to the language, literature, art and science of the civilized world.

CHAPTER V.

Preaching.

At the beginning the president and professors of the college were all preachers. It was so in the other New England and American colleges in that age generally. This was the natural result of the fact that the colleges usually had a religious origin, were the offspring of the churches, and were founded with especial reference to the education of ministers. The ministers of those days were upon an average better educated in literature, science and art, than the members of the other learned professions. Their profession was largely a teaching profession. They might well be called an educating guild. Hence, the colleges in looking for a president or professor in the ranks of professional men, would naturally look to ministers. Or if a young man were aspiring to a professorship he could scarcely find a better way or place in those days to prepare himself for the work than a tutorship followed by a thorough course of study in a theological seminary. Our colleges were then educational institutions, and did not aspire to be universities. Presidents and professors were expected to educate their students, not to make them discoverers or experts. It is not strange, then, that Amherst College found most of its early professors among the students or the graduates of Andover Theological Seminary.

During the first two or three years in the history of the college, the faculty and students worshipped on the Sabbath in the old parish meeting-house on the hill. But early in the administration of President Humphrey, finding this arrangement inconvenient and disagreeable both to the college and the people, and even seeing increasing symptoms of disturbance and collision, the college withdrew, and established a separate service, first in one of the college buildings, and soon after built the present chapel for better accommodation of this separate worship. But the chief reason which the President urges in favor of a separate congregation and place of worship for students is the

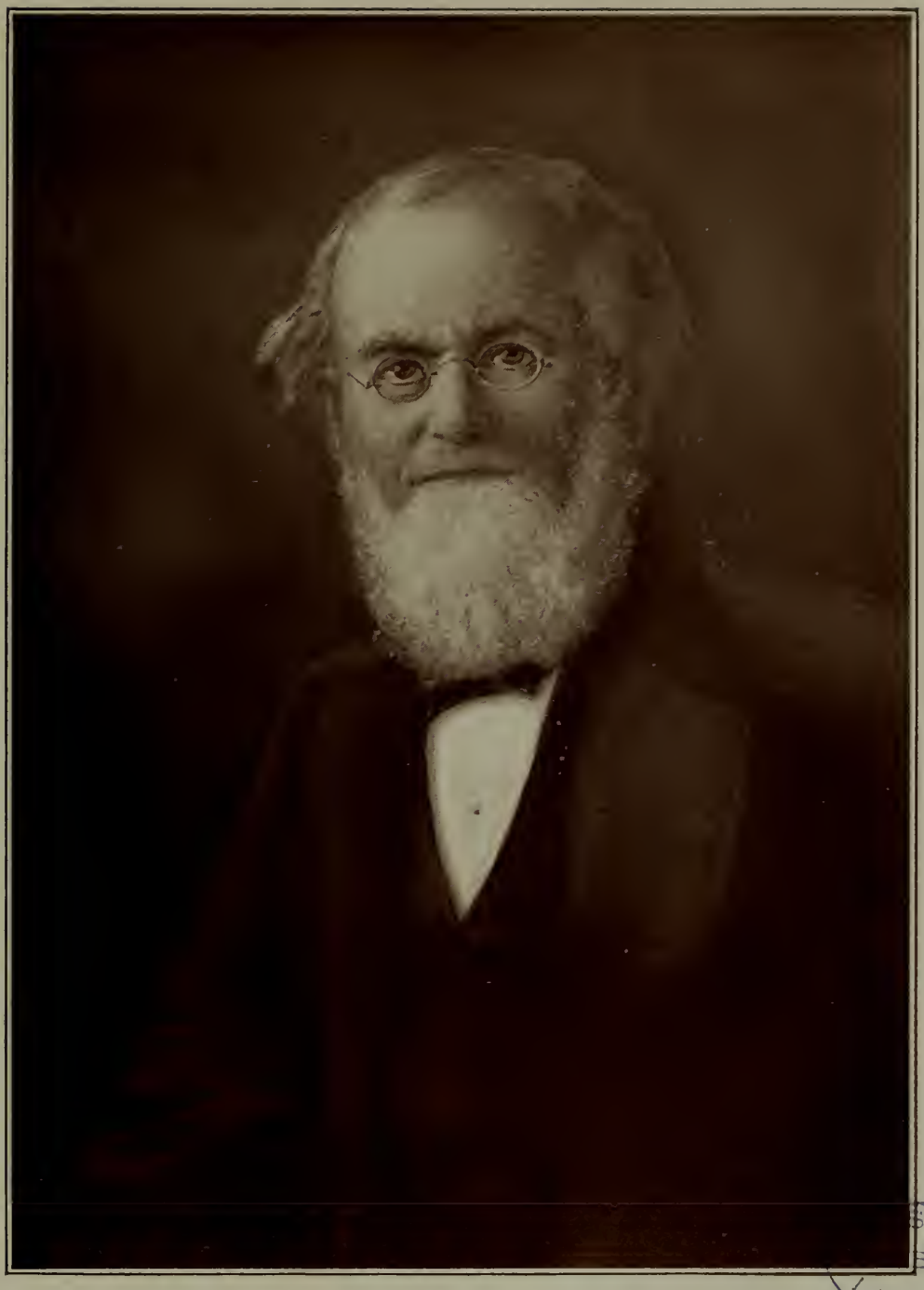
greater appropriateness, directness and impressiveness of the preaching which could thus be addressed to them. On this subject there has been and is, so far as I know, but one opinion in the faculty of Amherst College. There are infelicities not a few in the constitution and relations of an audience of college students; the trials and troubles of the preacher to such an audience, still more of the college pastor, are proverbial. But the experience of more than half a century has confirmed and established the view expressed by Dr. Humphrey, that it is a great loss of moral power to preach to students scattered among a large mixed congregation. During the presidency of Dr. Humphrey and the earlier years of Dr. Hitchcock's administration, the pulpit was occupied by the pastor every other Sabbath, and by the other clerical members of the faculty in rotation on each alternate Sabbath. At length, in order to relieve the president in his imperfect health and under his excessive burdens, the other clerical members of the faculty volunteered to supply the pulpit in rotation with the pastor, and the pastor preached only in his turn and no more than the others. The same arrangement prevailed also in the Thursday evening meeting, which at that time was a preaching service. Such an arrangement was, of course, unfavorable to unity and continuity in the services of the pulpit. But what was lost in unity was gained in variety and general interest. There was also not a little advantage in the direct responsibility which almost every member of the faculty thus felt for the religious life of the college and in the opportunity which each one of the professors thus had of impressing himself on the moral and religious character and life of the students. The three men who were most distinguished as preachers in college when I was a student, and for many years after, were President Humphrey, Professor Fiske and Professor Hitchcock. President Humphrey had been for several years pastor of large and prosperous churches in New England, and was called from the pastorate in Pittsfield to the presidency of Amherst College. Of course he brought with him a high reputation, a large store of ministerial wisdom and experience, and an ample supply of old manuscript sermons, which he sometimes read from the college pulpit with very little action and without any pretence of rhetorical elocution. But even those

old sermons, like the man himself, were strong common sense and Christian wisdom and experience personified, and were heard with marked attention and interest by critical college audiences. And when he gave us a new sermon or a discourse for a special occasion, he delighted every hearer by the elevation of his sentiments, the boldness and shrewdness of his conception, and the felicity of his style.

Professor Hitchcock also was called from the pastoral office to his professorship in the college, and in the multitude of his labors and the multiplicity of the sciences which he taught, sometimes preached to us sermons which he wrote for his parish. But then we always comforted ourselves with the assurance that they would be short, and simple and sweet, and clearly illustrative perhaps of some obscure text or difficult doctrine, while the sermons which he wrote for the college were much longer, though never too long, and not a few of them were truly great sermons, rich in illustrations of great Christian truths by the facts of science, and at the same time all aglow with the fervor of sanctified imagination and emotion, of a believing spirit and a loving heart.

Professor Fiske came directly from the Theological Seminary to the college and wrote his sermons for a college audience, faultless in plan and style, without a flaw in his reasoning, perfectly conformed to all the rules of logic and rhetoric, rich in learning, sound in philosophy and theology. Much more of a scholar than President Humphrey or Professor Hitchcock, but making no display of his scholarship; rarely dwelling on the love of God and the tender mercies of the Gospel, but preaching the terrors of the law, especially in times of revival, with a power and a point which was never equalled by any of his colleagues or any other preacher that has ever occupied the college pulpit.

Such was the illustrious trio of preachers who chiefly occupied the pulpit in the first decade of our college history and several following decades, who set the example, established the type, and infused the spirit which has characterized that pulpit ever since—not pulpit orators, not popular preachers commonly so called, but eloquent men, because they spoke the truth as they held it in right earnest, strong preachers because they were



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mighty in the Scriptures and delighting to preach to young men in college, because the truth of God alone can make them strong. These men were fully persuaded that their preaching not only made their pupils wise unto salvation, but was an important part of their means of education, that it was a great help in the discipline and government of the institution as well as in the development of their minds and the formation of their character as individuals; in short, that such preaching was an almost indispensable element in making Amherst students what they were and Amherst College what it was and was destined to become.

And such has been the deep conviction, not only of this trio of early and great preachers, but of the long line of ministerial professors who have followed them, though for a shorter period in the faculty—of Jacob Abbott, whose sermons were an anticipation in style and spirit of the Young Christian and the Corner Stone—of Edwards A. Park, whose Peter and Judas sermons were among the most brilliant and impressive discourses that have ever been delivered from our or any other pulpit; of Samuel M. Worcester, Jonathan B. Condit, William C. Fowler and Aaron Warner, who preached the essential doctrines of evangelical religion with great fidelity and sincerity, but could never forget nor let their hearers forget that they were professors of rhetoric; and those later professors of rhetoric and oratory, James G. Vose, L. C. Seelye, Heman Humphrey Neill and John F. Genung, all of whom were preachers and were called to be professors largely because they preached so well; of Henry B. Smith and Joseph Haven, who honored and adorned alike philosophy and theology, the pulpit and the professor's chair; of William A. Stearns and Julius H. Seelye, our two great presidents, neither of whom would have been content to be president if he could not also have preached to the students, which both of them did, though in very different ways, with consummate wisdom and power; George B. Jewett, Edward P. Crowell and Richard Henry Mather, who laid the treasures of Latin and Greek wisdom and culture under contribution to enrich the pulpit and enlighten the students; of Thomas P. Field, George S. Burroughs and John E. Tuttle, who resigned important pastorates of other churches in order to become pastors of the college church;

and last but not least, the score of able and eloquent preachers who in recent years have consented from time to time to leave their own pulpits for a single Sabbath in order to preach to the students—all these with one mind and one voice testify, in words, and by actions which speak louder than words, to the value and power of the college pulpit, such a pulpit, at any rate, as ours has been—not only to save the souls of students and make them Christians, but to form their whole character, to discipline their minds, to enlarge their views, to purify and warm their hearts and ennoble their lives. This is one reason why with almost equal unanimity these men and such as these are in favor of required attendance on morning prayers and Sabbath services, as a part, an important part, of the rules and regulations, the *regimen,* discipline and culture of the college—so important that it would be better that a student who professes to be conscientiously opposed to such a requirement and intent on breaking up such rules and regulations should be advised to go to another college, than to yield to his importunity and relinquish the requirement.

It was my expectation while I was a student to be a minister, and I had my eye on the great West as the field of my labors, and the home missionary work as very likely to be the work of my life. The providential circumstances which so unexpectedly prevented the execution of my plan and brought me back to Amherst, first as a tutor for one term in the place of my brother, and then as permanent professor of Greek and Latin in the place of Professor Fiske, have been detailed on previous pages. Meanwhile, I had been licensed to preach by the Third Presbytery of New York, and had preached as a stated supply in vacant pulpits in that vicinity. And I enjoyed highly the work of the preacher, and the preparation of sermons more or less under the guidance of Dr. Skinner. I preached almost every Sabbath in the College or in the neighboring churches during the term in which I taught as a tutor in place of my brother. I wrote at this time those discourses entitled, "The Head of the Church Head Over All Things," which were afterwards published in the Biblical Repository, and subsequently reprinted in my "Theology of the Greek Poets." And I have some reason to believe that the trustees were influenced scarcely less by my preaching than by

my teaching in their appointment of me to the professorship. I began to take my turn with the president and other professors in conducting the Sabbath services and the Thursday evening lectures immediately after my appointment, and continued to do so as long as that method of supplying the pulpit continued, and have preached not infrequently at the request of the Samuel Green professor, and pastor of the College Church since the supply of the College pulpit has devolved on him. As I have been Greek professor during a longer period than any other professor in this or probably any other college, so I have been a preacher in the College church longer than any other man. It by no means follows that I have written as many sermons as ministers that have been pastors of churches for half a century and more. An audience of college students changes entirely once in four years, and a preacher to such an audience can repeat his sermons once in four years, if he chooses, without running the risk of being charged with preaching old sermons, provided also that he knows how to adapt an old sermon to changing times and circumstances. I find on looking over my manuscript sermons that they number somewhat more than two hundred, some of which I have preached as many as seven times in college, and several of them more than thirty times in all. For, partly in the poverty of the college and my own pecuniary necessities, and partly from my delight in the work and in gratuitous aid to my brethren in the ministry, and to feeble churches in the vicinity, I have preached much more frequently in other pulpits than I have in the college. Thus I supplied the pulpit in Pelham for three consecutive years, sending a substitute when I could not go in person. And at the close of the years I preached to them from the farewell address of the Apostle Paul to the elders of the church at Ephesus: "Watch and remember how that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." And in connection with this service to the church in Pelham I may be permitted to say that when the house of worship at Packardville was destroyed by fire I obtained by solicitation, chiefly by letter, the greater part of the money by which it was rebuilt. I might also specify North Amherst, Greenfield and Easthampton as places where, owing to special personal relations to the pastors or to

some of the people, I have at certain periods in their church history preached so often that I have been playfully called the bishop of those churches. But of all the congregations which I have ever addressed, there is none to which I have preached with so much satisfaction and delight as to the students of Amherst College, especially in times of more than usual religious interest, when they have listened as for their lives to the great truths that pertain to the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. And I think students are generally good hearers of sermons that are worth hearing, written with point and power and delivered with a good degree of earnestness.

I have preached a good many ordination sermons, chiefly at the ordination of graduates of Amherst, and not a few funeral sermons when funeral sermons were in vogue, and memorial discourses at a later period, some of which have been printed, among them, discourses in memory of President Hitchcock, President Stearns and Samuel Williston. Several sermons on and during the Civil War—the War of the Rebellion, we called it then—were printed by request. One of them had a somewhat singular history. It was printed in Gettysburg in the Quarterly Review, edited by my friend Professor Stoever, and was in type at the time of the great battle! It was warm, not to say hot, and strong on slavery as well as the Southern Confederacy, and the editor wrote me after the battle, that it was probably well that the "Rebs" did not discover it, for if they had read it he did not know what might have been the consequences to his printing office or to himself.

One of the earliest and the most famous of all my sermons is the "Corn Sermon," from the text, "When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may sell corn?" For almost half a century the students called for a repetition of this sermon once in four years so that every student might hear it at some time during his college course. It was a sermon on Sabbath breaking, beginning with some reasons and motives for remembering the Sabbath to keep it holy, and ending with an application to my hearers in which their own transgressions of the fourth commandment and their weariness and restiveness under its restraints were charged home upon them with a pointed repetition at the close of each specifi-

cation of the charge, "Thou are the man." A little daughter of Professor Fiske, on reaching home after the service, told her mother that she knew what was the text—it was "Thou art the man." I preached this sermon afterwards at an evening service in the Presbyterian church at Binghamton, and in walking home after the service with the young lady who is now my wife, asked her hand in marriage. And it was a standing joke in the family thereafter, that beyond a doubt I was the man of all others to whom the words of my text, "When will the Sabbath be gone" were most truly applicable.

Another sermon which I repeated more than once in the college and in neighboring churches was a temperance sermon. The text was taken from the Apocrypha: "Who will pity the charmer that is bitten of a serpent or any such as come nigh wild beasts?" The serpent, of course, was alcohol, and the wild beasts were all sorts of intoxicating drinks. The treatment was somewhat similar to that of the Corn Sermon, and owed its interest and power not a little to the strangeness yet aptness of the text, and the sharpness yet justness of the satire in the application. I have been asked why I did not print these sermons. My answer is, there is too much in them that is local and occasional to bear publication. And I am not ambitious to have a reputation for preaching sermons that owe their celebrity to strange texts. If I were to publish a volume of sermons, I should select those that present in the clearest and strongest light the great central evangelical truths of the Gospel. More than once the Hampshire East Association of Congregational Ministers, after hearing one of my sermons read at one of their meetings, has by vote requested me to publish a volume of sermons. But better men and better preachers than myself have published volumes of sermons, and they have fallen still-born from the press. Novels and stories, not sermons, are the books that are read in these days. My sermons are far from satisfying me—much less would they satisfy critical or general readers. If I were to preach another half century in College or in the churches, I should do it quite differently from the way in which I have done in the half century past. I should preach not the Old Testament less, but the New Testament more—not future punishment so much, but the glory

and blessedness of Heaven, a Heaven that begins on earth, but will never end; not less the law and government of God and his justice and holiness, but more his goodness and his love—"God is love"—"the goodness of God leadeth to repentance."

I have been a member of the Hampshire East Association almost from its beginning, that is, since its separation from the old "Hampshire Association," or rather, the division of the old "Hampshire" into two, "Hampshire East" and "Hampshire West," and, since the former has had all its meetings in Amherst, I have attended its quarterly meetings regularly and taken part in its exercises. And during the larger part of the time I have conducted the translation of a passage from the Greek Testament, which has long been a characteristic and leading exercise of this association, and has been regarded by many, if not all, the members, I believe, as one of the most interesting and profitable of its exercises. I have many pleasant and sacred memories connected with that association. Its meetings have been pleasant and profitable to us all, and its members have been among my best and most cherished friends—my fathers, brothers and sons, as well as neighbors, in the ministry of the everlasting Gospel. The majority of the preaching members of the faculty have not been members of the Association of Ministers. I have regarded membership as a means of getting and of doing good. It has been a bond of union between the college and the churches, and for several years the meetings of the association, by invitation of the president, have been held in the president's room, and the president himself, although he is not a minister, is, by special vote, an honorary member.

CHAPTER VI.

Publications.

My first publication, I believe, was a brief biographical sketch of the oldest son of Lucius Boltwood, who died in early childhood, and was a somewhat remarkable example of early piety. I was at the time the superintendent of the village Sunday School, and was thus brought into close relations with the parents and children of the village church. It may interest some of my readers to know that I was then a teacher in Amherst Academy and succeed both in the teachership in the academy and in the superintendence of the Sunday School Justin Perkins, afterwards missionary to the Nestorians, who was an ideal superintendent and brought a large part of the congregation into the Sunday School.

It was while I was a theological student at Andover that I began to write for the newspaper press. And my first essay in this line was a series of articles, half a dozen or more in number, in the Boston Recorder, entitled "Popery as it has been and is and would be." The title is sufficiently indicative of the subject matter and spirit of the articles. It was a fierce onslaught upon popery, its history and character, its teaching and influence, its claims, aspirations and ambitions. The articles were quite in the spirit of the times, when the anti-Catholic fever was at its height, the times when the convent in Charlestown was burned by the mob, and the feeling was wide-spread that the triumph of popery threatened the destruction of all our free institutions. The times have greatly changed. The danger that now threatens is the prevalence of skepticism, infidelity, atheism and anarchy, and we need the united power and influence of Protestants and Catholics, of all Christians of every name, to stem the flood—of all good citizens, to save the republic.

It was at Andover also that I began to write for the theological quarterlies, and my first appearance was in the Biblical Repository for January, 1836. It was a translation from the Ger-

man of Gesenius' Commentary on Isaiah, Chapters XV and XVI: Prophecy of the Destruction of Moab. The translation is accompanied by "Prefatory Remarks and Occasional Notes" by Professor Stuart, under whose auspices it was made, and a map of the country around the Dead Sea, the territory of the Moabites and Edomites, illustrative of the two chapters; the whole article occupies sixty pages.

This was followed in July, 1836, by a translation of the same author's commentary on another passage in Isaiah, viz., Chapters XVII, 12-14; XVIII, 1-7: The Flight of the Assyrian Army Terrified by the Ethiopians. This article occupies twenty-five pages.

In 1839, early in my professorship in Amherst, I published in the Biblical Repository my articles entitled "The Head of the Church Head over All Things," as demonstrated by the "Analogies between the Kingdoms of Nature, Providence and Grace," to which I have already alluded as a sermon, and which I had previously preached in the college, and which was afterwards reprinted as a sort of preface to my "Theology of the Greek Poets." "Butler's Analogy" was a text-book of the Senior Class in most of our colleges half a century ago, and a favorite study for scholarly and thoughtful minds. And my attempt to make a somewhat different use and application of the same method of reasoning was well received by faculty and students when it was preached in college, and by readers when it was printed and reprinted afterwards. And it is pleasant now to see Mr. Gladstone, "the grand old man," in his old age, working in the same line, following the same method, illustrating the great truths of the future life by analogies drawn from the life that now is.

From this time onward—from the appearance of the article on the analogies between the three kingdoms, in each of which Christ is king, through all the earlier years of my professorship, I was a frequent contributor to the columns of the biblical, classical and theological quarterlies which were almost as characteristic of those times as the monthly magazines are of the present day. For example, I contributed to the Biblical Repository, under the common title of "Sketches in the History of Grecian Philosophy," a series of articles on the three leading Greek philosophers, So-

crates, Plato and Aristotle; to the Bibliothica Sacra, articles on "The Homeric Question," "The Theology of Aeschylus," and "The Theology of Sophocles"; to the American Theological Review (then edited by Professor H. B. Smith and published in New York), articles on the "Homeric Doctrine of the Gods," "The Homeric Doctrine of Sin, its Expiation and its Penalty," and "The Double Sense in Interpreting Scripture"; and to the Methodist Quarterly, then conducted by Dr. McClintock, articles on "Plutarch" and his "Moralia." I wrote also for successive numbers of "Hours at Home," afterwards Scribner's Magazine, a series of articles on "Representative Cities." The series is limited to ancient cities as coming more properly within the province of my own studies and teaching, and the double title of each article suggests what each city represents, or what influence it exerted in the history of the nations. The titles were as follows: No. 1. Februaary, 1867. Damascus: or, The Pearl of the Orient and the Earthly Paradise. No. 2. April, 1867. Tyre; or, The Rock of the Sea, and the Representative of the Commerce, Manufactures and Useful Arts of the Ancient World. No. 3. May, 1867. Jerusalem; the Mountain Sanctuary, or Revealed Religion and the Kingdom of God on Earth and in Heaven. No. 4. July, 1867, and August, 1867. Athens, the Diamond of the Occident; or, The Fine Arts and Æsthetic Culture. No. 5. October, 1867. Alexandria, the Junction of Europe, Asia and Africa; or, The Exchange of Ancient Commerce, Literature, Philosophy and Religion. No. 6. January, 1868. Rome; The Eternal City and the Mistress of the World; or, The Law-giver and Law-teacher of the Nations. No. 7. March, 1868. Constantinople; the Bridge between Europe and Asia, and the connecting link between Ancient and Modern History.

The first book which I published was an edition of the "Germania and Agricola of Tacitus, with Notes for Colleges," which was issued from the press of D. Appleton & Company of New York in 1847, while I was Professor of both Greek and Latin, and was followed in 1848 by an edition for college use of the Histories of Tacitus, of which also D. Appleton & Company were the publishers. Tacitus was a favorite author with me when I was a student in college, and I had taught those two works

some ten years to the Junior Class as the last Latin they read in college, and taught them with a keen relish for the richness of their matter and the raciness of the style. Of course it was a labor of love to edit them as text-books for college students. It was with still greater satisfaction and complacency that I prepared an edition of Plato's "Apology and Crito," which was published by D. Appleton & Company in 1859. Would that every college student might read this work of Plato, it presents in so attractive a light so high an ideal of the good citizen and the good man, so bright an example of the moral hero and the martyr, that Erasmus said, *"Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis."* In 1867 I had the pleasure of revising and adapting to college use Hackett's edition of Plutarch "On the Delay of the Deity in Punishing the Wicked." In the joint preface to this edition, which was published by D. Appleton & Company, we say: "It may be excused if we take the liberty, as classmates and friends whose intimacy the lapse now of almost two score years has only made still closer, to express the gratification which we feel in the association of our labors and our names in this slight contribution to classical and sarced literature." The "Theology of the Greek Poets," published by Draper & Halliday, Boston, is a reprint in a volume of 365 pages, chiefly of articles in the quarterlies already mentioned. The volume was dedicated to Professor Park as follows: "To Professor Edwards A. Park it is fitting that these pages should be dedicated. Most of them were written at his suggestion, and were first printed in that library of sacred literature of which he is an editor and founder. And while there is a manifest fitness in inscribing the "Theology of the Greek Poets" with the name of one of the brightest ornaments of American literature, the author takes great pleasure in this public recognition of a personal friendship which began when we were members of the same college faculty, and which years of intimacy in kindred pursuits, though in different spheres, have been continually strengthening." There are two extreme and opposite views of the religions of heathen nations. One is that there is in them neither truth nor goodness, but only a mass of errors, vices and crimes, which have only corrupted and degraded their worshippers. The other is, that all religions are alike a mixture

of truth and error, of good and evil; that one religion is as good as another, and every religion is the best for the country and people and age that hold it. The former view was widely prevalent half a century ago. The drift and tendency at the present time is toward the other extreme. It is the aim and end of this book, of some parts more directly than others, and especially of the parts which have given the book its name, to advocate and inculcate a view which is a medium between the two extremes—to show that any religion is better than no religion, that there are in the literature and history of some heathen nations, of the Greeks, for instance, illustrious examples of truly virtuous and noble characters and lives; but yet that Christianity is far superior to any other and all other religions in its power to produce the highest and noblest characters, and especially to save the masses, to exalt a nation. And I have had the satisfaction to receive assurances by letter and in other ways that the articles and the book have not been written in vain, that my readers and the hearers of my lectures, in which I have always advocated the same views, have often been convinced that in this, as in so many other things, *"in medio tutissimus ibis."*

The list of text-books of Greek authors which I have edited with notes for use in colleges is continued in an edition of "Demosthenes' de Corona," published by John Allyn of Boston, in 1874, and of the "Olynthiacs and Philippics" of Demosthenes by the same publisher in 1875; and it is completed in an edition of "The Last Nine Books of Homer's Iliad," published by Harper and Brothers of New York in 1866.

My premium essay on "Prayer for Colleges," which was written for the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education in the West, was published by the American Tract Society in 1854. It has been repeatedly revised and enlarged, and had gone through a greater number of editions and has doubtless had more readers than any other book that I have written. My "Memoir of Lobdell," missionary to Assyria, published by the American Tract Society in 1859, was a labor of love for a distinguished and beloved pupil, a graduate of Amherst, whose missionary zeal and enthusiasm cost him his life almost at the beginning of the work at Mosul, the site of ancient Nineveh,

and whose love for his Alma Mater is attested by the Assyrian monuments which adorn the entrance to our College Library.

I have written two editions of the history of Amherst College, the first published by Clark W. Bryan and Company of Springfield, in 1873, and entitled "History of Amherst College During its First Half Century," the second, published by Frederick H. Hitchcock at the press of D. Appleton & Company, New York, in 1895, and entitled, "A History of Amherst College During the Administration of its First Five Presidents, from 1821 to 1891." The second edition was at once an abridgment of the first by omitting its less important matters, and a continuation by adding the closing years of President Stearns' administration, and the entire administration of President Seelye. The first edition was written at the suggestion of Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, and in accordance with a vote of the alumni at their annual meeting, and the second was prepared at the request of numerous alumni as individuals though without any formal vote. And it is a great pleasure to be associated with almost the entire written as I have been with almost the entire actual history of my Alma Mater.

Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who, with great patience and perseverance, has preserved in the library almost everything of interest in the Memorabilia of the College, has taken pains to collect and deposit newspaper slips, and written as well as printed papers of mine, that are not mentioned in these pages. Perhaps he has preserved many things that are not worthy of preservation. Perhaps I have written for the press more than it was worth my while or than it was profitable to my reputation to print. President Hitchcock in his "Reminiscences of Amherst College" suggests the same query in regard to his publications. Much more may I entertain the same doubt. But I have never allowed my writing for the press to interfere with my duty to the college. On the contrary, my books and articles have, for the most part, been in the line of my department and the interests of the college. And they have doubtless extended my reputation and influence. They have been largely on educational, moral and religious themes, often on social and political questions. And I trust they have usually, always intentionally, been on the right side in those questions—on the side of patriotism, truth and justice.

CHAPTER VII.

Foreign Travel.

I have crossed the Atlantic twice for foreign travel, chiefly in classic and sacred lands. I went partly for my health, which required rest and recreation, but more that I might see with my own eyes the countries and the peoples whose language and literature it was my profession to teach. The trustees gave me leave of absence cheerfully, and the faculty bade me God-speed, and aided me in every way possible in arranging for the instruction of my classes. The trustees continued my salary, and I gave the instruction myself for the most part either before my departure or after my return through exchanges with my colleagues in the faculty. This was the good old way of obtaining leave of absence in those old times.

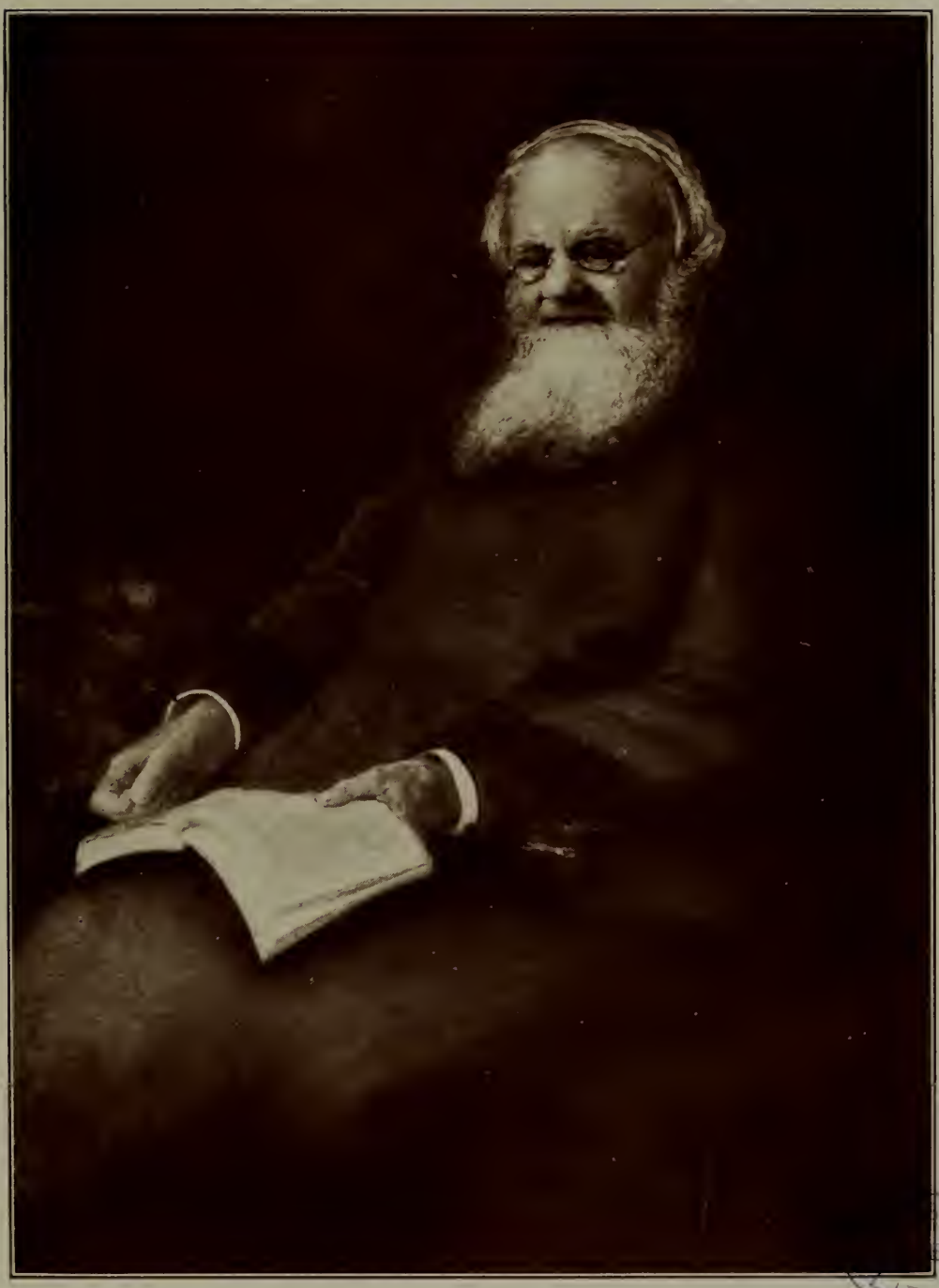
My first voyage was in the autumn of 1855, and the spring and summer of 1856. I was exceedingly fortunate and happy in having for my companions in travel three of my recent and favorite pupils, Edward A. Strong, afterwards a trustee of the college; George Washburn, now President of Robert College, both just graduated in the class of 1855, and Richard Henry Mather who would have graduated in 1856 but postponed his graduation till 1857 in order to go abroad with his uncle, who was afterwards my associate in the Greek professorship in Amherst College. Marshall Henshaw of the Class of '45 and Samuel Fisk of the Class of '48, were also with us in a considerable part of our travels, both of whom had been tutors in the college. Tutor Fisk was the historiographer of our party while he was with us, in that exceedingly graphic and lively book, "Dunn Browne in Foreign Parts," and afterwards rendered a similar service to his comrades in arms in another book entitled, "Dunn Browne in the Army." He lost his life in the service of his country, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of preaching his funeral sermon, and following his body to its last resting place among the hills of his native Franklin County. Professor Mather also has gone to his

rest after a long and brilliant service to his Alma Mater as my associate in the Greek professorship. The other members of our party still live and cherish the liveliest and most grateful remembrance of our tour together in classic countries and in the Holy Land.

We landed in France as the most direct route, traversed the whole length of Italy, visited Egypt, Palestine and Syria, saw Constantinople, Athens and Vienna, took a flying trip through the principal cities of Germany and Switzerland, and returned via England and Canada to the United States. We embarked on the Vanderbilt steamer "North Star" for Havre, October 13, 1855, and arrived at Montreal on the English steamer "North America," August 22, 1856, having been absent from home a little over ten months. I kept a full journal of travels, seeings and doings, and I think now and then an extract may interest my children and particular friends.

Saturday evening, October 20. Since the last date we have passed through a storm of no ordinary strength and endurance. All Thursday afternoon the wind was gathering its forces. In the evening it blew a gale. Before ten o'clock the foretopmast was rent asunder, and before morning the main sail was blown to ribbons. Strange to tell, the owner had refused to provide a second set of sails for emergency, and the best thing the officers could do was to let the ship roll in the trough of the sea without any sails and with only steam enough on to keep her head to the wind. In this situation she rocked fearfully, wave after wave dashed across her bows, crash after crash was heard on deck and in the rooms around us. Our own room was a wreck of broken furniture and filthy water in the morning. Many of the passengers were greatly alarmed. The officers felt that there was danger. All were indignant that a ship should be sent to sea so poorly equipped and so imperfectly manned. How many looked to the hills whence cometh our help, and how many praised the Lord for their deliverance, I do not know. But I doubt not that there were some praying souls on board, and their prayers and the prayers of our friends at home, though not aware of our danger, may have availed for our safety.

Sabbath evening, October 21. What a contrast to yesterday!



WILLIAM S. TYLER, DD., LL.D.

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The sea is placid almost as a lake. Scarce a breeze is felt, save what is caused by the motion of the steamer. Gladness smiles in every countenance. Gratitude glows, I trust, in some hearts. Had a religious service in the cabin. Preached from Philippians III, 8. Perhaps the first evangelical sermon ever heard by some of my audience. May the Lord add his blessing.

Rouen, Sunday, October 28. Saw the tower in which Joan of Arc is said to have been confined, and the place in which she was burned, now marked by an appropriate monument; also the palace of William the Conqueror and the old Dukes of Normandy. Attended the Catholic service both in the grand old cathedral and in the exquisitely beautiful church of St. Ouen, and admired the splendid architecture, the magnificent music and the imposing ceremonials. But in a humble and rude shop which an English manufacturer of railroad enginery has consecrated to the worship of God after the manner of the Church of England, I found a service by which my understanding was enlightened, my conscience illumined and my heart warmed by the truth and the Spirit of God!

Paris, October 30, Tuesday. Our first day in Paris has been spent at the great Exhibition, or, as the French call it, "L'Exposition de L'Industrie." The exterior is imposing even under the shadow of this city of palaces, and the interior combines lightness and stability and magnitude. It is much broader and more expensive than either of its rivals in London and New York. Everything that is most brilliant in nature or the arts is seen here in its highest perfection. England and France vie with each other in their contributions.

Wednesday, October 31. Spent most of the day at the Louvre. We saw today only the museums of sculpture—ancient and modern—and the museums of Egyptian, Grecian and Roman antiquities. It illustrates the more ready appreciation of painting than of sculpture, to the uncultivated taste at least, that the fresco paintings on the walls of these apartments (once occupied by Anne of Austria and still retaining their old decorations), seem to attract more admiration than the sculptures by which they are now, as it were, inhabited. The modern sculptures, too, excite more interest in the multitude than the ancient. They are char-

acterized by violent attitudes and impassioned expression. The serene repose of ancient art, as of ancient literature, grows upon the beholder as he gazes and becomes more cultivated. The Egyptian museum is exceedingly rich in the plundered wealth of Egypt. It lacks, however, one feature of Dr. Abbott's collection in New York, viz., the mummied bulls. The collection of Greek and Roman antiquities is less full, except in the department of Etruscan vases, which is truly magnificent.

Nothing in the whole Louvre is more interesting and scarcely anything can be more instructive, than the Museum of the Sovereigns, where we see the identical clothes, suits of armor, robes of state, crowns, sceptres, saddles, swords, etc., etc., of the French sovereigns from Charlemagne to Napoleon. The trappings of Charlemagne are very splendid. Those of Napoleon exhibit a picture in miniature of his whole civil life, from the general of the Republic to the emperor of the French; and from the conqueror of Europe to the exile of St. Helena.

Thursday, November 1. Today is a great fete day (All Saints). The churches are fuller at morning and evening service than on Sunday; and the cemeteries seem to be swarming with the whole population of the city. We went to Pere-Lachaise. The whole street for half a mile before reaching it seems to be given up to the shops of those who prepare monuments to the dead, and those shops were hung all over with wreaths for fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and departed friends. The larger part of the monuments are the tombs of the aristocracy, small cellae or chapels above ground beneath which the precious dust is deposited in the earth, and in many were costly ornaments —in not a few candles were kept burning. At every step we read names familiar in civil, military or literary history. Most of Napoleon's marshals lie here. Marshal Ney's body is not honored by a tomb. But the hand of affection has planted flowers which bloom as if they had found congenial soil.

Friday, November 2. Spent the day in the Jardin des Plantes and the halls of Zoology, Comparative Anatomy, etc., connected with it, and in the Louvre. What a study for men of science, and what a school for unlettered men, women and children is here thrown open to everybody. Every animal known is

seen here alive or dead, and every part exhibited by itself! This day must be marked with white in the calendar of my life as the first in which my eyes have rested (in the Louvre) on the paintings of some of the greatest masters of the Italian, French, German and Flemish schools. And I am happy to record that I am not disappointed. The gem of this collection is the "Conception," by Murillo, which belonged to Marshal Soult's collection, and was sold for twenty thousand pounds, the largest sum ever paid for one painting.

Saturday, November 3. Spent the day at Versailles. The approach to this magnificent palace from every direction, except Paris, is by broad avenues through gardens adorned with fountains and parterres of flowers laid out with only too much regularity, and cultivated with only too much art. Statues of great men, placed there by Louis Philippe, look down upon you on either side, and allegorical figures of some of the gods of antiquity meet you at every turn. The grand service, however, which Louis Philippe rendered to Versailles and to France, but for which she has ill requited him, is the noble idea, nobly executed, of making Versailles the history in sculpture and painting of France from the earliest ages down to his own time. Louis XIV had made a beginning of such a work in the frescoes and paintings with which the best masters of his day adorned the ceilings and the walls. Napoleon, too, and other sovereigns, left rich materials to be wrought into it. But the bringing of them together at Versailles and the filling up of deficiencies and finishing of the whole is due to Louis Philippe. * * * This immense pile of building, a city in itself, is now a great historical gallery commemorating, for the most part, the great deeds and the great men of France, but honoring also the memory of distinguished statesmen, commanders, authors and scholars, of other lands. The spectator must walk miles to see them all.

Sabbath, November 4. About quarter after ten went into the Madeleine and found the service already far advanced, and the clergyman preaching with great earnestness to a large congregation, chiefly of the aristocracy, but including enough of the lower classes to show that in church the rich and the poor meet together. The chanting of the service, though by only a few

voices, filled the vast arches, and was music to the ear, but conveyed no instruction or impression to my mind and heart. At twelve I attended a French Protestant service at the Taltborout Chapel of the Independents. M. Pressense, the pastor, officiated with much unction. Congregation not large, and but a fraction of these remained at the communion, which was administered to groups gathered in succession around a long table. It was to me a delightful season of communion with the saints, though in a foreign land and in a strange language. In the afternoon went to an English service of the Congregationalists, heard an excellent sermon from Professor Brown of Aberdeen, and again received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of the pastor. I enjoyed it exceedingly, as it was so homelike to sing "Old Hundred" and hear an instructive sermon in our own tongue.

Monday, November 5. We made a passing visit to the Church of Notre Dame, chiefly remarkable for its beauty and richness. Like the Madeleine, it is in the form, not of the cross, but of the basilica, which, in my view, is greatly preferable for the legitimate uses of a church. We then went to the Cathedral of St. Denis, which lies five or six miles north of Paris, and is the burial place of the French kings. The bodies of the kings were originally deposited in a large central vault, whence they were taken by the mob in the Revolution and thrown into the street. So far as possible, the sacred dust was afterwards gathered up and restored to its former resting place. The remains of Louis XVI and family are deposited here, and have received peculiar honor at the hands of the restored Bourbons.

From the tombs of the long line of kings we returned to visit the tomb, or rather the mausoleum, of him who chastised and dethroned the kings of France and of Europe at pleasure. The tomb of Napoleon (to which he was brought back from St. Helena in the reign of Louis Philippe with great pomp), is a lofty tower and dome, connected with the church or the chapel of the Invalides, and is itself, in fact, a sort of chapel in the form of a cross surmounted by a dome, where he sleeps in an immense sarcophagus of porphyry, within a palace for a tomb, which is enshrined, as it were, in a church reared for that purpose—sleeps beneath the trophies of the victories which he won and sur-

rounded on all sides by the wounded soldiers and officers who fought his battles.

Wednesday, November 7. We have spent the greater part of the day at the Imperial Library, said to be the largest collection of books, manuscripts, engravings, coins, autograph letters, etc., etc., in the world. The famous Zodiac of Denderah is preserved here.

Sabbath, November 11. Attended the Protestant Church of the Oratorio, where the eloquent M. Coquerel is one of the officiating ministers. I was fortunate enough to hear, and though I understood him very imperfectly, I could not but feel the fascination of his mellow voice and his graceful yet earnest manner. When, oh, when, will France cease to worship Napoleon!

Monday, November 12. Took the express train for Lyons and Marseilles, passing through Dijon, capital of ancient Burgundy, famous still, as ever, for its Burgundy wines, and Chalons, birthplace of Lamartine and scene of great events—great outrages both in Huguenot and in Revolutionary history; and on Tuesday, November 13th, we embarked on the Neapolitan steamer, Maria Antoinetta, for Leghorn, finding the Mediterranean calm and smooth as a lake, and charmed by the beautiful scenery on shore so familiar to travelers on the Corniche Road.

November 18. Pisa. We landed at Leghorn this morning, and hurrying with all possible speed through the custom house, police office and baggage examination, took a morning train for this place, where we could spend a quiet Sabbath. Pisa, so great a power in the middle ages, is now a city of the dead—no business, no pleasure, no life, nothing but a dead and buried past and a beggared and decaying present. Its monuments even are leaning and tottering to their fall. Literally and figuratively the city rests on a quagmire, and should its tower, its baptistry, its cathedral and its Campo Santo, fall (and they are all settling on their unstable foundations), nobody would ever see or hear of Pisa again. I shivered on the brink of the "Leaning Tower," and shuddered at the torments of the damned painted so vividly in the frescoes of the Campo Santo, but we spent most of the day in reading the Scriptures and prayer at our rooms.

Florence, November 20. And this is Florence, the old

Etrurian Fiesole, the Latin Florentia, the Italian Firenze, mother of modern, or rather medieval architecture, painting and sculpture, and the home to this day of artists and the arts.

We spent an entire week in Florence, chiefly in seeing and studying the works of art in the churches (the Cathedral, Santa Croce, San Lorenzo and the Annunziata), in the palaces (the Uffizi, the Pitti and the Loggia), the gardens connected with the palaces (the Boboli, and the Cascina), the Baptistry, with the famous Ghiberti Gates, the Laurentian Library with its priceless store of ancient manuscripts, the Tomb and the Hall of Galileo, where are preserved the glasses and instruments of the astronomer, etc., etc. The portrait of Cromwell in the Hall of Justice attracted my attention not only from its being the very head and face in the engraving in my hall at home, but as being one which he had painted and sent as a present to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is doubtless a likeness. It is iconoclastic all over. Florence lays claim to three or four of the greatest masterpieces in painting and sculpture—the Venus di Medici, Michael Angelo's statues on the monuments of the Medici, and Raphael's Madonna Seggiola. Dr. Henshaw was so captivated by the Madonna that he purchased a copy of it on the spot.

We made a very pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Powers, the American sculptor, who not only received us with great kindness, but invited us to make his studio our "stamping ground" while we remained in Florence. He conversed with great simplicity on all sorts of subjects and explained with modest satisfaction his works finished and unfinished, dwelling with special zest on his America, just finished in marble, and his California, nearly finished in plaster. We called also on Mr. Ball, a young artist from Boston, who has been here only a year but has done a great deal of work and done it well. He had a fine model in clay of W. Allston, and a beautiful design of Falsehood stealing the Garb of Truth.

I was much disappointed to find that Mr. and Mrs. Browning, the poet pair, are now in England.

The Cyclopean wall, which the Etruscans built around their city, is still to be traced for quite a distance along the northern brow of the hill, and is in parts as perfect and as solid as it was

twenty-five hundred years or more ago. The view from Fiesole is so extensive and so rich, so beautiful and so grand, in a word, so full of varied and almost opposite charms, that no words of mine can describe it. Hallam has done it justice in his poetical description of the panorama, which filled the eye and fired the ambition of Lorenzo the Magnificent, as he walked on the terrace of his villa half way up to Fiesole. Fiesole was the retreat of Catiline when driven from Rome by the vigilance and eloquence of Cicero. In the neighboring "fauces Etruriae," he was defeated and overthrown. As late as 1829, a quantity of Roman coin was found in a garden here all stamped prior to the conspiracy of Catiline, and very probably brought here by the conspirator.

November 29. We left Florence for Rome at 6 a. m. in a "vettura" (a private carriage or coach) drawn by six horses amid such a cracking of whips and jingle of bells and shouting of drivers (one of whom was mounted on one of the leaders), as, in America, would attend the exit only of a president or general. We made a written contract with our "vetturino" with as much formality as if an estate were to be transferred, specifying that he was to carry us through in six days, exclusive of the Sabbath, which we were to spend in Perugia; that he was to start early every morning that he might reach lodgings before night; that he should stop at the best hotels, that he should provide us not only with carriage and horses, but food, lodging, lights, service and everything needful, and that he should give us three meals a day with so many and such dishes at each—for all which he was to receive thirty-six napoleons (about twenty-seven dollars apiece), without any charge for buono mano, service, or anything else, whatsoever. Distance about two hundred and twenty miles. Our vetturino proved to be very intelligent and accommodating, and we saw every day, by the way, yet under the most favorable circumstances, places of classical or historical interest. Arezzo, the ancient Arretium, the birthplace of Maecenas, of Petrarch and of Vasari; and Michael Angelo was born in the near vicinity; Lake Thrasymenus, the scene of Hannibal's great victory over the Romans was in full view; Cortona, an old Etruscan city, celebrated by Virgil under the name of Corythus

as the birthplace of Dardanus, and whose tomb and monuments have furnished so many of the illustrations of Etruscan life now found in modern museums; Perugia, where, in the Academy of Fine Arts, is a rich collection of Etruscan antiquities, most of which were discovered in the metropolis of Perugia two or three miles out of the city, and which is the birthplace of Fra Bartolommeo and Pietro Perugino, teachers of Raphael, and where Raphael himself studied and painted in his earlier life; Assisi, famous as the birthplace and shrine of Saint Francis Assisi and the school of sacred painters on which he exerted so great an influence. The most interesting object in this part of our journey is the River Clitumnus, celebrated by Virgil for the purity and beauty of its water and the white flocks and noble victims it furnished for the altar, and sung of by Byron in more prolonged and not less exalted strains. The river retains its ancient name (Clitomno), and gushing at full size from beneath a lofty mountain of limestone and flowing on with a stream so pure as to contrast strangely with the muddy streams common to this part of the world, it may well have attracted the admiration of the whole race of poets from Virgil to Byron.

Today we crossed the summit (a spur of the Appenines). The whole ride is one of wild and picturesque beauty. The road ascending by ziz-zags keeps the eye and mind awake, and at the summit a fine view is open, not only of the snowy mountain tops around, but of the wide plain, with Spello and Foligno in the distance. The descent on this side is peculiarly beautiful, and the valley, when we reach it, is richer in vines and olives than any we have seen since entering the Papal States, which are, for the most part, in their roads, fields and towns, far behind Tuscany.

We entered Terni by the Porta Spolateno, and were surprised to find it surmounted by a Latin inscription in honor of the two Taciti, the historian and the emperor, who were born here (this being the ancient Interamna). It has been a pleasant thought to me all day while traversing this beautiful region, that the great historian grew up among its scenes and formed his character under its influence. The characteristic attraction of the place (the Falls of Terni), though artificial, existed in his

day, and he has given an account of it. As early as the time of Curius Dentatus, Velinus, being found to inundate the country of the Reatines, was made to flow by an artificial channel into the Nera, some four or five miles above Interamma, into which it precipitated itself by an almost perpendicular fall of eight or nine hundred feet. For fifteen hundred years it flowed undisturbed through this channel, but having at length partially filled its own bed by continued deposits of limestone from the water, its terminus was altered and re-altered, till, in 1785, under Pope Pius V, it was fixed where it now is. For its height, as well as its mingled beauty and grandeur, it is one of the most remarkable falls in the world, and the grounds and the paths around it afford every possible advantage for seeing it in every desirable aspect. To the geologist, the mounds, and even the mountains, of tufa, which it has deposited in so many ages, and the caves with stalactites and stalagmites which it has formed, constitute a study not inferior to the falls themselves.

We dined today in the center of a bowl which was once the crater of a volcano. The hills which constitute the walls are manifestly heaps of ashes and scoriae. From the summit of the side towards Rome a magnificent prospect is gained. Rome is visible although at the distance of some twenty miles, and St. Peter's lifts its dome far above all other objects, as if to challenge the submission and at the same time invite the approach of all.

As we approach the city, the Campagna grows more level and more desolate. Not a house is to be seen for miles and miles except the doganas or guard houses by the way, and now and then a shepherd's hut, scattered over the boundless fields where the shepherds watch their countless herds. The whole country from the banks of the Tiber at Borghetto to the Tiber again at Rome is manifestly volcanic, and sometimes appears to be hard and sterile by nature, but generally it seemed to me that nothing but skillful and faithful cultivation was wanting to redeem it from the long curse of barrenness. Certainly I never saw such a rank growth of raspberries and other wild shrubs and bushes; and the trees are the largest I have seen growing in the fields since we left the forests and groves of America.

Rome. December 7. We entered the "Eternal City" by the

Mulvian Bridge, so famous in all the history of Rome, and by the Porta del Popolo, now, alas, as sad a misnomer as were all the names and titles of the old Republic under the reigns of the Emperors, and took lodgings at No. 5 Via Gambero, leaving our meals to be taken at cafes and restaurants wherever it might be most convenient from day to day in our sight-seeing—an arrangement which we found to be at once convenient and economical in our sojourn at Paris. We remained in Rome about a month, and spent the most of our time in the churches and palaces, in the streets and forums, in the ruins and museums, especially of ancient Rome, for, being classical scholars, it was these that most engaged our attention and interest. And since Rome is a world, or rather two or three worlds in itself, and I cannot be expected even to name all the objects of interest which we saw and many of which we studied, let me here refer to the "Ruins and Museums of Rome" by the German scholar, artist and archaeologist, Emil Braun, as the guide book which afforded us the greatest satisfaction in our visits to the city and its surrounding villas. If, furthermore, any of my family or friends should desire to know more definitely what I saw in Rome and what were my impressions of what I saw, I must refer them to my journal and note book in which I have recorded with perhaps too much minuteness those observations and impressions.

Our second day in Rome proved to be, quite characteristically, a festival—the celebration of the new "Dogma of the Immaculate Conception." The celebration took place at the Church St. John Lateran, the oldest, and in some respects, the most sacred, as well as splendid, of all the churches in Rome. By nine o'clock in the morning we were on hand in our dress suits in readiness to see what we should see. We waited full two hours (relieving the tedium not a little, however, by gazing at the splendid ornaments of the church) for the arrival of His Holiness. Meanwhile, the whole central aisle of the nave was lighted up by innumerable wax candles and an extra supply for the pictures at the two extremities, the one over the altar representing the Virgin as an object of worship, and over the door the Pope promulgating the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. At length, the organ began to play, and the choir to sing; and soon after His

Holiness was borne in between files of soldiers, attended by the cardinals and other dignitaries of church and state—borne on the shoulders of the faithful in a chair or throne draped with white satin, his own robes being of the same material trimmed with gold, and the gilded mitre on his head. The services were like those of the mass, including a sermon, the chanting of the liturgy, the Gloria in Excelsis and the Te Deum. The Pope led in a small portion of the service. The cardinals went through the ceremony of kissing his feet. At one point he came down from his throne and with his cardinals and all in the choir kneeled before the altar. There were many mummeries and manipulations at the altar which were unintelligible, and therefore foolish to me. At the close of the service His Holiness was borne away again on his throne, conducted to his carriage (a splendidly gilded affair drawn by four black horses and attended by four lackeys in brilliant scarlet velvet livery), and escorted through files of soldiers to his palace. The cardinals, each with his carriage, black horses and appropriate livery, filed in after the Pope, and then followed the other dignitaries according to their several rank, and each with carriage and liveried attendants indicative of his standing in the church or state. It was such a display as could hardly be seen elsewhere than in Rome.

I saw a still more magnificent spectacle in the celebration of Christmas in St. Peter's Church, which I have described in a sermon by way of illustration and used more than once in the pulpit as follows: I have stood in the grandest edifice that human hands ever reared to the worship of the Most High, beneath the dome which Michael Angelo hung like the Pantheon in the air, and to the rearing and adorning of which Catholic Christendom was laid under contribution.

I have seen Catholics and Protestants, citizens and strangers from all lands, gather within its ample walls by thousands and tens of thousands, and still the vast space, a little world of itself, with its own earth and air and sky, was not filled. I have seen the self-styled "Head of the Church" borne on the shoulders of men, attended by the cardinals and all the dignitaries of the church and the state, escorted by bands of music and the military through crowds of kneeling subjects to the chair of St. Peter, in

all the pomp and pride of a Christmas ceremonial. I have heard the music of the organ and the orchestra, swelling beneath that dome and reverberating through those arches, rising strain above strain, and height above height, till my highest conceptions of earthly music were left far behind; when suddenly it ceased, and a martial strain from an unseen source broke upon the ear still more lofty and grand. At the elevation of the host this also suddenly ceased. Then the military, the dignitaries of church and state, and every good Catholic, from His Holiness on his throne to the humblest peasant in the crowd, dropped on his knees, and a stillness that might be heard filled the house which a moment since was echoing in every part with ecstatic praise. It was a crisis of impression, a climax of sublimity, without a parallel in all the ceremonials that I have ever witnessed. And yet I turned away and said: One humble, grateful, holy heart is of more value than it all, a nobler temple than St. Peter's for the Most High to dwell in, sweeter music in the Saviour's ear than the best organ and orchestra in all Christendom, a more acceptable offering in the sight of God than all the pomp and ceremony of a Christmas at Rome. But we cannot dwell on Rome, and must pass on to Naples.

Naples, January 5, 1856. We came here by diligenza, eight in the company, and having the whole diligenza to ourselves. We left Rome at eleven on Thursday morning, and arrived at Naples at five on Friday afternoon, distance one hundred and sixty miles, fare eleven to twelve scudi. Rode all night and took two meals on the way. The route, by Albano, Pontine Marshes, Terracina, Capua, etc. The surface for the first twenty-five miles was exceedingly varied and beautiful. Pontine Marshes curious enough but as monotonous as curious. Road perfectly straight, well turnpiked and macadamized. From Terracina the country is wild and rugged through Fondi and Itri, variegated and picturesque through Mola across the Valley of the Liris, and over the Massic Hills, famed for the Massic and Valerian wines, and thence to Naples, a level and highly cultivated garden of surpassing richness. Aside from the intrinsic interest and the general history of the route, it derives a peculiar charm to the classical and Christian scholar from two men who traveled over it in

the same century but in opposite directions with very different objects, and who have left on record some account of their travels, both of which have survived the wreck of time though for very different reasons. The one went on a tour of pleasure to Brundisium and fell in with Vergil and Varius at Sinuessa; the other went a prisoner in bonds to Rome, and was met by a number of Christian brethren at the Three Taverns and at Appii Forum. The poet, admired and caressed by all, accomplished nothing by his journey beyond the amusement of himself and the entertainment of his readers. The prisoner, unknown to the multitude and despised by the learned and the great, went to establish a new religion, which at length triumphed over all opposition and sat on the throne of the Cæsars. How few would then have rather been like Paul than like Horace? Who now would rather be like Horace than like Paul?

The beauty of the Bay of Naples is proverbial. So also is the natural beauty of all the surrounding panorama by land and sea, and we never wearied of gazing at the graceful curves of the coast so far as the eye can reach both north and south, as they were seen beneath the clear sky and in the rich coloring of an Italian atmosphere. But we were even more impressed by the ruined palaces, fallen and forsaken villas and buried cities, which everywhere met our eyes in our drives and excursions—to Pozzuoli (ancient Puteoli), where Paul landed and spent seven days on his way to Rome, but where nothing is now to be seen but the submerged pavement and bases of columns of an ancient temple of Jupiter; Baiae, once the favorite watering place of the Roman aristocracy, and enriched and adorned by the villas of the emperors and their favorites, but now possessing only a solitary hut or hovel inhabited by families that get a precarious living by taking advantage of the necessities of foreign visitors, or by asking charity; Misenum, once the great naval station of the Romans, and Cumae, for ages a city of great wealth and splendor, now desolate and without inhabitants; Paestum, ancient Posidonia, an old Greek city, a town with its walls still entire through their whole extent of five miles, and its three temples, one of them, a temple of Neptune, a nearly prefect specimen of Grecian architecture, almost perfectly preserved, standing in sol-

itary grandeur, not a dwelling house to be seen within or without the walls, and not an attraction for any person to visit the place except the curiosity or the taste to see an ideal ruin.

Monday, January 7. Visited Herculaneum and Pompeii—distance to the former, five miles, to the latter, eleven. Went in a carriage, the whole eight in one carriage, for four piastres, about fifty cents. We entered the buried city (Pompeii) at the southwest corner by the soldiers barracks, passed through the Little Theatre or Odeon, the Great or Tragic Theatre, the triangular Forum with its adjacent temples of Neptune, of Isis, and of Esculapius, the principal Forum with its long colonnades and Doric columns, its marble pavement and surrounding temples of Jupiter and of Venus, its Basilica or Palace of Justice, its prisons, its Public Granary, its Curiae and Aerarium, the Public Baths, the Bourse or Merchants' Exchange, the Public Bakehouse, the Amphitheatre in the southeast corner, and then back and forth through all the principal streets which are lined on both sides by an unterrupted succession of houses of every size, and shops of every kind, till we came out through the Herculaneum Gate on the old Appian Way, which, from the multitude of tombs that front upon it and which are more magnificent because more perfectly preserved than the houses, has received the appellation of the Street of the Tombs. It is the most unique and impressive of all spectacles; a walk among the tombs of a modern cemetery is not by any means so solemn or so solitary. It is the more striking by reason of the complete removal from many streets and from the buildings that front upon them of the ashes in which they had been buried—far more striking than Herculaneum, which still lies for the most part imbedded in a mound of solid lava. The barracks are there—the Doric portico, the gardens which it enclosed, the sleeping apartments of the soldiers, hung with their armor, the rooms of the officers and their families in the second story with richer armor and numerous articles of female dress and decoration—all these are there, looking as if they had been occupied but yesterday and might be occupied again tomorrow, but there are no officers and no soldiers, only sixty-three skeletons. These were found in the barracks, showing that they had died at their posts, with the firmness and fidel-

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GRANDFATHER AND GRANDDAUGHTER

ity to duty which was characteristic of Roman soldiers. Another fact significant of the severity of Roman military discipline was that four skeletons were found with their feet enclosed in the stocks. The theatres and forums and the amphitheatre, in which the people were assembled on the very day of the catastrophe that overwhelmed the city, are there, much as they were when the catastrophe came upon them, but the people are not there—they have passed away and the silence of the desert now reigns where once all was alive and astir with business or pleasure. The private houses are there, the roof indeed consumed and the upper story usually fallen in, and the rest very much as when they were the quiet abode of their owners. The open vestibule invites you to enter, the Atrium extends its long colonnades to receive you, the Triclinium on one side has its table still standing and its sofas around it and its walls decorated with every creature comfort, and on the other side the drawing room or conversation hall bids you welcome to the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but these apartments are alike destitute of host and guest. The inns without and within the gates throw open their doorways for carriages and offer their numerous apartments for lodgers, but there is no landlord to welcome the weary traveler, and indeed no traveler to be entertained. The café or gin shop stands with its marble counter still bearing the stains of the glasses and the old scores of the dram-drinkers still legible on the walls, but where are the barkeepers and where the drinkers? The house of the surgeon is furnished with every variety of surgical instrument, that of the physician is well stocked with pills and all the appliances for manufacturing them. The apothecary's shop, with glasses, phials and drugs; the baker's with mills, kneading troughs and ovens; a soap factory with vats, pans and moulds, as well as suitable materials for making soap; the fuller's, with vats, fireplaces and ovens, and frescoes representing the whole process of scouring and dyeing cloth; the sculptor had not only his shop and materials and implements, but his unfinished models and half wrought marble blocks. But where now are the surgeon, the physician, the apothecary, the soap maker, the fuller, the baker and the sculptor?

It is instructive and affecting to read the history of the de-

struction of the city in its remains. Earthquakes first damaged and destroyed many parts of the city. But the shocks ceased, and the people returned and had proceeded far in the reparation of the ruin, when the flood of ashes and cinders poured down from the mountain and overwhelmed the city. But the people had warning, and for the most part escaped; some, however, were detained by sense of duty, others by affection, some were overtaken by destruction while fleeing with their treasures and leaving their families to perish behind them. Some seem to have fallen victims to their cupidity while rifling the buried houses of their contents, and themselves and their ill-gotten gains lie together in the midst of the ashes. The state of public morals as illustrated by the ruins leaves us little ground to wonder that the people shared the doom of Sodom. Whole streets give evidence of having been given up to houses of ill fame, the sleeping apartments of the women, and that even in the houses of the Vestals, are covered with frescoes not fit to be seen, still less to be described. Cicero wrote his De Officiis in his villa near Pompeii.

Herculaneum was destroyed by a stream of melted lava, and is, for the most part, still imbedded in solid rock. A magnificent theatre, larger than any now in existence, has been excavated, and is exhibited to visitors far beneath the ground by torchlight. Several temples have been excavated, and pictures, statues, and parchments removed, but the temples are now filled up and are no longer visible. On one side, near the ancient shore, a part of the city was buried, like Pompeii, in ashes, and having been uncovered, like Pompeii, exhibits the same essential features.

Tuesday, January 8. Visited the Museo Borbonico, particularly the frescoes and mosaics from Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the collection of ancient statuary of which the most valuable were found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, or were removed from Rome in the celebrated Farnese collection. The Farnese Bull is the gem of the collection of ancient statuary. It is a very remarkable group representing Dirce being bound to a bull by Amphion and Zethus in revenge for the wrong she has done their mother in seducing from her the affections of her husband, and the mother (Antiope, Queen of Thebes) interposing, just as her rival is about to be given up to her fate, and the sons, in obedience

to her motherly and queenly authority, staying the infuriated beast in the commencement of his work of destruction. It is a group of great power, wrought out of a single block of marble by the Rhodian sculptors, Apollonius and Tauriscus.

The collection of ancient frescoes and mosaics found at Herculaneum and Pompeii contains some two thousand pieces on every variety of subject, especially domestic and mythological, not very beautiful or perfect in their execution, but lifelike and highly illustrative of ancient manners, costumes and ideas.

But the museum of small bronzes is the most curious and the most instructive of all, containing, as it does, objects of every-day Roman life. The first room contains chiefly kitchen utensils, portable stoves, kettles, frying pans, moulds, ladles, skimmers, etc. The second room contains candelabra, weights and measures, very convenient and yet particularly remarkable for the form of beauty in which these useful objects are clothed. The steelyards are remarkable especially for their anticipation of the modern article. Many of the scales and weights are said to correspond exactly with those now in use in Naples. The lanterns had horn instead of mica or glass for transparencies. The third room, sacrificial vessels, lamps, knives, incense censers, tripods, etc. The fourth room, agricultural implements, and weapons of war—the former the same as now in use in Calabria and Apulia —axes, picks, hoes, rakes, handles, bells, toys, etc. Fifth, surgical and musical instruments—very curious and differing very little from those now in use—pestles, mortars, writing materials, toilet implements, cosmetics, tickets for the theatre, dice, pins, needles, distaffs, spindles, thimbles, locks, keys, latches, etc.

Monday, January 14. Providence has at length smiled upon us, and given us a perfect day for ascending Vesuvius. No language can do justice to the beauty and magnificence of the prospect—such extent, such variety, such natural fertility, such high culture, such a bay with its islands and peninsulas and promontories, such a city, or rather, succession of cities, at our feet, such a country, with its boundless vineyards and countless villas and numerous cities, and such a belt of mountains girding in the Campania, and rising, hills o'er hills, and Alps o'er Alps, till they are covered with snow and lost in the clouds.

Saturday, January 19. The Hellespont, which was due yesterday, arrived this morning, and at about half-past two we set sail in her for Malta on our way to Alexandria. The weather was favorable, and the view of the bay and the cities, hillsides and mountains that surround it, as well as of the islands and promontories that divide and diversify its surface, was exceedingly beautiful. Especially as we passed out between Capri and Sorrento, and coasted along the headlands between the latter and Salerno, we regretted extremely that we could not land on both sides and climb the hillsides and round the promontories and thread the grottoes for which they are so remarkable.

Sabbath, January 20. When we came on deck this morning the Italian coast was near us on the left, and the Sicilian on the right. Behind and towards the right the Lipari Isles were scattered along, and still farther back Stromboli reared its solitary and lofty rounded summit from the wide surface of the waters. Two or three of the passengers who were on deck at about three o'clock in the morning saw the latter island vomit flames.

We soon came in sight of Scylla, a rock projecting some distance into the strait on the Italian shore, and crowned with a castle and a small village. Instead, however, of seeing Charybdis directly opposite, as we anticipated, we found the whirlpool existing indeed and bearing its old, poetical name, but lying some one or two miles further on and fast by the port of Messina. The straits, narrow in themselves, are apparently closed against a passage in either direction by a low neck of land which stretches across. Moreover, there is a strong current setting in opposite directions on the two sides of the straits, and changing its direction on the same side every twelve hours. No wonder then that the timid mariners of antiquity magnified the dangers of the passage, and the poets catching up their exaggerated reports, have given us the classic Scylla and Charybdis.

Messina is beautifully situated just within the straits of the same name, and has a very secure and commodious harbor. It is the great centre of the American fruit trade in the north of Sicily. We lay in port at Messina most of the day discharging and receiving freight, just as if it were not the Sabbath.

The sun set to-night over Mount Aetna, which rises far

above the rest of the island, all volcanic and mountainous as it is, till its sides are covered with perpetual snow, and its summit lost in clouds, and all through the evening Aetna was the most conspicuous object, looming up across the water and glittering in the moonbeams.

Monday, January 21. When we rose this morning our vessel was in full sight of Valetta (the capital of Malta), and just ready to enter its so-called small harbor, which, though of considerable size and most admirably protected, seems to be given up chiefly to the French and English steamers. The great harbor is full of merchant vessels and men-of-war. Quite a fleet of Russian ships, captured in the war, lies at anchor at Malta. The chief things which strike a stranger in Malta besides the excellence of its harbors, are the strength of its fortifications, dating mainly from the time of the Knights of St. John, and the rocky, hard, white, limestone surface of the island, which seems hardly to afford room for anything to grow, though it does produce the best of oranges. The semi-aquatic nature of the Maltese is illustrated in the boys who come around the ships in the harbor and dive for a piece of money thrown into the water, catching it without fail before it reaches the bottom. Their readiness to dive for so small a piece shows also the value of money. A person can live on a few coppers daily, and the only difficulty is to get the copper.

Wednesday, January 23. We are on a Glasgow screw steamer of iron. It has run very evenly and steadily with the help of a gentle and favorable breeze, ten and a half miles per hour. Our course from Malta was at first almost southerly, and was changed gradually eastward till it is now almost due east. Last evening, thirty-six hours out, we came in sight of the African coast near ancient Cyrene and opposite ancient Crete, and we have since run along nearly parallel with the coast. It has been warm all the time, today the wind having gone down. The passengers are of every country and condition, French, English, German, Italian, Belgian, Maltese, Greek, Turkish, Egyptian, Slavic—beys, ambassador, consuls, friars bound for Beirut, nuns on the way to India, besides any quantity of children, horses and dogs, and when we landed at Alexandria, the number, variety and confusion increased till it became a perfect Babel.

Alexandria, January 25. We arrived here this morning about nine o'clock and took up our quarters at the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel. The first thing, after finding our rooms and getting our breakfast, was to go to our banker for money and letters, and the second thing was to seek out "Pompey's pillar," falsely so-called, which stands on an eminence near by. It is probably an old shaft (of granite from the First Cataract) placed on an old foundation, but furnished with a new Corinthian capital in honor of Diocletian, and perhaps once surmounted with his statue. The shaft has no inscription, and is just like a column of a temple, only it is without fluting, and stands alone in solitary grandeur. It is one hundred feet high in all, about seventy-five in the shaft, and ten feet in diameter. We next walked to the opposite side of the town and saw the obelisk, mis-called "Cleopatra's needle," but proved by the hieroglyphics with which it is covered to be fifteen hundred years older than Cleopatra, together with its companion, and now lies buried in the sand.* It marked the entrance to the Cæsarium or Cæsar's Temple. They were removed to this place from Heliopolis, where they were erected by Thothmes III, whose name they bear.

Sunday, January 27. Went to the English church both forenoon and afternoon. A pretty good congregation in the morning and a goodish sermon. The service is supported partly by subscription, partly by the British Government, and partly by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Cairo, January 29. We left Alexandria by the nine o'clock train and arrived here at half-past four. The train consisted of nine cars, and carried over a hundred passengers, mostly for India, the steamer having just arrived from England. There are not ordinarily more than twenty or twenty-five. There was the greatest scramble for seats, and each car being locked, we thought for some time we should be left. The road has been completed recently, and is just opened. We crossed the Rosetta branch of the Nile by two steamers formerly employed in carrying passengers up and down the river. Boats are building to transfer the cars; the other branches of the Nile are bridged.

Wednesday, January 30. Took a donkey and rode over the

* Note.—It has since been removed to this country and set up in the City of New York.

city, taking a view of the general objects of interest—the citadel standing on an eminence several hundred feet above the town and commanding a very extensive view of the city; the Nile, and its very green banks and the desert hills beyond with the line of the pyramids marking its nearer border; several of the principal mosques, the oldest and one of the most interesting of which dates from the year 1363, and is rapidly going to utter decay; the fountains, which are only places where water may be drawn and drunk, with highly ornamented architectural facades to distinguish them from other buildings in the streets; the bazaars, the Frank or Italian Bazaar, the Arab Bazaar, the Turkish Bazaar, each protected from the sun by a sort of broad roof thrown over the entire street. The Turkish Bazaar is particularly luxurious and rich. The merchants are more European in their features and complexions, but most un-European in the lazy and lordly indifference with which they sit and smoke or sip coffee in the presence of their customers. We were unexpectedly caught in a sudden shower this afternoon, and this evening it is awfully slimy and slippery in the streets. So much for the old notion that it never rains in Egypt.

Thursday, January 31. The Petrified Forest should rather be called the petrified wood. A hill some five or six miles out of Cairo is strewn all over with trunks and limbs, or rather, fragments of trunks and limbs, of petrified trees. We exhumed a log which shows so perfectly the concentric layers, a knot and a joint, that we hesitated long whether we would not have it transported to the museum at Amherst.

The population of Cairo is given as two hundred and fifty thousand, possibly three hundred thousand. The Copts, the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, are engaged in trades, clerkships and secretaryships. They are the most clever and cunning race here, a Jew and a Greek put together. The government undertook some years since to dispense with Coptic secretaries and employ only Mohammedans, but they were incapable of keeping the accounts straight. They cheated, and had not wit enough to conceal it. The Copts cheated, but kept their accounts to correspond, and were not detected. The consequence was, that the Copts

were restored, and now fill such offices in the employ of the government.

Friday, February 1, 1856. Went to where Heliopolis was and it wasn't there. Only a huge mulberry or sycamore tree under which Joseph and Mary are said to have rested with the infant Saviour, and a single obelisk covered with hieroglyphics which the mud-wasps or bees have filled with their nests, thus making the characters more distinct and prominent. These are all that remain of On, the ancient capital of the Pharaohs, the splendid and sacred city of the kings and priests and servants of Egypt. The base of the obelisk is some six feet below the present surface of the alluvial soil around, thus showing to what an extent the whole valley of the Nile, and the Nile itself, has been raised above the former level by the inundations of ages.

Monday and Tuesday, February 4 and 5, we spent in visiting and exploring the pyramids of Ghizeh, Abusir and Sakkarah. We found Tutor Fisk, who had already visited the pyramids, and so could serve us as a guide. We examined a portion of the pyramids one day, slept in a tomb on a bed of sand at night, and next day finished the examination. The pyramids gain little in apparent magnitude and grandeur as you approach them, till you come quite near. Like the dome of St. Peter's, or like Mount Soracte, they are so lofty and so large that no view of them is perhaps so impressive as when you first see them in the distance, towering above all competition, and fixing the sight when you are so far away that you can see nothing else in their vicinity with any distinctness. They gradually lose their smoothness and sharpness, however, and show the raggedness and dilapidation which the hand of man and the tooth of time have wrought on their once perfect mathematical form and polished surface. The first view of the Sphinx also is the most pleasing, as he lifts his intelligent and benignant face half way between the plain and the pyramid, and bids you approach the City of the Dead with reverence and without fear.

The base of the Great Pyramid is some hundred feet higher than the plain. As you toil up this gradual ascent, it grows rapidly in apparent dimensions as well as in ruggedness of aspect, and when you reach the base and look up its crumbling but still steep

and solid sides, and see, as we chanced to see, the light and fleecy clouds of vapor that flit past it, it seems more like the everlasting hills than any work of human hands. Again as we looked down from its summit and saw the hawk flying so far below us that we could scarcely tell whether the substance or the shadow were the real hawk so picture-like did they both look—then again we felt as we never did before in looking down from any structure that human hands had ever reared. The ascent is by no means so difficult as the dragomans and the Arabs would have you believe, or as you will believe if you allow yourself to be encumbered with their assistance. In America nobody ever would have thought of being carried up the Pyramid of Cheops or Mount Vesuvius on men's shoulders, or being dragged up by their hands. Our party all went up it and into it, I wish we could say without the hindrance of a single Arab, and then, like true Americans, we refused to pay a tax to the Algerines. We entered the pyramid also without their guidance or assistance with lighted candles or lanterns in our hands, and thus reached the large chamber which once contained the body of the king, but is now empty.

It is difficult to realize that the Great Pyramid covers thirteen acres. Still, when you walk around it, you find it a surprisingly long walk. The similarity of plan in the pyramids is worthy of remark. They are all nearly square, all present their four sides exactly toward the four cardinal points of the compass, all have their entrance on the north side, not, however, in the middle of the side, and descending at an angle very nearly the same with the latitude, in other words, nearly parallel to the axis of the earth, and all have nearly the same angle of elevation. The material of which they are built is the calcareous limestone of the quarries on the opposite side of the river (the Arabian Mountains), which is harder and more homogeneous than that of the Libyan Hills, but it disintegrates pretty rapidly even under an Egyptian climate, and in any other would have crumbled back to the petrified shells of which it is in so large measure composed. In transporting the stone up the elevation on which the pyramids stand to different heights in the structure, inclined planes were necessary, and portions of these causeways, built of polished stone, still remain in front of some of the pyramids.

The Sphinx was hewn out of the rock in situ and shows very distinctly the stratifications. The fore legs are fifty feet long, and processions formerly marched up the paved dromos between them and offered sacrifices on the altar at his breast. Crouching lions, fragments of which are still found, probably guarded the approach on either side. According to Pliny, it measured sixty-three feet from the belly to the top of the head, one hundred forty-three feet in length, and the circumference of the head around the forehead was a hundred and two feet. The physiognomy, though marred and indistinct, is evidently Egyptian. All around the Sphinx are fragments of smaller sphinxes, shattered sarcophagi and masonry, solid as the pyramids, but so buried in the shifting sands that it is with difficulty they can be traced or understood. The two principal pyramids also have their vanguard of smaller pyramids, and their rearguard of tombs built of blocks of stone or hewn out of the solid rock, and some of them covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics, and the solid rock all around is pierced every few rods with pits to the depth of fifty feet or more where the common dead were buried in multitudes.

Five or six miles south of the Great Pyramid, another group of pyramids is planted on a projecting point of the Libyan rocks, which, from a neighboring village, bear the name of Abusir. The Sakkarah group is a couple of miles farther south, and the Dashur some four or five miles farther. All of these have their interest. Some are so crumbled that you are at a loss whether to call them pyramids or mounds of earth and stone. Some have been stripped, not only of the outside casing of polished granite which seems to have been the ideal of the pyramids (but which is preserved only in the companion of the Great Pyramid), but stripped also of the regular succession of square blocks of equal height which supported the casing, and the remaining tiers slope inward and only at intervals of several layers, say six or eight feet, does a tier terminate in a step. In all, the stones are laid in cement and the cement is nearly as hard as the stone. How any one who has seen them can believe that the Great Pyramid was built only for scientific purposes is beyond my comprehension.

But the most interesting locality in the whole line of the pyramids is Sakkarah, which is right abreast of ancient Memphis

and was its more immediate necropolis. Here the rock is honeycombed with tombs in front and bored at every step with pits, and literally filled with the bones of dead men and dead animals. For two thousand years the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens and the Turks have been rifling these repositories of the dead, and still they are unexhausted and apparently inexhaustible. The ground is thickly strewn with bones and skulls and fragments of mummies, and yet all that have been scattered and burnt and carried away are probably but a fraction of what the earth still contains.

Nothing strikes the modern traveler in Egypt with more surprise than the repositories of these sacred animals which they worshipped while they lived, and embalmed and entombed when they died. In Upper Egypt myriads of crocodiles of all ages and sizes fill some of the tombs. At Sakkarah the ibises, embalmed, enclosed in earthen pots, and laid away in regular order in rank above rank and file after file with cement between them, occupy nobody knows how many tombs and pits. Every visitor goes in and breaks as many pots and tears asunder as many cements as he chooses, and still the old tombs are not exhausted, and still new ones are opened to profanation. Two years ago a French archæologist, Mariette, discovered the long lost Serapion, or tomb of Apis, where the mummied bulls, objects of Egyptian worship, were deposited for unknown ages. It is the greatest discovery in Egyptian antiquities since Young and Champollion began to unlock the hieroglyphics. You go back into the desert west of the pyramids something less than a mile, and crawling in at a most unpromising entrance you find yourself in a vaulted corridor some twelve or fifteen feet high and of about the same breadth. You soon come to an immense sarcophagus, say ten feet long, six feet broad and eight feet high, besides a full foot in thickness, all of one solid piece of red granite and polished to the utmost smoothness. The lid has been shoved off at one end and the sarcophagus is empty. You advance a few rods and you find another just like it. You turn a right angle, pass on a few rods and soon come at right angles to another corridor, which extends to an unknown distance both on your right and on your left. You go down on the right and find it faced on both sides with these immense sarco-

phagi, placed in vaulted chambers at regular intervals, first a chamber on one side facing an interval on the other, then a chamber on the latter facing a like interval on the former. You travel on, not till it ceases, but till it is stopped up with rubbish not yet removed. You return to the cross and pass down to the left in the same way, and make the same discovery. Thirty-four of these sarcophagi have already been exposed, all of the same size and structure (one only, so far as I observed, differing from the others in being covered with hieroglyphics) all opened in the same way and rifled of their contents. The question when these sarcophagi were opened and what has become of their contents is a profound mystery. Dr. Abbott of New York thinks his mummied bulls, the only entire ones known to exist, came from the Serapion, but he does not know, and the lids do not appear to have been shoved off far enough to allow the removal of an entire bull.

In going from Sakkarah to Mit Rahinch, which marks the site of old Memphis, we see the remains of the lake across which the Memphites carried the worthy dead in a boat for burial, from which the early Greek poets are said to have derived their mode of conceiving and representing Charon's boat, the crossing of the Styx and the passage to the lower regions. All that remains of ancient Memphis—that vast city of thirteen miles in circuit and immensely rich, populous and powerful—is the colossal statue of Rameses, which now lies prostrate, with its benevolent and expressive face in the mud—too fit an emblem of the state of Egypt—and a few columns, statues and sarcophagi scattered around it. A large and thriving orchard, or rather forest, of palm trees wave their lofty branches over the buried ruins of one of the oldest and greatest cities of the old world. A hill or ridge of rubbish near the river is perhaps the most striking demonstration of its former existence.

Jerusalem, February 18, Monday. We left Alexandria in the French steamer Thursday, February 14th at 11 a. m. (having been obliged to wait six entire days for its arrival and repair), and arrived at Jaffa Saturday morning, February 16, at 9 a. m. The weather was favorable, but the sea was rough enough to make several of us seasick. We were favored in being able to land

without difficulty. We had on board an English surgeon from the Crimea, Dr. Fraser, who had been carried by on the same steamer on her way from Beirut, and we found several gentlemen who had been waiting from a week to a fortnight for an opportunity to get away. Being impatient to reach Jerusalem we took a hasty survey of Jaffa and visited the so-called house of Simon the Tanner, and then, as soon as we could obtain horses, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, we set out for Jerusalem, feasting as we went on delicious Jaffa oranges picked by our own hands from the trees, charmed by the rare beauty of the flowers and fruits which adorn and almost conceal the Plain of Sharon, stopping a little while to refresh ourselves and horses at Ramleh, the Arimathea of Joseph who provided a tomb for the body of our Lord, seeing at a distance Lyd, the Lydda of the Acts, and then pressing on through a moonlight night across the hill country by the worst road that any of us had ever seen or imagined, and growing worse and worse quite up to the walls of Jerusalem. While we were slowly and with great difficulty climbing the last mountain on which Jerusalem is built, the moon went down, and the morning star arose directly over the city, and we marched, as it were, under its guidance till we entered the city where our Lord was crucified. It was very bright and beautiful, and it reminded us forcibly of the Star of Bethlehem. We entered the city before sunrise, welcomed by the Sabbath bell and by the chanting of the service at some of the convents and churches.

After sleeping enough to answer the necessities of weary nature, we went to the English Church and heard an excellent discourse, highly practical and spiritual, from the good Bishop Gobat, from the text: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak; watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." Towards evening, after a little more necessary sleep, we went to Gethsemane and read the same passage and the whole history of the agony in the garden as it is recorded in all the evangelists. A peculiar tenderness and pathos had colored my thoughts and views of Christ throughout the day, and when I passed down the very road and crossed over the same brook, if not under the same trees, yet doubtless under trees similar to those under which He

retired and prayed and wept and sweat in that bloody agony, I could scarcely read aloud the sacred record, such was the overwhelming pathos and power of the story and the scene. No classical or historical associations make any such impression. Probably no other spot could produce on me any such effect. Great uncertainty attends the site of the crucifixion and the burial place of our Lord. And even if we can believe in the genuineness of the alleged localities, they are covered over with such a multitude of purely human works and devices as greatly to mar their impression. But Gethsemane, though enclosed by a wall which too much restricts the scene, is yet a garden across the brook Kidron at the foot of the Mount of Olives, and whether you admit the possibility of the trees (of which there are eight, and which have a look of antiquity to which one can hardly set any bounds), or deny the possibility of their being so old as the time of Christ, yet they are so ancient and so venerable and so suitable* that criticism is disarmed, and you can readily see, indeed you can hardly help seeing, that Holy One whose whole life was so mysterious come in here on that dark and doleful night and struggle and sink under that dreadful agony which was more mysterious than any other event in his whole history.

Wednesday, February 20. I devoted Monday to a general survey of objects of interest within the walls—the Jewish quarter and the synagogue—the Mohammedan quarter, the mosque of Omar and El-Aksa, that is, such views of the platform of the old temple as can be obtained from peeking in at several of its twelve gates, and especially from the roof of the Governor's palace—and the Christian quarter, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the convents and chapels that cluster around it. Jerusalem is the holy city of Jews and Gentiles, of Mohammedans and Christians, of Catholics and Protestants. The eyes of the world, paganism alone excepted, are directed toward this one sacred place. Little could David have anticipated this when he "took the strong hold of the Jebusites and dwelt in the fort" and "called it the City of David, and built round about from Millo and inward."

* Note.—The monk in charge of the garden argued that the trees had been preserved by special providence of God.

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Still less could the Roman generals have imagined this when they utterly demolished the walls and desecrated the temple. Least of all did Roman historians and poets understand this when they described the complete overthrow of the city and spoke with such proud contempt of the people as the most despicable of all the subject nations. The city is even now comparatively desolate; it is literally "plowed as a field," for one of the most striking features as you look down upon it from the fortifications is the number of plowed fields and fields of grain which are scattered through it and compass it round within the walls; and Zion without the walls is in still greater proportion given up to the plow. The very site of the temple of Solomon—the proper building of the temple—is probably a little forest of olive trees, and the larger part of the whole area of Moriah is a grass-plat. In all this prophecy is fulfilled and divine justice vindicated upon a rebellious people that crucified their Lord. Still millions of men in every quarter and every important nation of the world take pleasure in the dust and stones thereof. And the same wonderful Providence that has preserved it through so many centuries of fiery trials can yet make Zion the joy of the whole earth.

Tuesday I spent in going round the city "telling her towers, marking well her bulwarks and considering her palaces beautiful for situation is Mount Zion on the sides of the north." On a mountain itself, it has other and higher mountains round about it which wall it in on every side, as the Lord is a wall of defense round about His people, and from which at every turn, as you make the compass, you have some new, picturesque, and magnificent view of the city. Especially as you stand on the Mount of Olives, anywhere on its ascent, or on its summit, it lies spread out like a map or a picture beneath your eyes, so completely in all its parts, so perfectly in all its aspects, that it would seem as though the mountain must have been placed there for the very purpose of commanding such a sight of that city on which the eye and the heart of God as well as man has been so much set. No wonder that He who was at once the Son of Man and the Son of God when He beheld the city from this mountain and saw its approaching desolation just as clearly as He did its present beauty

and glory—no wonder that he wept over it with that most pathetic lamentation, "Oh. Jerusalem, Jerusalem."

On the very summit of the Mount of Olives is built a mosque and a church—the Church of the Ascension—in the idea that Christ must have ascended from the highest point, although the Scripture says expressly that the ascension took place at Bethany. Tradition has even fixed the very spot from which he went up, and the print of his foot is shown in the rock with a small chapel built over it. The other foot also left its impress in the rock, but this was long since stolen away by the Mohammedans. The monks point out a multitude of other holy places on the Mount of Olives, such as the spot where our Saviour taught the disciples the Lord's Prayer, and the grotto where the Apostle's Creed was written.

From the Church of the Ascension we proceeded to Bethany or El Aziriyeh, as it is now called by the Arabs, and the so-called Tomb of Lazarus, the village and the Pool of Siloam, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the well which the Jews call the well of Job, and the Mohammedans the well of Nehemiah, and Dr. Robinson, En Rogel, which they affirm to be three hundred feet deep; Aceldama, associated with the suicide of Judas, the upper and lower pools of Gihon. But all these localities are buried beneath such a load of traditions and superstitions that I became weary of tracing them, and I will not weary my reader with a description.

On Sunday I attended a service in the English Church, having special reference to the season of Lent, and heard a good sermon from the Secretary of the Bishop, the Reverend Mr. Crawford, on the parable of the Prodigal Son, after which I walked with Mr. Graham, Dr. Horatius Bonar, and other gentlemen, on the walls of the city over a considerable part of the whole circuit, examining and discussing the topography of the city. The gentlemen here generally discard Dr. Robinson's views in regard to the position of the Tyropoeon and of Mounts Acra and Zion, and differ widely among themselves as to the site of the Holy Sepulchre.

Monday evening I spent in a social visit and tea-drinking at Bishop Gobat's, Tuesday evening in the same way at Dr. Mc-

Gowan's. It is one of the pleasant things attending a visit to Jerusalem that we not only see so many interesting places, but so many agreeable and excellent people from all parts of the world and of so many different persuasions, yet all cultivated, Christian men and women. A delightful feature of both these visits was that near the close a passage of Scripture was read and expounded and prayer offered, after which they drank a glass of Palestine wine together and separated. A firm belief in the literal return of the Jews to Palestine, and in the Second Advent and personal reign of Christ at Jerusalem, is held in common by most of the missionaries here, and it gives a peculiar coloring, not to say a peculiar warmth and life, to their piety. It is prominent in their prayers, in their preaching and in their conversation.

Saturday, February 23. Thursday and Friday we went to the Pools of Solomon, Bethlehem, Marsaba, the Dead Sea, the Jordan and Jericho. The first night we passed at the Convent at Marsaba, the second we intended to pass at Jericho, but the old tower in which we expected to sleep was so filthy and uncomfortable that we preferred to spend the night in the saddle in the open air, and so, after a cup of coffee and a lunch, we rode on to Jerusalem, where we arrived about two o'clock. Not far from Bethlehem is the Tomb of Rachel. Nothing is now visible but a modern Mohammedan mosque or tomb surrounded by graves. But it answers so well to the description in Genesis XXXV, 16-19, that the tradition may safely be accepted, and the monument may be regarded as one of the most authentic in Palestine. The spot bears the name of Rama.

The Pools of Solomon are a succession of large reservoirs partly enclosed in solid rock, and partly in walls of stone and cement, which occupy the bed of a beautiful valley and receive in succession the waters of a fountain, and then transmit it by an aqueduct to Jerusalem.

Bethlehem is a beautiful town for Palestine, delightfully situated on the brow of a high hill which descends sharply on every side, and which toward the east is curved into the form of a horseshoe. The population is entirely Christian. Very many of the inhabitants are employed in the manufacture of relics, espec-

ially in pearl from the Red Sea. We were received very politely, and hospitably entertained, by the monks of the Latin Convent, and after dinner were shown through the convent and the church which cover the supposed Grotto of the Nativity. The rooms in which Saint Jerome lived and studied and wrote and died, together with his sepulchre, were shown. But the Grotto of the Nativity is the jewel of the convent, and here the monks contend most fiercely for the right of possession. It is a cave hewn out of the rock some twelve or fifteen feet, I should judge, in length, perhaps ten in breadth and ten in height. In one end a large silver star bears the inscription, "Hic J. C. ex Maria Virgine natus est." It is claimed to be directly under the point in the heavens where the guiding star stood and directly over or on the spot of the nativity. Over this is a niche, where Greeks and Latins both claim the right of exhibiting pictures. Just after our Latin guide had pointed out his Murillo, etc., a Greek monk came down in much excitement and substituted a Greek picture from Constantinople.

We had been three hours or more in going by Solomon's Pools to Bethlehem; we were three more in going from Bethlehem to Marsaba. The latter part of the way lay along narrow ridges, down steep hills, along the verge of frightful precipices, and in general over a country so broken, so desolate, and so utterly unlike any other, that it is quite impossible to describe it after having seen it—much more impossible to imagine without having seen it. As the sun was near its setting we saw two square towers standing on the brink of a gorge, and the rocks on the side of the gorge perforated with caves. I knew at once that we were approaching the cradle of monasticism. Just at dark we reached the gate of the convent and were refused admittance till they had let down a basket from the wall and drawn up a letter from the Greek authorities at Jerusalem requiring them to receive us, when they opened the gate and made us welcome. We were surprised at the extent, costliness and solidity of the buildings. The towers and the upper wall alone were visible from without. Within we descended staircase after staircase and passed landing after landing and saw cells and chapels and kitchens and dining-rooms and sleeping apartments in great numbers, hewn out like a medieval

fortress among the rocks. The towers are of the age of Justinian. The other buildings have been added at different times since, and Russian gold is still adding to their number and magnificence. Coffee was soon served up for us. A table was then spread, with eggs, boiled rice, coarse bread and home-made wine, for our supper. Most of us slept on cushions around the walls of the same room in which we supped. The gorge in the side of which the convent is set is several hundred feet deep, and the perpendicular walls of rock on either side are honey-combed with the cells of hermits from the time of the Jewish Essenes, perhaps, certainly from the second and third centuries of the Christian era. This valley, though not so deep or perpendicular throughout, runs all the way from the junction of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Valley of Hinnom to the Dead Sea.

The next morning, we set out after an early breakfast for the Dead Sea, and after a ride of some hours we found ourselves at the water's edge, bathing, or rather floating, in spite of ourselves, no matter whether we knew how to swim or not—we could not sink—borne upon its heavy and oily waters. There is not a living thing in it, and few signs of life about it, the sun pouring down with such intensity, though in winter, that we could well imagine it must evaporate an immense quantity of water in summer, and might thus receive and dispose of all the waters of the Jordan.

Another ride of an hour across a sandy, barren plain brought us to the banks of the Jordan "over against Jericho," where there is now a ford about twenty yards wide and three feet deep, of very rapid-flowing water, and where the children of Israel probably passed over in the time of harvest when the Jordan "overfloweth all his banks," which are most of the way twofold and both steep and high. It is a marked peculiarity of the Jordan that so high and steep are its banks you can get no glimpse of it till you stand upon the very brink. There we bathed again to wash off the slime, swam across the stream above the ford, forded it back again with much difficulty owing to the swiftness of the current, landed on the Jericho side, and rode an hour across the plain of Jericho, which is rendered very fruitful in parts by irri-

gation, and is capable of being made far more extensively a fruitful field by a proper application of the water that now runs to waste from the fountains.

Sabbath, February 24. Heard a good sermon in the morning from Dr. Nicolayson on Ephesians V, 1, 2, "Be ye therefore followers of God," etc., and in the afternoon went to the English-American burying grounds. In the American enclosure—a sweet resting place on Mount Zion near the sepulchre of David, shut out from the world's intrusion by a wall, and with an ancient olive tree in its centre—lie the remains of my honored teacher and beloved colleague, Professor Fiske, who came to Jerusalem for health, and found a grave. He left a most delightful impression of intelligence and piety on those excellent missionary families that received him into their houses and hearts.

Tuesday, February 26. Called on Mr. Crawford, Dr. Bonar, and a few others, and then visited the Mosque of David on Mount Zion, without the walls, which contains the so-called Coena culum or upper chamber, where the Last Supper was instituted, which is a fine vaulted room with Gothic groined arches resting on columns of all orders, a curious patchwork of styles and ages; and what is called the Tomb of David, which is a manifestly modern sepulchral vault in a manifestly modern room. This room, however, is above the proper tomb, and what may lie beneath, no one knows and no one, not even the Pasha, is now permitted to see. Mohammedan and Christian tradition agree in assigning the Tomb of David to this place, and there is nothing to oppose it.

Wednesday, February 27. A busy day. Rose early, breakfasted early and went early to the English Hotel to make arrangements for entering the Mosque of Omar under the wing of the American Consul to Egypt, but after we had waited some time for him to arrange the matter with the secretary of the Pasha he returned, saying that the Consul and the brother of the Ambassador at Constantinople (Messieurs de Leon and Spence) might go in, but he dared not take the responsibility in the absence of the Pasha of admitting a large company, lest the black servants in attendance at the mosque in their fanaticism should assail us and some harm ensue. At length, however, the Governor said he would take the

responsibility, and would send a guard of soldiers to protect us—a backshish, however, of fifteen pounds would be an essential preliminary. The backshish was soon made up by the payment of one pound each, the guard was provided, and we were ushered in great state into the sacred enclosure. The mosque is an octagon a hundred and forty-eight feet in diameter. The lower part of the walls is composed of various colored marbles arranged in intricate patterns. The upper part, where they are pierced by fifty-six pointed windows, is covered with glazed tiles of many brilliant colors. The dome is of a singularly light and graceful form, sixty-six feet high, and surmounted by a lofty bronze crescent. The space around the dome is divided into two broad circular aisles or corridors by two rows of piers and Corinthian columns which support the roof and the dome by arches. Beneath the dome, rising some six feet above the floor, enclosed by a gilt iron railing, and overhung by a canopy of crimson silk, is the rock which is the Holy of Holies in this Mohammedan Sanctuary, and gives it the name by which the Moslems call it, the Dome of the Rock. Beneath the rock, and hewn out of it, is the Noble Cave, which is quite as sacred as the rock itself. There is a descent into it by a staircase on one side, and at each of the four corners is a prayer niche, bearing the names severally of Abraham, David, Solomon and Jesus. The Moslems say that the rock which forms the roof of the cave hangs suspended in the air, and the wall of masonry which appears to support it, and which precluded the sight of its junction with the living rock, was built merely to allay the fears of nervous worshippers.

Passing out at the south door and descending from the platform of the Mosque of Omar we come to the Mosque El-Aksa. Its chief interest to us consists in its antiquity, being doubtless the Church of the Virgin built by Justinian in the sixth century, and presenting a venerable specimen of the form of the basilica or early Greek church. It is a regular parallelogram two hundred and eighty feet in length, and one hundred and eighty-three feet in breadth. Its dome, though smaller, is nearly as high as that of the Mosque of Omar, but we cannot linger here, nor dwell on what we saw in the Haram. Some thirty feet in front of the

Mosque El-Aksa, between it and the Mosque of Omar, commences the vaulted subterranean passage which goes down beneath the former, most of the way by a graded slope, but partly by a broad staircase, into arched ante-chambers and thence out by a magnificent double gateway into the lower part of the city. This gateway is now closed and difficult of access. We did not see it; it has been seen by very few, but we went down the broad double passage, arched and divided and supported by a long row of colossal piers and columns (once doubtless one of the grand entrances to the area of the temple), far enough to see the immense stones, from twenty to thirty feet long and of corresponding breadth and thickness, which, in every description, distinguish the foundations of Solomon's temple.

On the same day as our visit to the Noble Sanctuary, providing ourselves with candles and crawling flat on our faces through a hole under the wall outside the Damascus Gate scarcely large enough to admit even our slender persons, Dunn Browne and I explored those immense caverns under Jerusalem where the stone has been quarried from age to age which has been employed in building the city. (Note: For some further details of the temple area, the Tomb of David, etc., see article on Jerusalem in "Hours at Home," for May, 1867.)

Thursday, February 28. I left Jerusalem for Beirut with a company of eleven, nine Americans and two Scotchmen, all under the care of one dragoman. Twelve napoleons each for the trip, to be made in nine or ten days at our pleasure, resting on Sunday at the Sea of Tiberias. Weather favorable, rained only once, and then succeeded immediately by sunshine. Road dreadful—a stone wall prostrated with a path in the middle, made slippery and in some places muddy by recent rains. We passed every day some sacred site, often only a name and a place sometimes without an inhabitant. I can only allude to them as I pass along. Nebi-Samwill in sight, the highest point overlooking everything else, and visible for several hours. The ancient Mizpah, and a fit place for Israel to gather and be judged, like the Latin tribes on the summit of Monte Cavo. Abu Gosh, Kirjath-jearim, where the ark abode twenty years. At four hours from Jerusalem Beitin or Betharen the prophetic and derisive name of Bethel, nicknamed and cursed for its idolatry. Seilun, ancient Shiloh, an

hour to the right off our course, which also lies in ruins, according to the prophetic denunciation: "Go and see what I did to Shiloh for the wickedness of the inhabitants."

At eight hours from Jerusalem we enter the fertile plain of Moreh, all green with the young grain and guarded on either side by mountain ranges. Two hours' travel over this plain brings us to Jacob's Well and Joseph's Tomb, on a piece of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. The well is eight feet in diameter and is sunk seventy-five feet, mostly in the solid rock. It is probably the well at which our Lord sat, weary, and conversed with the woman of Samaria. Just at this point in the valley of Moreh the vale of Shechem opens out of it at right angles, a narrow but verdant and fruitful gorge between two rocky and precipitous mountains, Gerizim on the south and Ebal on the north, on which at their very entrance into the Holy Land, a nation stood, six tribes on one and six on the other, and, as the priests and Levites read the law below, sanctioned it with acclamations.

Shechem, now called Nablus by a corruption of the Greek Neapolis, is a city of twelve thousand inhabitants. Under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Zeller, a missionary of the Church of England Missionary Society, who kindly entertained two of us at his house, we visited the bazaars, the mosque, a ruined Christian church of the age of the Crusades, and the synagogue of the Samaritans, a humble edifice, but too sacred in their esteem to be trodden save with bare feet, and containing a manuscript copy of the Pentateuch, still more sacred, which they allege was written more than three thousand years ago. The mission here is making quite an impression both on the Samaritans and the Mohammedans.

Tirzah, the beautiful country-seat and half capital of the Ten Tribes before Samaria was built, overlooks the beautiful valley from the western extremity of Mount Ebal. The summit of a hill some five hundred feet high is the site of Samaria. Here Herod built a magnificent city and called it Sebaste in honor of Augustus, the ruins of which are now the most splendid in Palestine. A double colonnade or portico extended almost, perhaps quite, the whole length of the city. From a quarter to a half

of these columns are still standing without capitals or architraves. A temple in honor of Augustus crowned the summit, of which huge sections of columns and broken capitals scattered over the field alone remain to attest its magnificence. The whole hill is now a plowed field. God has literally made Samaria "as an heap of the field." He has poured down the stones thereof into the valley and has discovered the foundations thereof. Micah I, 6. Descending the hill of Samaria and ascending one of the mountains that overlook it on the north, we have a grand prospect of the seashore for many leagues, of the plain of Sharon southward, of the plain of Esdraelon northward, of the mountains of Gilboa projecting into the southeast part of the plain of Esdraelon, and of Mount Hermon, with its snowy sides far away to the north. Arrived at Jannin about five o'clock and passed the night in a native house, all sleeping on the floor of a single room, without chimney or window, without light, and almost without air.

Saturday, March 1. Left Jannin at seven o'clock in the morning, traveled for hours on the rolling plain of Esdraelon, the battlefield of Palestine, from Joshua and Saul to the Crusades and Napoleon, left the mountains of Gilboa at our right, and there were able to look down to the valley of the Jordan on our right and on our left to the Great Sea. On this plain we saw three gazelles feeding; at sight of us they fled to a rocky height near by. About half-past eleven we lunched near the foot of Mount Tabor, in full view of Nain and of the site of Endor. Tabor was our landmark for the remainder of the day—a lone, lofty mound, rising far above competition with all the surrounding mountains and challenging comparison with Mount Hermon itself. Tabor has usually been recognized as the scene of the Transfiguration, but the summit of Tabor was occupied by a Roman fortress in the time of our Lord. He was at Caesarea Philippi at the base of Mount Hermon just before the Transfiguration and thence went up into a high mountain to be transfigured. And I cannot but believe that Hermon was the scene of that great event.

A gradual ascent, a wide and arid table-land, a steep and rocky ascent, and a longer and gradual ascent to which there seemed to be no end, brought us to the brow of the hill or mountain which overhangs Tiberias, and commands the first

view of the Sea of Galilee, and then a longer, steeper, and more rocky descent of two miles brought us to Tiberias itself, a larger city and better looking at a distance than I expected to see, with a large Jewish population,—the site of the Jewish Colleges where the Gemara was written.

Sunday, March 2. Tiberias. Had a service by ourselves at ten o'clock in the morning. At eleven, four of us, two Americans and two Scotchmen, started out with our Bibles in hand and walked along the seaside by a path doubtless often trodden by the feet of the Son of God, till we came to Magdala (now Mejdel), from which Mary Magdalene derived her surname. It stands on the southern border of the plain of Gennesareth, a very beautiful plain about two miles broad along the shore and stretching back four miles from the seaside. The lake is here the broadest, and from this corner to a little bay or cove on the opposite shore, must measure some half a dozen miles. The wind blew hard and the sea wrought and was quite tempestuous, and if we could only have seen a solitary boat toiling through the waves we should spontaneously have imagined that it was rowed by the disciples and should almost have expected to see our Lord himself walking upon the waters. The rain drove us for shelter into a little room upon a housetop in Magdala where Mary might well have prayed and wept before God. Here we read the Gospels and saw the fitness of many passages in the Gospels —the herd of swine running down a steep place into the sea on the other side of the lake where alone it could have taken place, the birds resting in the branches of the mustard which grows in clumps, and shelters many birds; the many allusions to the flowers, so many and so beautiful on these shores; the seed falling on stony places such as might be seen all around us; the "digging through" to steal, which might be done so easily through the mud walls which sheltered us; the sheep and the goats always fed together; the custom of weeding the tares out of the wheat, while the occidental husbandman lets both grow together till the harvest—these and many other illustrations of Scripture lay before our eyes, or occurred to our memories as having lately presented themselves. At length the rain ceased, the wind even subsided and it seemed as we looked out over the sea as if the Lord had commanded the wind and waves to be still, "and there

was a great calm." It was delightful, beyond expression, to wander along these sacred shores and pick flowers and gather shells and look on scenes so familiar to His eyes and so dear to His heart.

Nazareth, Monday, March 3. Rose early, walked two miles down the lake to the Hot Springs and took a warm bath and also a plunge into the lake. Left Tiberias about half-past nine o'clock and ascended the hill obliquely along the left side of the plain of Huttin. A rocky eminence above Huttin is pointed out as the place where Jesus fed the multitude miraculously, and a still higher point farther on—a bold pulpit-like summit, as the Mount of the Beatitudes or the Sermon on the Mount. Saw a sower scattering his seed, and as he sowed, some fell by the wayside, some on stony ground, some among thorns, and some on good ground, for all these were actually comprised within the scope of one field, and that not very large, the way being a mere bridle path through the fields and clumps of thorns as well as rocky knolls being scattered here and there over them. At four hours' distance we came to Cana, Cana of Galilee, as it is considered by many, though others claim this honor for another Cana further west and about equally distant from Nazareth. Here the Greeks have a church in which they show three waterpots of stone in which they say the water was turned into wine. At Cana we turned our course more towards the south and went on climbing hills with less descent than ascent for an hour and a half, when we found ourselves looking down upon a beautiful valley, green with grass and grain, and planted thickly with olives and fig trees, and a handsome town nestling in an amphitheatre a little way up the steep hillside. This was Nazareth, a larger and more beautiful town than I expected to find, indeed, I have scarcely seen anything more beautiful in all my travels; and I could not but think it was in perfect harmony with our best ideas of the early life of Him whose infancy and childhood, as well as his manhood, were crowned with changeless virtue and beauty. Immediately back of the town is quite a precipice, perhaps the brow of the hill on which the city was then built from which the inhabitants of his native place sought to cast Jesus down. The top of the hill commands an extensive view in every direction, and Nazareth hangs in a nook near the bottom. The Greek

church built over the "Fountain of the Virgin" is the alleged site of the house of Joseph and Mary. Doubtless the Virgin carried water from the fountain, as it is the chief supply of the town, and scores of the daughters of Nazareth now stood around waiting and clamoring for their opportunity to fill their pitchers or jars—the more impatiently, because, owing to the deficiency of the rains this season, the supply is inadequate. The Latins also have a church and a convent. Like many other churches in Syria, they show a grotto now converted into a chapel as the place of the Annunciation. They also have their house of Joseph quite distinct and quite different from that of the Greeks.

And now I must make brief mention only of our visits to Carmel, with its splendid and hospitable convent crowning a bold and lofty promontory which projects some distance into the Mediterranean, and its magnificent forest or park of oaks, which stretches away to the borders of the plain of Esdraelon—Kishon, the scene of Elijah's heroic conflict and triumph over the priests of Baal—Acre, the strongly fortified town, so famous in the history of the Crusades of the Knights of St. John, of Napoleon, and of the Egyptian Rebellion—Tyre, still a city of three or four thousand inhabitants, where once long wharves and large warehouses received the merchandise of all nations, but now shattered columns lie scattered over rocks on which fishermen dry their nets—Sidon, where, as at Tyre, prostrate columns (many of them Sienite from upper Egypt) scattered in every direction indicate the former greatness of this mother city of the Phoenicians of which ancient Tyre herself was but a daughter, named in the Pentateuch and in the poems of Homer when Tyre was as yet unknown.

At Sidon we passed a delightful evening with the American missionaries, Mr. Thompson, author of "The Land and the Book," and Dr. Van Dyck, the distinguished and beloved physician. Mr. Thompson had just returned from an exploring tour in the country east of the Sea of Galilee, and was full and running over with fresh discoveries and with valuable ideas touching the topography of that section.

At half-past two o'clock on Saturday, March 8, we reached Beirut. We immediately sought out Rev. Daniel Bliss, and at his persistent solicitation our whole company was soon lodged

with him and his kind friends. We found them expecting us and even planning to go out to meet us. The whole mission soon came in to see us. Few places combine more elements of beauty than are comprised between the waters that lave the foot of Beirut and the mountains of Lebanon that tower in their robes of spotless white ten thousand feet above it. The union of country and city in the houses and grounds without the walls is especially attractive.

Sabbath, March 9, 1856. Preached in the chapel of the American mission this morning on the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. Afternoon heard a discourse in Arabic from Dr. Van Dyck, about one-third written, the rest extemporized from full notes. Audience about twenty-five men, and nobody but the preacher knows how many women, for they were behind a screen.

Monday, March 10. Dined at Mr. Hurten's and took tea at Dr. Smith's. Closed with prayer.

Tuesday, March 11. A delightful gathering of Americans at Mr. Ford's. The conversation interspersed with exquisite music. Closed with prayer.

Wednesday, March 12. Set out for Damascus, five in the company, viz., our fellow-travelers, and Rev. Mr. Bliss, together with Yuseff, for dragoman, and his family servant, for cook, and all the traveling apparatus and traveling comforts the missionaries could muster. The trip was to last eleven days. The dragoman was to receive one pound sterling for the trip, sixteen piastres a day for horses. The horses were under the saddle, of course, for no such thing as a wheeled carriage was to be found in those days in all Syria. One mule carried our beds, and the dragoman and cook took most of our eatables and cooking utensils on the animals they rode. As we ascended the sides of Lebanon and the mountain grows steeper and steeper, the road doubles and coils its serpentine course with much delay and difficulty. You pause at every turn to look back down the mountain side across the plain and over the city into the wide blue sea melting into the sky in the distant horizon. At Bhamdun we reach an elevation of 3,600 feet above the sea, and as you look back you behold apparently every foot and every inch of ground

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that can by any possibility afford a resting place for vegetation on all the seaward side of Lebanon, which is fertilized by the moist winds from the Mediterranean, walled, terraced, and bristling with the choicest fruit trees or mantled with different varieties of vines. Here the Beirut missionaries have had summer residences for many years and have made perhaps more impression on the native population than in any other town in Syria. The Protestant community already numbers among its converts or adherents several of the leading men. The Protestant school is now held in the schoolhouse of the Greek church, and the missionaries look forward with hope to the time when they shall preach the Gospel in the Greek Church itself. This afternoon we went around to the missionary houses, anything but extravagant, though comfortable perhaps in summer, and called on the leading man in the Protestant community, who is a shrewd, prosperous, intelligent, and it is now hoped a truly pious man. In the evening the people gathered at the house of the missionaries and I gave them through Rev. Mr. Benton as interpreter some account of the American churches and American revivals.

Thursday, March 13. Left Bhamdûn about 8 o'clock, passed along under the third peak in height of the Lebanon range, leaving the sacred peak still further to the left, both covered with snow. Attained at the highest point in the road an elevation of fifty-seven hundred feet above the sea and then came down at one immense bound, as it were, into the Bukân, as they now call the perfectly level and very rich plain of Coele Syria, which stretches from the entering in of Hamath over against Antioch on the north to the sea shore between Tyre and Sidon at the south, ninety miles in length and ten or twelve in breadth. We passed the night in a native mud house and ate and slept native-like on the mud floor.

Friday, March 14. Rose at four, were in our saddles at half-past five this morning that we might reach Damascus—a distance of twelve miles—in good season. The passage of Anti-Lebanon is accomplished more easily than that of Lebanon. A pass carrying you over by a very gradual ascent till you come upon waters that flow down into the plain of Damascus between barren mountains and for the most part rocky cliffs wrought by

nature into the most fantastic shapes, among which it requires no very lively imagination to select resemblances to almost everything living and not living, human and not human, in the heavens above or the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. These rivulets afforded glimpses of fairy-like beauty amid utter sterility—streams of the freshest verdure and the highest culture winding through deserts and mountains that can scarcely afford food or foothold for the mountain goat. But after traveling for hours amid scenery interesting only by its wildness and barrenness, you climb a hill, and, as if by enchantment, a scene bursts suddenly to view in marked and perfect contrast. You look down upon an unbounded sea of verdure laving the very foot of the barren mountains on which you stand, and stretching away eastward and southward in living green as far as the eye can reach. The nearer portion of this bright green sea is planted thick with an immense forest of fruit trees now in blossom, and so hung all over with the richest and most various colors, and in the midst of this forest of flowers and fruit trees, floating like some magic ship of more than mortal size and splendor, a large city lifts its walls and palaces and towers and castles and minarets all of the purest and most brilliant white—an eastern city flashing in the light of an eastern sun, moored amid floating gardens in a sea of green fields. This city, it need not be said, is Damascus. No marvel that Mohammed refused to enter this earthly paradise lest he should thereby be precluded from entering the heavenly. And no wonder that in the view of Naaman the Syrian, Pharpar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, which alone have redeemed it from the desert, were better than all the waters of Jordan. The grand source of the wealth and beauty of Damascus is the Barrada or Cold River, which, taking its rise from the snows of Anti-Lebanon, and winding like a ribbon of emerald down its rock-ribbed sides, spreads itself like a mantle of green velvet embroidered with threads of gold in various colors over a plain some thirty-five miles long and twenty-five broad, and loses itself at length in those lakes, whose crystal waters, reflecting the sunlight, form a border of silver sheen. This is probably the ancient Abana. Another river, which comes in from the southwest and is lost in the same lakes, is probably the ancient Pharpar. The principal trees in the gardens about Damascus are walnuts (like the English) near the walls, willow often by the water courses,

and apples, peaches, pomegranates, mulberries, plums and apricots for the rest. The chief staples of Damascus are silk, flour and apricots, all of which are exported in large quantities to every part of the Turkish empire. The same water which fertilizes her green fields turns her flour mills. The silk which millions of worms spin from thousands of mulberry trees is manufactured in shops without number, and along all the byways in the open air, into every form of convenience and elegance that human ingenuity can invent. Acre upon acre and square mile upon square mile is devoted to the culture of apricots, which are spread out into a kind of leather paste, dried, and sold all over the world. At a greater distance from the city, groves of olives spread themselves over many square miles, and, still further out, the raisin grape is the great staple, which here is neither supplied with props as in France, twined to trees as in Italy, nor suffered to lie at full length on the ground, as on the terraces of Lebanon, but forms a stock which is able to sustain itself. Through all this forest of vines, olives, apricots and other fruit trees, only so many sheds or cots are seen as are necessary to afford a temporary shelter to the laborers in harvest. The people all live in the city, which is compact, about six miles long by three broad, and contains about two hundred thousand inhabitants.

Saturday, March 15. Today, under the guidance of Rev. Dr. Paulding, we have seen the chief objects of interest in and about the city—the alleged localities connected with Paul's visits to Damascus, the place of his arrest by the light from Heaven, the gate by which he probably entered the city—an old Roman gate of three arches still complete except the crown of the central and highest arch, the street that is called Straight, still the only straight street in Damascus, and in Paul's day lined on both sides by a colonnade now buried half a dozen feet beneath the rubbish of ages, the house of Ananias, an old vaulted chamber, now subterranean, and covered by a church, the house of Judas, and the house on the wall from which he was let down in a basket, the basket itself might have been seen, doubtless, and purchased in any quantities to meet the demand of travelers; the great mosque, formerly the Church of St. John and probably earlier still, judging from the architecture, an old Roman temple of much grandeur, with walls of large stones, long rows of lofty

pilasters and an elaborate carved gate bearing a Greek inscription; the Tomb of Saladin, a solid stone building in Saracenic style, half mosque and half tomb, for the body of the conqueror, where, according to his appointment, the Dervishes maintain a perpetual service for the repose of his soul; the castle, an immense Saracenic military structure with several lofty square towers; the sycamore tree, forty-three feet in circumference, and still as sound and thrifty as ever; the fountains and canals and cafés overhanging the running streams, and the bazaars, each devoted to some particular department, and all presenting an endless succession of various and curious objects, not the least of which were the merchants themselves sitting cross-legged on their counters with their goods in piles before, behind, and all around them; the private dwelling houses with their series of courts and never failing fountains and trees (orange, lemon, oleander, pepper and the like), and the Liwand, a parlor with its fountain and the other rooms opening around it, never into each other, still less any of them into the street. The richest houses belong to wealthy Jews, some of whom by their traffic and usury have accumulated immense hoards of gold and jewels. We visited two of them and were told marvelous stories of the way in which they possessed themselves and were after dispossessed of their treasures. We visited also, in the absence of the occupant, a residence of the mysterious Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Digby, first wife of Lord Ellenboro, then wife or mistress successively of a German prince, a Greek brigand and several other husbands, now the squaw of an Arab sheikh, without large possessions or personal attractions, whom she was led to espouse partly, perhaps, by the romance of ruling over the sons of the desert, but more driven to it and to many other irregularities by the wrongs inflicted on her young and susceptible nature by the brute and debauchee to whom she was first wedded. She employs her income of three thousand pounds a year in ornamenting her buildings and grounds and gratifying perhaps rather than improving the wandering tribes whom she has adopted as her children.

We returned from Damascus by way of Baalbec for the sake of seeing the magnificent view. The first sight of the remaining colonnade of the Temple of the Sun from the hill that overlooks the town is a sight never to be forgotten. It stands up so high

and stands out so distinct from everything else and is, moreover, so beautiful in itself, and so complete, if a ruin and a fragment can be said to be complete, and when you draw near to the ruins and proceed to explore them, these characteristics still remain—they stand alone unmixed with modern structures and unmarred by the habitations or the presence of men as if they had sprung up like an exhalation from the ground, or rather they rise in unearthly beauty as if some god had dropped them down out of the sky. Their styles of architecture distinctly mark four different ages and races of builders. There are first the Cyclopean Walls, which constitute in part the foundations of the later works, but are in part unappropriated and yet unremoved by the later architects who would seem to have treated them very much as they would the foundations which Nature herself has laid in the rocks and the everlasting mountains—they used them where they were convenient to their use and where they were not they never seem to have entertained the thought or conceived the possibility of removing them. Three of the largest stones which lie at a considerable elevation with several courses of large stones beneath them measure sixty-three feet in length, and thirteen and one-half in height; the breadth we could not measure, but it is probably about equal to the height. There is one stone lying in the quarry, half a mile distant, hewn out, with the exception of a narrow base which sustains it, whose dimensions are still more prodigious, it being sixty-nine feet long, thirteen and a half high, and fourteen feet at one end and nineteen at the other, so that its shape is in part like the frustum of an obelisk, but for what use it was intended is a question as unanswerable as how they expected to remove it. Besides, who were the builders? Did they ever finish their contemplated work? If so, what has become of the superstructure? If not, what prevented? These questions are all wrapped in impenetrable mystery.

In the second place, there are the entire outlines and magnificent remains of two temples which are unequivocal examples of the Graeco-Roman architecture of the later Roman emperors. The Temple of the Sun was three hundred feet long by one hundred and thirty-five in breadth and surrounded by a colonnade of twenty columns on each side and nine at each end. The columns are monoliths nearly seventy feet high and eight in diameter, and the capitals are in the most ornate style of the Roman-Corinthian.

Six of them are still standing, with the entablature that rests upon them, which by estimate is fifteen feet in height, and in fine preservation. The rest have fallen, though the pedestals nearly all remain in their places. North of the Temple of the Sun, on the same artificially raised area, there seems to have been an open forum surrounded by vaulted alcoves containing numerous niches for the reception of statues. North of this was perhaps a theatre, and still north of this a splendid colonnade which would appear to have been the vestibule of the whole. Outside of this area eastward and on a much lower platform, though still at a great elevation above the common level of the ground, was a smaller temple whose walls are still almost entire. The colonnade, which ran all around it and was double at the eastern front, must have measured over two hundred feet in length by one hundred and ten in breadth. A corner-stone which we measured in this temple was twenty-seven feet long and four feet high. The well known gateway, which is so commonly seen in views of Syria, stands in the east wall of this temple within the double colonnade. The lintel was covered in front and underneath with the most elaborate carvings. The keystone, bearing the Roman eagle, has fallen from its place more than half its own height, but still remains supported though in rather unstable equilibrium by the lateral pressure of its neighbors and the walls on either side. A nervous person feels a little more than usually nervous in passing under it.

In our return from Baalbec to Beirut, we had a full and trying experience of the dangers and difficulties of travel in the East which I have thus described in my diary:

Zahkle, Thursday, March 20. This morning when we awoke we found the ground covered with snow and the snow still falling thick and fast. Between eight and nine o'clock, however, the sun broke through the clouds and we set out on our journey. But we had not advanced far before the storm returned with greater violence than ever, and we rode in the face of a driving storm of snow and rain for five hours, and were glad to take shelter in the first native house where it could be found for men and horses. So here we are, seated upon mats on a mud floor, crowding around a smoking fire and drying our clothes, while in the back part of the room the cook is preparing our dinner

over one or two portable furnaces. The family, of man, wife and eight or ten children, occupy the house with us; fortunately, it is a house of two rooms. Many a man of princely wealth has been less happy in the midst of his luxuries than we. Indeed, we hardly ever enjoyed a dinner or a fire with so keen a relish. How entirely comfort is a relative idea, and how much power there is in contrast!

Friday evening, March 21. Here we are still, and here we are likely to be, nobody knows how many days longer. It snowed all night last night, and has snowed more or less most of the day. As we stay longer in our quarters, we enjoy less keenly the contrast between them and the driving storm, and we see and feel more and more of the discomforts. In the course of the evening, the smoke of the fire almost put out our eyes—it was only by lying low on the floor that we could endure it. We expected to pass the night without beds cooped about the fire and stretched at full length on the floor, but at a later hour in the evening our baggage unexpectedly arrived, our beds were prepared, and we let our fire go out, when we found that we had only escaped one evil to become more sensible of another. The smoke had ceased, but the mud was leaking through the roof and dropping without discrimination or pity on our beds and our faces. This morning we exchanged rooms somewhat for the better.

Saturday, March 22. The sun struggles with the clouds and the storm this morning, and bids fair to conquer. The natives are all on their housetops shovelling off the snow and drawing or pushing the stone roller back and forth over the mud to smooth and harden the surface. The narrow streets are quite choked by the snow thrown from the roofs, and nothing but snow meets the eye on the plain or the mountains. The villagers, the dragomans, and the muleteers all agree in declaring it utterly impracticable to cross the mountains, but we are resolved to leave this comfortless place.

Beirut, Sunday evening, March 23. We set out from Zahkle, according to the resolution above expressed, and came on without difficulty over the plain and up the mountain as far as the first khan, where we were informed that the Turkish mail had gone before us, and we concluded that if anybody could go we could. We had not advanced a mile, however, before we met the post-

horses returning. They had found the road impassable for horses, and sent the mail by a footman from the second khan. We still determined to proceed as far as we could, as far at least as the post horses had gone, and on we went, now in the bed of a streamlet, now on the top of a stone wall, now clambering over ledges, now floundering through a snow bank. Often we were obliged to dismount and lift our horses out of the drift—sometimes to take off all our baggage. At length we reached the second khan. There we learned that, between the khan-men and the inhabitants of Hanani, the road by that village had been broken, either by men or horses, and we pushed on with much the same sort of experiences, fearing we might not be able to reach Bhamdûn before the Sabbath, and yet hoping against hope, when there came a shout from Mr. Bliss, who was the pioneer, "I see a thousand camels on the road from Bhamdûn." An answering shout of joy ran through our line. We waited for the thousand camels to pass, and they dwindled to a hundred mules with about fifty muleteers. But they left a well trodden path behind them, in which we went on our way rejoicing, not only as far as Bhamdûn, but three of us, Bliss, Mather and myself, to Beirut, where we arrived about eleven o'clock at night, having performed a two days' journey in one, to say nothing of the snowdrifts and having triumphed over not only the discouragements of men, but the opposition of Nature herself. Our old dragoman had said: "You Americans can conquer everything else, but you cannot conquer the purposes of God. You can't go over the mountain today." We were greatly indebted to the kind Providence that sent along the caravan—had they been half an hour later, or we half an hour earlier, we should have gone on by the way of Hamani—and then with difficulty have reached Bhamdûn.

The state of the atmosphere, together with our great elevation, gave a very peculiar appearance to the sea as seen from the mountains. Never have I seen sea and sky so melted and blended together. I was long in doubt whether I saw any sea, and it was quite impossible to discern where the sky began and the sea ended. A ship at sea looked just as if it were sailing in the sky, or as if it were only "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." The sun too appeared to be far up in the sky when it was just ready to set, and did in fact soon disappear beneath the horizon.

I preached today on keeping the heart with all diligence. Not particularly fatigued or unfitted for preaching.

Thursday, March 27. Rode with Mr. Bliss and Mr. Aiken to Nahar Kelb, ancient Lycus, a rapid stream which comes down through a wild and deep chasm and enters into the sea about three hours north of Beirut. On the south side a high and rocky promontory projects directly into the sea and several nations in succession have tried their hand at making a road across it, and left the record of their doings engraven on the solid rock. The Egyptians first smoothed the way over the summit without much reducing the grade, and cut in a square frame on the face of the rock their image and superscription. Then came the Assyrians and altered the road unessentially, but effaced the Egyptian superscription, leaving only an indistinct image in one corner of the square frame, and placed by its side at two different points a round-topped frame in which they graved one of those grand old figures with conical cap, long beard and uplifted hands, which appear on the slabs from Assyrian palaces, and wrote it across with an arrow-headed inscription. Finally came the Romans, and cut down the fronts of the promontory to a much lower grade, and left an inscription to the purport that the Imp. Caes. Marc. Aurelius Antoninus made a broad road through the mountains overhanging the River Lycus. An aqueduct, carried along the hill on the other side of the Lycus partly in rock and partly in lofty arches, and an Arabic inscription in rock over against it, complete the interesting chronological succession of ages and races.

Saturday, March 29. Attended by special invitation a meeting of the Syrian Mission. The order of the day was the reading of reports from the stations, and general conversation, chiefly on the part of the older missionaries for the benefit of their recently arrived brethren. The reports indicated a great change in the way of preparation for the preaching and the hearing of the truth, and progress is most marked and manifest at the mountain station. I need not inform my readers that progress has continued without interruption until the Syrian Protestant College has become a large and prosperous institution under the presidency of Dr. Bliss, who had only quite recently arrived at Beirut at the time of our visit.

After waiting two or three days for the arrival of the steamer, and as many more for the sirocco to blow its breath away before setting sail, we embarked on the French steamer Leonidas, for Smyrna, where again we embarked on the Austrian Lloyd steamer, Calcutta, for Athens. In thus sailing through the Levant, we were continually coming in sight, perhaps landing and passing a few hours at places of great interest, either in classical or sacred history—Scanderoon (Alexandretta) Myrsina, the port of Tarsus, the mountains and harbors of Cyprus; Rhodes, whose colossus was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world; the little islands which the Greeks well called the Sporades, for they are literally sown in every direction around us, as if some giant had scattered them, jagged rocks and ragged mountains, traversing, though in the opposite direction, the very track of Paul in his voyage from Assos to Patara; Patmos, at some distance on our left, Samos, near by on our right; and on the mainland over against Patmos, Miletus; and not far from Samos, Ephesus. One morning when I came on deck we were sailing between the coast of Asia Minor and "Scio's rocky isle." Among all the cities that contested for the honor of being the birthplace of Homer, Scio and Smyrna have the best claim. No doubt Homer often visited both and wandered over all these seas and shores till his mind became a magic mirror of their beauty and grandeur, of their variety and picturesqueness, of their softest lights and shadows, and their boldest outlines. Our course from Smyrna was inside of Chios, which we passed in the night. In the morning we were at anchor in the port of Syra which is the commercial capital of the Kingdom of Greece and owes its prosperity to the Greek Revolution. Friday morning as I came on deck, the sun rose over the highlands of Attica and shone across the old Saronic Gulf upon the summit of Egina. In less than an hour we were in the position so well described by Lord Byron, "Egina behind us, Megara, or more exactly Eleusis before us, Athens on our right, and Corinth far away on our left."

We spent most of the day, Friday, in delivering letters of introduction, looking out for letters from home, in which we had the hearty co-operation of Rev. Dr. King and his accomplished daughter. In the evening we took tea at Rev. Dr. Hill's with a bridal party and a very pleasant circle of English and American friends. The bride and bridegroom were English, both in the

English service, the former with Miss Nightingale in the Crimea, the latter, if I remember, at Smyrna. They met at Athens and were married in the English Church. Among the other guests were the English ambassador, Mr. Wyse, a very intelligent and liberal-minded man, though a Catholic, who conversed with the utmost frankness on the corrupt government of Greece, and with the most liberal sentiments touching European affairs; his niece, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who for years has supplied the place in her unfortunate uncle's family of his faithless and depraved wife, who was a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, and has not lived with her husband for twenty years; the author of the History of Modern Greece and an accomplished scholar in the antiquities, Professor Nicolaidi, the teacher of Greek, and his English wife; Professor Thompson, Greek Professor in the University of Cambridge, England, and Tutor Clark, his companion in travel. Saturday we rambled all over and all around the Acropolis. Sabbath we had an excellent discourse from Dr. Hill in the English Church on the constraining love of Christ.

Monday, April 14. I worked hard all day in getting ready letters and the box to send home, and in preparation for my own journey tomorrow which I have arranged to take with the English professors as far as Argos, and then spent a delightful evening in calls on Messrs. Psyllas and Rangabe, who are among the leading statesmen at Athens and to whom I had letters of introduction from my friend, Professor Felton. I met also the famous Mavrocordatos, the hero of Mesolonghi, and long Greek ambassador in France and in England.

About eight o'clock on Tuesday, April 15, we mounted horseback (Professor Thompson of Cambridge University, England, Tutor Clark of Trinity College, Cambridge) and set out on a tour. We were in all eight men, ourselves, one guide, Alexander of Corfu, a cook and three muleteers, among whom we had a Pericles, and an Alcibiades, a Constantine, and an Eleutheros. We had also eight horses, one for each of us and the guide, and four for the baggage on one of which the cook rides. Thus mounted and equipped, we saw, inspected and sometimes studied, the sites, cities or ruins, of almost every historical place between Athens and Argos—Piræus, Daphne, Eleusis, Megara, Kalimaki, Loutraki (near which are traces of the ship canal which Nero dug,

and foundations of the old Isthmian Theatre), Corinth (where are the ruins of one of the oldest Grecian temples in existence), Cleonæ Nemea, Mycenæ, Argos, Tiryns. All these places we visited and explored more or less thoroughly as Greek scholars, and it is needless to say that we enjoyed it exceedingly. A little incident will illustrate the spirit of the travelers. At the summit level between the two gulfs, not far from the place where the Isthmian games used to be celebrated, catching the spirit of the games as we drew toward evening, we put our horses to a trial of their speed, and the Amherst Professor came in at the goal in advance of the Professor at Cambridge University and the Tutor at Trinity College, and the English Tutor chivalrously plucked a sprig of the maritime pine which still grows on the spot and crowned the American professor. I should have been glad to continue the excursion with such traveling companions. But I could not spare the time or continue the tour without forsaking my own party, and so leaving them to complete the circuit of the Peloponnesus, I took the steamer and returned to Athens, where I remained studying the city, its ruins and antiquities, the people and their language as now spoken, from April 23 until May 4, when we embarked on the steamer Euphrates for Constantinople. Both these cities, Athens and Constantinople, were among the "Representative Cities" on which I have written carefully prepared articles and published them in Hours at Home. And I beg leave to invite my friends and family connections or any other reader to read those articles if they would know what I have to say on the subject.

From Constantinople on our return homeward we skirted the shores of the Levant, the Troad, Ithaca, Corfu, Trieste and Venice, and paid a passing visit to Padua, Verona and Mantua, and then made a rapid tour through the principal cities of Germany and Switzerland, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Wittenberg, Nuremberg, Munich, Augsburg, Milan, Geneva, Freiburg, Berne, Zurich, and Mount Rigi, Strasburg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Coblenz, Cologne, Brussels, Antwerp, Waterloo, and thence Paris and London.

Some ten years later I revisited Greece and Egypt with my wife, chiefly to study the language, and see the country, but I found myself too deeply enlisted for the good of my health, and

we ascended the Nile in a dahabiyeh. Here again I must refer my friends and other readers to the letters on Athens and Alexandria in the Hours at Home. We enjoyed the visits greatly, and it brought us a new lease of life and health.

APPENDIX A.

DEACON JOAB TYLER,

Or the Life of a Christian Pioneer in the Beech-Woods of Pennsylvania.

A Sketch by his son William S. Tyler.

From *Amherst Record,* March 18, 1869.

In the Autumn of 1794, a family left Attleboro, Mass., to form a settlement, with a few other families from the same place, in the Northeastern part of Pennsylvania. The husband and father, John Tyler, was the son of Captain John Tyler, and descended, through several generations, who for the most part bore the name either of John or Job, from Job Tyler of Andover, who was born in England. The wife and mother, Mercy, was the daughter of Rev. Peter Thacher of Attleboro. John and Mercy Tyler were already the parents of nine children when they left Attleboro for their new home in Pennsylvania. Five of the older children were grown and had already migrated to Pennsylvania a little in advance of their parents. The four younger children, among whom was Joab, then ten years of age, "moved" in the family caravan. A huge canvas-covered wagon, drawn by oxen, was their vehicle by day, and much of the way, their tent by night. A cow, led or driven alongside, furnished no inconsiderable part of their daily food and drink. They were weeks in performing a journey that now can be accomplished in twenty-four hours. From the Delaware to the Susquehanna—in the same section through which passengers now dash along at a tremendous rate by railroad, they worked their way through an almost unbroken forest, of enormous hemlock, beech and maple. When they had reached their place of destination, the whole country was still a wilderness, with only half a dozen "settlements" dropped down here and there at a few "clearings"; and for many years, and even decades after, that section was known as the "Beech-Woods," from the abundance of those smooth, straight, white-barked trees. There was no grist-mill nearer than Binghamton (then called Chenango

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BIRTHPLACE OF PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. TYLER

Point), thirty miles north, or Wilkesbarre, forty miles south. For a long time, the stump at the door, excavated to form a large mortar, was the most convenient substitute for the mill in the preparation of a scanty measure of grain for food. Many a time, the early settlers would have suffered from hunger but for the supply of venison, furnished by the abundance of deer in the forest.

For nearly ten years, ignored by the State, they were left without tax or military duties—without rulers or civil authority, but they were a law unto themselves. At length, in 1807, on petition of the inhabitants, the settlement was constituted a town and election district under the name of Harford in Susquehanna Co., Penn., so-called after Hartford, Conn., but varied in the spelling so as to make the orthography correspond with the pronunciation with which, as it seems, they were in those days most familiar.

But though without any government or civil organization, no sooner had this family arrived and found shelter in a log cabin beneath a roof of hemlock bark, than the "Reading meeting" was commenced under that roof, which John Tyler was "appointed" by his neighbors to conduct, which was sustained, without interruption except when there was an occasional preaching, more than a quarter of a century. Six years later, a church was organized consisting of seven members. "Being met in church meeting, March 3, 1803, after prayer to God for direction, the Church after serious deliberation solemnly declared themselves to be of the Congregational order and by vote unanimously," "Voted that the confession of faith of the 2nd Church of Christ in Attleboro, the covenant, together with the Cambridge Platform, be the rule of their faith and discipline." And from that day to this, though most of the neighboring churches have become Presbyterian and the Associations in that region have given place to Presbyteries, that church has retained its integrity and adheres to its original form of government of discipline.

In 1810, John Tyler, in the true spirit of a Christian pioneer, removed still further into the wilderness of Susquehanna County, and pitched his tent on a lofty table-land, which, from its commanding elevation above the surrounding country, was called by him, and has ever since borne the name of Ararat. There, also, a Congregational Church was soon established, of

which, as of the church in Harford, he became one of the first deacons, leaving his son Joab to inherit his house and farm, and to fill his place in civil and religious affairs, and ere long his office as deacon in the church at Harford.

We cannot dwell upon the slow and toilsome process by which those gigantic forests gave place to fine dairy farms feeding large herds and flocks, and contributing bountifully to supply the markets of distant cities; and the lairs of wild beasts were succeeded by schools and churches. The writer well remembers being waked out of sleep more than once by the howling of wolves at midnight; in one instance he counted fourteen of the savage creatures trooping one after another across his father's farm in broad daylight; and it was no uncommon thing in his boyhood to see deer grazing like cattle in the old "corner meadow" till they were shot down before our eyes by the hunter.

The rugged and mountainous surface of the country conspired with the gigantic growth of the forest to retard the progress of improvement. But the common road was at length succeeded by the "turnpike"—a Pennsylvania "institution" almost, and a colossal stride in civilization to our boyish imagination!—and the turnpike prepared the way for the "plank road," and now that remote and apparently inaccessible wilderness of mountains and valleys is traversed north, south, east and west by great lines of railway which convey to New York, Philadelphia and all the northern and eastern cities besides the products of the dairy and forest, immense trains of the anthracite coal which is laid up in inexhaustible supplies beneath the surface. Meanwhile the "reading meeting" was transferred from its log-walled and bark-roofed nursery to a plain, one-story, unpainted "meeting-house," another prodigious stride in improvement, which, in its turn, was superseded by a painted "church" with a steeple and galleries, and pulpit half as high as the steeple, where, standing directly in the blazing light of the great east window, like an angel in the sun, my youthful eyes at length looked up to a minister who preached "every Sabbath," instead of every other Sabbath like his predecessor, and who still continues to minister, not in the same pulpit, but to the same church and congregation, having recently preached his fortieth anniversary sermon. One room in the house in which my eyes first saw the light, always bore the name of "school-room," as the place where the earliest

germs of education were planted in the settlement. That school-room at length grew into the "center school-house," the center school-house into an academy, and the academy into a "university," little worthy of the name it is true, but not every town even in Pennsylvania professes or aspires to have a university.

In all the several lines of material, educational and religious progress, Deacon Joab Tyler was truly a pioneer, building miles of turnpike and plank-road with his own limited means; contributing to the extent of his ability, and even beyond his ability, to the erection of improved school-houses and attractive churches, taking the lead in the support of capable and faithful teachers and preachers; struggling against nature and untoward circumstances with efforts and expenditures that might have created a city under more favorable conditions, to build up a flourishing town in the back woods and among the Alleghany mountains, but in all his toils, laboring and praying chiefly that it might be a city of the living God. At the same time, he would devote days and weeks at the call of feeble churches in the neighborhood to labors and revivals and protracted meetings to win souls to Christ; and not a few churches in towns now of far greater importance than his own—such as Binghamton, Montrose and Carbondale—were greatly indebted to his counsel and co-operation in their origin.

In those days when distilling and rum-selling were universally deemed lawful and proper occupations, he was a distilling and rum-selling deacon; and inasmuch as his house (being near to the church) was always the hotel for ministers from out of town, it often occurred, on the arrival of some clergyman, especially at some "ministers' meeting," that the writer, in his boyhood, was sent off to the store with his hands full of "decanters," for a fresh supply of whiskey, rum and brandy, for their refreshment. But no sooner had Doctor Beecher with his coadjutors blown their blasts, and announced the temperance reformation, than Deacon Tyler bought out his partners, and, at a great pecuniary sacrifice, closed the distillery and stopped the sale of rum in the store.

An ardent Republican, he zealously supported the cause of freedom and humanity in the congressional district which was so long represented by David Wilmot, author of the Wilmot proviso, and then by Galusha A. Grow, lately Speaker in the House

of Representatives. Always lamenting his own want of early advantages, he resolved that, cost what it might, his sons should have the opportunity of a public education, and at Amherst College he educated, one after another, all his sons, one of whom, the founder of the Pittsfield Young Ladies' Institute, there began, in the revival of 1331, that new religious life which he was the instrument of imparting to so many of his pupils in after years. There, too, his grandsons, as they have grown up (with a single exception, and that occasioned by failing health), have all received a college education. Next to his own family and friends, and the church of which he was a member, Amherst College held the first place in his thoughts and prayers. Not to speak of special seasons of revival in which he was providentially present, and, at President Hitchcock's invitation, took an active part in meetings for prayer and inquiry, it is doubtful if from the time when his eldest son became a member of the institution, till his last sickness, a day ever passed in which he did not pray for Amherst College. As the annual day for prayer for colleges returned, whoever else might forget it, he was always found watching and praying for a revival of religion, in other institutions, also, but especially in Amherst College. And as the time of his departure drew near, the strong desire of his heart being granted that he should spend his last days beneath the roof of that son whom he had carried so far away in his sleigh to the college of his choice, little thinking that he was preparing there a home for his old age and a resting place for his body—then and there, when his Lord came to take him to himself, he found him still looking and praying for, and partially rejoicing in, a revival in Amherst College. Can we doubt that while teachers and pupils, and parents and friends, the Alumni, the pastors and members of hundreds of churches at home, and missionaries with their converts at stations in almost every heathen land, were sending up their united prayers like a great cloud of incense on the recent anniversary of the day of prayer for colleges, he and a great cloud of witnesses, founders, trustees, presidents, professors, graduates and friends of the college, who prayed for it while they lived, were interceding for it before the throne no longer with groanings that cannot be uttered, but with affection and desires purified of all earthly dross, and needing no words to give them expression, even as in the opening of the fifth seal

the saints beneath the altar are seen crying and pleading with Him that siteth on the throne, to interpose in behalf of His persecuted church. His Lord hath doubtless said of him: "He hath done what he could." Happy for the writer and his readers, if we "go and do likewise."

EARLY DAYS IN HARFORD

Extracts from Address of Prof. W. S. Tyler at 50th Anniversary of the Pastorate of Rev. Adam Miller.
Harford, Penn., 1879.

As I look back upon the Harford of my early days, no feature recurs to my memory with more vividness than its newness, roughness and wildness as it then was. I can hardly realize it, but it is a fact that in 1810, the date of my birth, only twenty years had elapsed since the first settlement of the town by the "nine partners." And through all my childhood and early youth the "clearings" were comparatively small, the fields were for the most part full of stumps, and the houses and barns were generally small and poor, unpainted or possibly painted red, and frequently built of logs, while all around spread the otherwise unbroken and almost unbounded forest of those gigantic hemlock, beech and maple, specimens of which still remain to astonish strangers, and filled with deer, bears and wolves, of which not a few of the inhabitants were mighty hunters. I have myself seen deer shot in the old "corner meadow," where the woods at that time came down on two sides almost to the borders of the present village. Once or twice I remember turning out with the neighbors and the whole population of this and some of the neighboring towns, for a wolf-hunt, in which we surrounded a wide extent of forest, drove the wolves and other wild animals into the centre, shot them, and then brought them in as trophies, when those who were so fortunate as to have killed a wolf were not only rewarded with the bounty offered by the state, but honored by the assembled multitude as the heroes of the chase. The lakes and ponds were full of fish, and the brooks which, by the way, were many times larger than they now are, were alive with trout that would have delighted the eye of the professional angler, while at the same time they were so easily caught that landlubbers like myself sometimes brought home long strings, and among them large and dazzling specimens of this most gamesome

and toothsome of all the inhabitants of our fresh waters. As I shall take occasion to name several of my early friends in this discourse, I ought to say in this connection, that Augusta Sophia, the colored boy, brought on horseback all the way from Philadelphia by my grandfather, and brought up from childhood in my father's house, who, with the exception of my family connections, was perhaps the most loving and faithful friend I ever had, and whom you all know as one of the fathers, not to say one of the institutions of Harford, had a passion for fishing. In our boyhood he could catch two fishes to my one every time. As he grew older, he seemed to have a kind of understanding and intimacy with the denizens of the lake or the brook, and when he died at the age of three score years and ten, you might well have inscribed upon his tombstone: Here lies the Izaak Walton of this town.

I well remember when there were only three or four dwelling houses within the limits of the present village, and those were so far apart that when the fire went out on the hearth over night, as it sometimes would with all our care to keep it, and in the absence of matches, we were obliged to go to the neighbors to replenish it in the morning, it seemed half a day's journey for my little feet to the house of the nearest neighbor.

Shall I describe to you one of these houses,—that in which my own eyes first saw the light? It was the first framed house erected in the town, and is the same which Mr. Jones now uses as a farm-house or dairy-house. Four principal rooms occupied the ground floor. The largest and the one most used served the purpose at once of kitchen, dining-room and sitting-room, aye, and sleeping-room too, sometimes, when, in our reluctance to go early to bed, we children fell asleep of an evening on the hard, uncarpeted but clean, white, well-washed and well-scoured ash floor. Many and many a time, too, have I seen this same room filled with benches, packed full of people, and used as a place for religious meetings, and heard it resound with the voice of social as well as domestic prayer and praise. With the exception of a small closet or buttery at one corner, the whole north side of this room was taken up with a vast oven, which did all the baking for the family, and might have done it for half a dozen families, and an enormous fire-place, which could take in a whole wood-pile or log-heap, set on fire, and even then, in a cold winter

night, seemed to ventilate rather than to warm the room,—certainly one side of those who gathered about the fire was thoroughly ventilated, while the other side was as thoroughly warmed—and still a space was left in either corner of the fire-place where we children could sit or stand, and look up through an immense stone chimney and see the sky, or gaze at the stars or the clouds. My most vivid and grateful association with the oven is the roast turkey, and chicken pie, and plum pudding, and countless other good things which we always found hot and steaming awaiting our return from the church for our thanksgiving dinner. I am sorry to say I have not an equally fresh recollection of the thanksgiving prayer, the sermon, and the other good things in the old meeting-house, that preceded the dinner. And among the freshest and brightest memories of the fire-place and fire-side, if I must tell the truth, are the pecks, not to say bushels, of roasted potatoes which I used to see raked out of the ashes under the huge iron andirons, and the great bowl of apples, and the mug or pitcher of cider (it does not seem to me that it was hard cider,—certainly it has a very soft place in my memory), which always stood on the hearth of a winter's evening, to welcome our neighbors as well as to enliven our own family circle. Time would fail me to speak of the furniture of the room—of the great pine cupboard (sideboard, pantry and dining-room closet, all in one),—the tall, old-fashioned standing clock,—and most unique and wonderful of all, the numerous shelves all over the ceiling, where, in winter especially, pans of milk, and pumpkin pies, and twisted doughnuts, and other good things more useful and agreeable than ornamental, were stowed away in inexhaustible abundance.

On one side of this principal room opened the bedroom, where, through our early childhood, parents and children all slept together,—the parents in an old-fashioned high bedstead, and the children in a broad trundle-bed, which was rolled out of the way in the daytime, and at night drawn out. On the other side of the kitchen opened what would now be called the spare room, but which we always called "the school room," because the first use to which it was put was a school for the children of the neighborhood, and it always maintained more or less of this double, not to say doubtful aspect, since, while in one corner stood a high-post bedstead with curtains, in another stood a large, high cherry

desk, in the upper part of which were several shelves of books of solid worth, the library of the family, and the lower part was a bureau, containing a chest of drawers and a secretary, in which my father kept his papers and at which he transacted most of his official business as justice of the peace.

The remaining room in the house was the parlor—distinguished above the other rooms chiefly by a painted floor, more elaborate ceilings, and a more tasteful though still simple and inexpensive style of furniture. In all our early days there was not a carpeted floor nor a plastered wall in the whole house.

The second story, if story it can be called, was a mere attic or garret with the roof coming down entirely to the floor, and divided by rough partitions into three sleeping rooms, in one of which we boys slept as we grew older, lulled by the pattering rain, or perchance startled and alarmed by the howling and beating storms on the roof over our heads.

The front door of the house opened directly into the street, which, however, broadened into a kind of door-yard, unenclosed, or partly enclosed between the house and the road on two sides, and on the other two by a high Virginia fence which curved, not ungracefully, from the road to the corners of the house; and nothing perhaps illustrates more strikingly the simplicity of Harford life in those olden times than the fact that for many years the cows used to be milked every night and morning in that door-yard before the front door, and not a member of the family was too good or too great to take part in the milking. I must not fail to mention another characteristic feature, the old horse-block, a section of an immense pine tree, from which father and mother and an indefinite number of children used to mount together upon the back of "Old White," when there was not as yet a one-horse carriage in the whole town of Harford. All the cloth that I wore in college was made from the wool of sheep raised on the farm, spun at home, and for the most part by my mother's own hands, woven in a hand-loom, and dyed and dressed in Harford. The great want of the place in those days was a good tailor, the only coats made in Harford in my college days which were sure to fit, and which we could not very well help putting on, were furnished, not exactly to order, but ready made, by Mr. Miller, from the pulpit. His coats were always sure to fit, and yet, when

once cheerfully put on, they never hurt in the wearing; he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed.

I need not stay to tell you how the old house was gradually enlarged and improved in its furniture and accommodations, and at length, not, however, till most of us boys had gone to college, it gave way to the mansion which now occupies its place, but which, as well as the old farm, I am happy to say, the present occupant has greatly improved and adorned. But small, rude, contracted and inconvenient as the old house was, there was never a time when it was not the abode of health, comfort and contentment; the voice of prayer, and the voice of God in the reading of the scriptures, was heard there every morning and every evening; mental, moral and spiritual culture went hand in hand; the amenities and refinements of social life were not neglected; they were never forgetful to entertain strangers, and thereby not unfrequently entertained angels unawares.

Gladly, did the time and place permit, would I enter more into details. Gladly, if it were proper, and if I could, would I portray to you those parents who were the light and life of our home. What they were to the town and the church, to the neighboring towns and the neighboring churches, Mr. Miller can tell you better than I can; nay, Miss Blackman has told in her history of Susquehanna County, and many of you know by hearsay, if not from personal recollection. But what they were to their children,—how they taught us by precept and by example from our earliest childhood those things which it is most important for children to learn; with what painstaking and personal sacrifice, and expense to the extent of their means, if not even beyond their ability, they provided for our education, so far as possible by good schools at home, and then by the best schools and the ablest teachers that Northern Pennsylvania and Western New York at that time furnished; how earnestly they sought first and most of all that we should understand what is the chief end of man, and know the law of God and be living epistles of Christ; and how they not only permitted all their sons to leave the old homestead, but stirred up the nest and gently constrained us to fly, as the eagle stirreth up her young, and as the God of Israel led and trained his chosen people; and how they followed us with their prayers and benedictions through the college, through the professional school, and in the work of life,—all these are written,

and can be written only in the memory of our hearts. I cannot say that we never felt that there was an excess of parental authority, of Puritanical strictness, of unbending, old-fashioned rigidity. But we knew that if it was ever excessive, it was the excess of a good thing. We never doubted that the severity, mingled with goodness, of the earthly father, like that of the Heavenly, was the offspring of love. And then how beautifully was it smoothed and softened, and at the same time seconded and enforced by the wisdom and tenderness of a mother, in whose form and face beauty and goodness were enshrined together, while intellect and intelligence sat enthroned on her brow; whose voice was music, whether heard in the service of song in the sanctuary, or in the dull and often laborious routine of every-day life, and whose heart longed for the happiness, as it also craved the love of neighbors and acquaintances, of every human being scarcely less than of her own husband and children. Pardon the egotism and apparent extravagance of this picture of my early home. My judgment as well as my heart tells me it is not extravagant. It is not even egotistical. For as in the description of the old homestead I have only given you a specimen of Harford homes in those early days, so in my parents I have only set before you an illustration of the virtues and graces by which those Harford homes that I knew best were adorned.

The old house hardly looks to my eyes now a quarter as large as in my remembrance it was then. This is an experience which we all meet with when we revisit the home of our childhood after many years' absence,—the houses have grown smaller, the roads have grown shorter, as we and our friends have grown older, larger, and, as we flatter ourselves, wiser: magnitudes and distances generally have dwindled till they look surprisingly small. And yet, friends and townsmen, I am obliged to say that the hills of Susquehanna County are just as steep, and the hemlocks and maples of the Beech Woods are just as gigantic in my eyes now, as they were in my boyhood, and a great deal more grand. They used to look formidable, and forbidding,—now they look beautiful, and sublime, and the people of my native place, like their forests and mountains, never looked so lofty, so beautiful, so grand as they do today, under the lights and shadows of the last fifty years, and in the reflected light of the events which we are now celebrating.

As I look upon the growth and progress of the place, I am reminded especially of three things; the roads, the meeting-houses, and the schools. The first settlers of this town entered it, as we all know, with ox teams, by a road merely cut, and not worked, through the almost unbroken wilderness, which then extended from the Delaware to the Susquehanna river, taking about as many weeks as it would now take hours to make the journey. Many a mile of just such roads have I travelled here in ox-carts even more rude than the ox-wagons of the first settlers, and I have watched with intense interest all the changes from such ways and means of conveyance to passable roads built by taxpayers, from public highways to turnpikes, from turnpikes to plank roads, and from plank roads to railways. But none of them have so excited my imagination as the turnpike; no one of them, not even the Delaware & Lackawanna Railroad, has ever seemed such a prodigious stride in the progress of the town as the Philadelphia & Great Bend Turnpike! Children of a larger growth also expected it would work wonders in increasing the population and wealth of the town; and my father, whose public spirit always exceeded his means as well as the possibilities of the situation, made himself responsible for building miles of that turnpike, as he afterwards took a large amount of poor stock in the plank road to the Montrose depot. And when, soon after the turnpike was opened, I saw it alive with droves of cattle, sheep and swine extending from one hill-top to another, farther than my eye could reach, on their way to the Philadelphia market, I thought my dreams were going to be fully realized,—the longest train of cattle cars and coal cars that I have ever seen since on the railroad are nothing in comparison.

The first place of holding religious meetings in Harford was the log house or bark covered cabin of my grandfather, John Tyler, and by the suffrages of the people the owner of the house was appointed to conduct the first services. It was, of course, a "reading meeting," and a lay service,—not lay preaching, for that would not have been tolerated in those days, even if the reader had been willing or felt himself competent to preach. The first "meeting-house" stood near the middle of the yard in front of the present church. It was a small, square, substantial, one-story building, with windows set so high in the walls that nobody could look in from without, and no one could see out from with-

in, except from a single row of seats that ran around the walls four or five feet above the floor and constituted a kind of low gallery,—we always called it the singers' seat, and sometimes the singers filled the seats almost entirely around the building, though usually some who were not singers were allowed to occupy the seats most remote from the pulpit. The "desk"—we never called it pulpit,—was a plain square box of jointed but unpainted pine boards, raised about two steps above the floor, at the west end of the house, large enough, I should think, to seat four persons. The singers,—we did not talk of choirs or orchestras in those days,—sat in the gallery or singers' seats, the men-singers on the left of the desk, the women-singers on the right. At the head of the men-singers, and of course near the desk, the chorister sounded the key-note with a pitch-pipe and started the singing, and the rest followed in those marvelously moving and stirring old fugue tunes in which it always seemed to me that the one who came out first was the best fellow. Upon the floor the deacons and elderly men occupied seats of honor around a little square on the left of the desk, the elderly women a similar space on the right.

With equal care the men and the women were seated apart, on opposite sides, throughout the house; but, with a partiality and a gallantry for which I have always honored and admired them, the women were seated on the right hand of the desk and the men on the left, and the women had backs to their seats while the men sat on hard benches, two-inch planks, if I remember rightly, without any backs; and the boys, poor fellows, sat on these same hard high benches with their bare feet dangling half a foot above the floor, and yet, if they did not sit still all day long, some of them suffered for it when they got home after meeting. No wonder that we used to like ministers and deacons (for we had deacons' meetings six months of every year), just in proportion to the shortness of their prayers and sermons, with very little regard to any other qualities in themselves or their performances. Many a time did I thank my stars when, on coming to the meeting, I found that Deacon Caleb Richardson was in the desk. Deacon Moses Thacher was a very good man, but he did not possess in equal measure the grace of brevity. And I carried the same distinction through the whole list of church-members,—chiefly elderly men, whom the deacons used to call

upon to offer what, I thought, was very appropriately called "the long prayer."

Rev. Ebenezer Kingsbury, the only minister whom I associate with that desk, the only pastor I ever had in Harford, who was settled the very year I was born, and dismissed only a year or two before I went to college, I always think of, not as the greatest, or most learned, or eloquent, but as one of the best, kindest, gentlest and most saintly men that I have ever known. I can see him now, just as I used to see him every Sunday in my boyhood, walking past my father's house long before any one else came to meeting (for he always walked, though he lived a full mile from the meeting-house, and was always there a full half-hour before the service began). He wore a black silk robe or minister's gown, and always had in his hand when he passed our house, and when he preached—it seems now as though he always held it in his hand—the little black morocco-bound Bible, out of which he read the scriptures for the day and in which was carefully placed the two-leaved manuscript on which were written all the notes he ever used in preaching. Dear old man,—it seems to me as if he was always old,—I can never think of him as jesting, or laughing, hardly as sinning, or even changing,—he always seems to me the same unchangeable impersonation of real goodness.

When the erection of the present church—meeting-house they called it then—was commenced, the old one was removed across the street, and, after being used as a place of worship there for some time, it was sold and incorporated with the house in which Mr. Kingsbury lived in his old age and in which he died; of which it still forms a part (the wing), and where it remains as a memorial of the piety of our fathers.

We come now to the present church edifice. I well remember when it was raised. And how shall I describe to you the feelings with which I then contemplated it? It was the biggest house my eyes had ever seen, and the biggest "raising" Harford had ever witnessed; for our fathers, as you know, generally put timber enough into their houses to build a half a dozen modern edifices of the same dimensions, and got people enough together for a "raising" to make a company, not to say regiment, of soldiers; and when, after the new meeting-house was raised, I climbed to the top of the frame and stood erect on the highest timber of the steeple—I was about twelve years old at the time—

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HOMESTEAD BUILT BY JOAB TYLER, HARFORD, PENN.

it was with a feeling of greater satisfaction with the structure and with myself than when, in later years, I stood in the ball over the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, or on the summit of the great pyramid in Egypt. The interior of the house remained unfinished several years. It was, however, provided with extemporized benches, or boards, and thus used for a short time as a place of worship. And I remember just two things in regard to the service in that unfinished meeting-house. I remember helping Ely Kingsbury and one or two others make a very imperfect tenor, and very bad tenor I am sure my part of it was, for the choir gallery; and I remember hearing a son of thunder, Rev. Mr. Crane from Kentucky, preach the terrors of the law in a voice that sounded like a reverberation from Sinai itself, and seemed like an anticipation, Mr. Beecher would call it a slice, of the day of judgment; and when some of his hearers could not or would not refrain from langhing, I remember hearing him say to them, they were bound to perdition, for he saw the devil already frisking in their faces. Mr. Crane was a missionary sent by the Missionary Society of New Jersey to labor temporarily in this section. The people here were captivated by his talents and eloquence, and would have given him a call if he had held out any encouragement that he would accept it. If he had settled here instead of Mr. Miller, I suspect we should never have seen a semi-centennial celebration.

The history of this church edifice since its completion, and of the church and congregation itself, is better known to you than it is to me, and Mr. Miller has given it in his half-century sermon.

Next to the church, no part of the history of Harford is so interesting to me as that of its schools. The first school that I know anything of was kept by a Mr. Herrick in my father's house, and, in remembrance of it, the room in which it was kept was ever after called "the school room." The first school which I ever attended was a very small school for very small children, kept by Miss Sarah Fisher, who was brought up as a sort of daughter in the family of Uncle Obadiah Thacher,—all the older people were uncles and aunts then to the children and youth. But I have no recollection of the school, and know nothing of it beyond what was told me by my parents. The first teacher whom I remember (if I may be allowed to follow the example of the

old Greek philosopher, Plato, in naming some of my teachers), was Miss Mary Kingsbury (now Mrs. Jabez Tyler), who taught in the old meeting-house, which for years did double duty as a place of worship on the Sabbath and a school-house week days, besides being the place where the children were sometimes catechised by Mr. Kingsbury on Saturday. Miss Kingsbury seemed to me then, as she has seemed ever since, to be a living embodiment of wisdom and goodness. And yet, misled by a falsehood told by one of my school mates, she,—good woman that she was, for I know it almost broke her heart to do it—gave me the only feruling, the only flogging of any kind, that I ever had in school; and I avenged myself by splitting the ferule the next morning on the old stone door steps, and the fragments even were never again seen or heard of. From her hands, too, I received at the close of the school the reward, which gave me as much pleasure perhaps as any honors I have ever received in all my subsequent life. It was for committing to memory and repeating the twelfth chapter of Romans—a chapter that has ever since had to me a familiarity and a charm which scarcely belongs to any other part of the holy writ. The reward was simply a sheet of pure white paper, but it was no more simple than the sprig of parsley or twig of the maritime pine with which the victor in the old Grecian games was crowned, and it was of more intrinsic value and quite as expressive a symbol of what education may do for the youthful mind. No words can tell how much satisfaction it gives me to see here today this teacher of my early boyhood, still able to ride over from "Mount Ararat" (for so we always called it. and it well deserves the name), and still in the possession of all her mental faculties.

Next in the list of the teachers of my childhood, I recall with much pleasure and high honor the name of Miss Nancy Sweet, which suggests the fact that it was the high privilege of Harford children in those days to have the most cultivated and refined young ladies from the best families for their teachers. And here let me pause a moment and say further, that it seems to me, there was in Harford at this time an unusually large number, for a small place, of some of the noblest women that I have ever known,—the wives and daughters of the first settlers and the wives and sisters of their sons, remarkable alike for their beauty, their intelligence and their Christian benevolence, queens

by divine right, because worthy to reign as they did reign in society and education, as well as in the homes and hearts of those who loved them. Among these you will pardon me for naming the wife of Deacon John Tyler, my grandmother, and the mother and grandmother of the whole town and the whole section, who justly fills so large a space in Miss Blackman's History of Susquehanna County, and her five daughters (named Mercy, Mary, Nanny, Polly and Achsah, with a whimsical rhyming answering to the alliteration by which her four sons were named John, Job, Joab, and Jabez), of whom three married Carpenters, a fourth married Thomas Sweet, and the fifth married first Rev. Whiting Griswold, and then Major Torrey of Bethany, and all of whom became the mothers of an honored posterity. And of the next generation I may be permitted to specify, besides Miss Mary Kingsbury and Miss Nancy Sweet, already mentioned as my teachers, Miss Sarah Thacher, who married John Seymour, both of whom are still living in northern Ohio; Miss Polly Carpenter, who became the wife of Austin Jones and the mother of Hon. Henry M., and of Miss Jones, the poet of the day; both the wives of Rev. Lyman Richardson, of whom the first was the daughter of Thomas Sweet, and the other, still living, was the daughter of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury; and last, not least, Mrs. Aaron Greenwood, daughter of Uncle Obadiah Thacher, whom I knew particularly well as the most intimate friend of my mother, and whose numerous and beautiful letters ought to be gathered up and preserved in the archives as a part of the early history of Harford. Nor can I forget or fail to mention Mrs. Kingsbury, the wife of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury (herself the daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, kinswoman of the Willistons, the Storrses, the Paysons and the Elys of New England), who contributed largely to introduce into Harford the culture, the refinement and the piety which distinguished her honored ancestry, and which shone with equal brightness in her own family here, even when the town was little else than a wilderness.

Of course, the men of those early days were the worthy husbands and brothers, fathers and sons of such women, else the women alone could not have made Harford what it has become. But I see in such women as I have described not only the cradles and nurseries of the excellent families that have grown up here, but the most fruitful sources, if not the very fountain-

heads, of the church, the schools and the best institutions of the place,—*haec incunabula gentis.*

Were I to come down to a little later period, the names that occur to me and that I should delight to honor, would be too numerous to mention. Not a few of them have engaged more or less in the work of teaching, and the culture and refinement of such noble women have contributed scarcely less than the education and enterprise of our young men to make Harford a kind of normal school that has sent out teachers all over this section of the State.

Among my early gentlemen teachers, I remember with great respect and affection two of the four sons (Williston and Samuel Ely) of Rev. Mr. Kingsbury. At an exhibition at the close of Mr. Williston Kingsbury's school, which exhibition was held in the old meeting-house and was long remembered as the first thing of the kind the town had ever witnessed, two of the pieces, being rather sensational, are as vivid in my memory as if they had been exhibited last year. In one of these, hence known ever after as "the pistol piece," the older scholars in the school appeared on the stage armed with pistols, acting the part of Pallas, Turnus and Aeneas, in a drama based on Virgil's Aeneid, and deliberately shot each other in the presence of the audience,—an act as undramatic as the weapon with which it was done was unclassical. In the other, in which the story of David and Goliath was dramatized, I am obliged to say that I myself, being selected, as one of the striplings of the school, to act the part of David, while Mr. Kingsbury himself took the part of Goliath, first slew my teacher with a sling and a stone and then, with his own sword, cut off his head and bore it in triumph off the stage. The last copy Mr. Kingsbury ever set in my writing-book is written indelibly on my memory. It was this,—I have repeated it mentally a thousand times since: "When this you see, remember me. N. W. K." I shall never forget it or him. I was too young to judge of him with critical accuracy as a teacher. But I shall always think of him as one of nature's noblemen, so manly and noble was his form, and such was the true nobility of his mind and character. He died too soon, alas! for his friends and his native place, too young for his usefulness here, but doubtless not too young for his whole work in the immortal hereafter.

A new era was inaugurated in the history of Harford schools

when, in 1817, the Centre School House was built in the edge of a beautiful grove of small but thrifty and dense evergreens, fit retreat for the Muses and the Graces then, though too soon invaded by the march of improvement, alias the Philadelphia and Great Bend turnpike; and Rev. Lyman Richardson opened in it our first classical school. It was then and there that I began, at the age of seven, the study of Latin, and I delight to honor Mr. Richardson as my first teacher in those ancient languages, to the teaching of which I have devoted the greater part of my life. Several young men of already mature years—Washington Thacher, Tyler Thacher, Preston Richardson, Enos Thacher, and some others—began at the same time and in the same classes their preparation for the ministry; for the school was the offspring and the representative of the religious fervor of the age and the place, not less than of its zeal for education. A succession of boys about my own age and younger,—noble fellows who have made their mark in the world since,—followed and extended the influence, till Harford became the educational centre of northern Pennsylvania. The list of distinguished preachers, teachers, State senators and members of Congress, judges and governors educated here, in whole or in part, whom Miss Blackman has enumerated in her History of Susquehanna County, some of whom are here today to speak for themselves, would do credit to any institution. "The annual exhibition of Franklin Academy," she adds, "brought together several thousand spectators. The benefits of the institution were within the reach of those of humble means, owing to the accommodation for students to board themselves; and the best yeomanry of the county were here constantly represented. We have but to inscribe the name of Richardson to represent the honored instructors of many youths in Harford, of whom not a few have since been written on the roll of fame,—and better, that of usefulness." (History of Susquehanna County, pp. 184, 529.)

Mr. Lyman Richardson had not a college education, and was not himself a thorough classical scholar. He was a self-educated and self-made man. But this does not mean in his case that he was not educated at all, nor made at all. He disciplined his own mind by observation, reflection, and the best books within his reach. He was a live man, wide awake, intensely in earnest, all on fire from his heart's core to the end of his tongue, and his fingers, and the very hairs of his head with the ardor of his

temperament and the fervor of his love to God and man. Full of enthusiasm himself, in the teacher's chair as well as in the pulpit, he was able to inspire his pupils with genuine enthusiasm in their studies. His brother, his son, and his brother-in-law, who succeeded him one after another in his work, all enjoyed better advantages of education, and were supplied with more ample means of instruction; but to him belongs the honor of having originated, and originated well, the series of classical schools which have proved such an ornament and blessing to his native town.

It was under Mr. Preston Richardson, brother of Lyman, that I obtained my immediate and final preparation to enter the Junior class in college. His school was then wholly a private personal affair, and was kept in a small, simply but suitably furnished chamber, or attic, in the house of his father,—the old Richardson home. There were only about half a dozen of us all, and yet he devoted the school hours to us as faithfully as if we had been five or ten times as numerous. We walked to and from the village morning and evening, and always had a good time going and coming, in school and out of school. I hardly know which we enjoyed most,—our study of the mathematics and classics with our genial and generous instructor, or clambering over the rocks and hills, and crossing the fields on our way, and climbing the trees, and picking the berries in the intermission. That was the germ of Franklin Academy and Harford University: such the humble origin of the educational work which has since been done on those classic grounds, now remembered with so much interest and affection by so many in every part of our country. Mr. Preston Richardson was the gentlest and loveliest of men,—as unpretending as he was unselfish and unambitious, but a most faithful and devoted teacher, and a Christian whose simple, childlike faith blossomed and bore fruit in a life of rare purity and beauty. I always think of him as beyond any man of my early acquaintance resembling the Apostle John. The last time I ever saw him we were in a boat on the lake by ourselves, sometimes rowing, and sometimes resting,—talking now of pleasant memories in the past, and then of the brighter and better future which he seemed to be nearing, for the disease on his lungs had already put an end to his active labors, and was ripen-

ing him for his rest. He repeated with much feeling the then new, but now familiar hymn,

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given: etc.,

and with faint and feeble voice he even sung one stanza in a tune to which it had just been set. And as he sung:

The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven,

it seemed as if heaven had already begun in his soul. The greater part of his pupils in that little private school have already entered with him into the saints' everlasting rest. Among them I may be permitted to mention the names of John Wadsworth Tyler, the accomplished and enthusiastic Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy at Cazenovia Seminary, whose sun rose with remarkable brilliancy, but went down almost as soon as it was risen, or, rather, melted away in the light of heaven; and Wellington Hart Tyler, the founder of the Young Ladies' Institute, at Pittsfield, and a pioneer in the higher education of women, whom Dr. Todd always spoke of as the model teacher, and whose pupils, adorning so many stations of honor and usefulness in almost every state of the Union, united in erecting a monument to his memory, but are themselves his best monument. Payson Kingsbury, one of the dearest schoolmates and friends of my youth, who was for some years an honored and beloved officer of this church, would gladly have been one of our number and gone to college with us. But circumstances forbade, very much to the grief of us all, and our sorrow was still more poignant at his early death.

That lake, by the way, of which I have spoken as the scene of my last interview with Mr. Richardson, is almost a sacred spot in my memory, and the brook which flows from it almost a sacred stream, hallowed as they both are by so many associations with the friends, the pleasures and the precious memories of childhood. I have played in the brook, built dams and saw-mills in its rapid, rippling, and sometimes roaring current, picked flowers and fruits, especially wild cherries, on its banks, and sometimes fallen asleep reclining under the shadow of the trees, lulled and charmed by the music of its running waters. I have caught

eels, or helped catch them, by scores, where it emerges, or then emerged from the lake, and they were none of your little wriggling worms or snakes which do not deserve the name of eels, but great fellows, doubtless some of the old settlers, as long as my arm, and nearly as large, and we caught them without hook or spear, simply by putting our hands gently under them and tossing them out on the dry land; and I was thus early taught that if I would be a successful fisher, whether of eels or of men, it is better to touch them softly than to attempt to hold them by main force. I have fished in the lake, and there, too, learned lessons about fishing for men. I have bathed in the lake, and swum across it, and rowed over every foot of its surface, and sat on the shore, and looked up to the blue sky and the shifting clouds and the flight of birds, and seen them reflected, as in a mirror, upon its glassy surface. In short, it seems as if all the rest and recreation and poetry and romance of my childhood clustered and hovered around that lake, as—to compare small things with great—the romance of Scotland about Loch Katrine, or the poetry of Athens about the Ilissus; and in my old age, the lake with its surroundings still underlies and overhangs me in my hours of meditation and reverie, and mingles with my very dreams. I trust no rude or sacrilegious hand will ever be allowed to level the rocks or remove the forests which now form such a scene of wild and sylvan beauty on its southern shore.

To return from this digression. The history of Franklin Academy and Harford University under Mr. Willard Richardson and Rev. Mr. Allen, as also the history of the orphan school under Mr. Sweet, comes within the remembrance of the present generation, and is better known to you than it is to me. I regret, as I am sure you also do, more than words can well express, the necessary absence of Mr. Richardson on this occasion. Any commemoration of the academy without him were too much like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet's part left out. We mourn also the recent death of Mr. Allen, who would have so rejoiced to see this day; and we regret the absence of his excellent wife, widow also of Mr. Preston Richardson, who for so many years lent the support of her rare wisdom and goodness to the institution. But there are graduates of the academy present who can speak for it today, and for those who have presided over it. We cannot but wish, of course, that the classical school which has shed such

lustre on the town, could have been perpetuated as a classical institution. At the same time, we are glad to recognize in the Orphan School, if not a lineal descendant, a worthy successor of the Academy; and we are proud of the fact that when the State of Pennsylvania sought a president for the school, she found the right man for the place in the Harford boy, who, educated in the Academy, now presides over the Orphan School, and wears so gracefully the mantle of his honored predecessors.

Some of the pleasant recollections of my boyhood are connected with the spelling schools, the singing schools, and the debating societies which were a sort of appendix to the other schools. Being held in the evening, these drew together not only the young of both sexes, who took part in the exercises, but also crowds of older people as spectators. We used to "choose sides" in the spelling schools, as well as take sides in the debating societies, and those competitions and strifes for victory, like the old Grecian games, while they excited great interest in the spectators, stimulated and inspired the competitors to a generous emulation, and contributed not a little to the education of the young, as well as to the mental and social culture of the community. Our debates were not, I suspect, in the highest style of parliamentary eloquence, although we sometimes discussed grave political questions; but in spelling, if I could rally about me the boys and girls of those Harford schools, I would fearlessly challenge to a match game, or a competitive test, the students of our present colleges, aye, and our senators, and representatives in the Congress of the United States.

I have some recollections in regard to temperance, or rather intemperance, and the drinking habits of the good old times, which go back beyond the remembrance of most of my audience. From my earliest recollection, Tyler & Griswold, Tyler, Carpenter & Co., or Tyler, Seymour & Co., used to keep a variety store in the house on the other side of the brook, next to Dr. Streeter's. And among other good things of every sort which they used to sell there, they kept, of course, a variety of good or bad liquors, wine, brandy, rum, whiskey, and I know not what besides. And equally, of course, a variety of intoxicating drinks was always to be seen on the sideboard in my father's parlor or reception room (and the same was true of our neighbors); a brilliant display it was, flashing from a gorgeous variety of plain-glass or cut-glass de-

canters, enough to dazzle the eyes and tempt the appetite of the most abstemious visitor. And on the expected or unexpected arrival of strangers, or relatives and friends, many a time was I sent to the store with a decanter in either hand, to have them replenished with the good creature. The earliest instance of the kind that I remember, was at a meeting of the reverend clergy;—I am not quite sure whether it was the Presbytery or the Association,—I am only sure that they required, as such a gathering of ministers in those days usually did, a fresh supply of choice liquors and I know that I was sent to the store, as I was often sent afterwards, to bring the needful supply. And I presume, though I do not distinctly remember, I was sent more than once to get the requisite quantity and variety for so august and sacred an occasion. My father being a good deacon, and living nearer the meeting-house than the minister, used to keep a kind of ministers' tavern or saints' rest, and so every fresh arrival of ministers and saints was the occasion of sending for a fresh stock of liquors. My hearers will please remember that all this was before Mr. Miller came to Harford, so that I was never an agent in tempting him to the use of intoxicating drinks, nor was he ever the occasion of my being tempted while laying in a stock of liquors for him. But I am afraid I had more or less to do in putting the bottle to the lips of the greater part of the ministers who preached here before his day.

From the sale of whiskey, of course it was but a short and easy step to the manufacture of it; and at length a distillery arose near the mouth of the mill-pond, which, with two others of later origin, converted hundreds of bushels of corn and rye into thousands of gallons of whiskey every year. Cheap grain, cheap wood and cheap labor made cheap whiskey, and cheap whiskey was fast converting the older inhabitants into topers and the rising generation into drunkards—I wonder we did not all become drunkards—and every raising and training was a scene of drinking, swearing and fighting, until, thank God, the temperance reformation came,—not a day or an hour too soon.—to save us from being a town of drunkards, and those fires of the pit were extinguished. Two things are pleasant for me to remember in this connection. One is that my father, in advance of his neighbors generally, and even of his own son in espousing the cause of total abstinence (for I remember arguing against total abstinence in a

debating society when he was ready to go in for the reformation), bought out the distillery, and, at no small pecuniary sacrifice, shut it up, and Tyler & Seymour set the example of stopping the sale of ardent spirits. The other pleasant remembrance is that this glorious reformation commenced here about at the commencement of Mr. Miller's ministry, the first Temperance Society in Harford, and the first in Northern Pennsylvania, having been formed in January, 1829, and the first Ladies' Temperance Society in June of the same year, "when," as Mr. Miller informs us in his historical discourse of 1844, "such organizations were a novelty in our country, and were considered as well nigh transcending the sphere of action appropriate to wives, mothers and sisters." God bless the Harford ladies for the transcendent wisdom and goodness which they showed in this as in every other good cause.

A SKETCH SUPPLEMENTARY TO THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY, BEING CONTRIBUTIONS OF MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY.

By Amelia Whiting Tyler.

My own memory of my grandfather and grandmother is of that part of their lives which always reminded me of the Land of Beulah: "within sight of the city they were going to, also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof, for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked because it was upon the borders of Heaven." It seemed to me that in those days the prayer that my grandfather made almost daily was answered in him—for "vital union with God, and continual fellowship with our Lord Jesus Christ." He still did some work, but the turmoil of the day was over, and the part most delightful to me was typical of it all, the sitting by the fire and reading aloud in the winter evenings, or watching the sunset glorify the trees in the summer. But he always said he admired the trees more in winter than in summer, for he loved the outline of the little twigs against the sky. And so the changing seasons went on, bringing the increasing limitations of age. And it came about to the great regret of his family, that he could not finish his own story of his life, and the different members of the family have brought together contributions from which this paper is made up. The result is that only a portion of what stands in my name is my personal recollection.

His health was naturally vigorous, but the family was often oppressed with the fear that it was near the breaking point from overtaxing. It was quite broken down by hard work with meagre resources when he went to Europe on the journey with which his autobiography ends. He returned in 1857 with renewed vigor and a new interest in many directions. He had become especially interested in the prominent cities of the old world and their significance in history, and he wrote a series of articles published in one of the current periodicals on "Representative Cities," and

gave lectures on such topics in many places in the vicinity. His interest in all the surrounding communities was broad and deep. In the years both before and after 1856, he was very frequently called to preach, and almost all of his sermons bear record of having been delivered in more than one of the churches of neighboring or accessible towns or cities. He has spoken of his care of the church in Pelham. When he came to Amherst the interest in this church had greatly declined. Nearly twenty years earlier, dissensions had arisen in the old Scotch Presbyterian church, which resulted, in 1823, in a division into a "Calvinistic" and a "Congregational" church which jointly used the old meeting-house. Whether this resulted in peace is not known; it certainly did not bring prosperity. This state of affairs lasted for about ten years, and when in 1839 a new Congregational church was organized and a new meeting-house erected, my grandfather seems to have been one of the first to occupy the pulpit in the new edifice. Hither he came, so he has said, summer and winter, for many years. Only one who has toiled up the hills to the old meeting-house through sand or snowdrifts, over hills baked by the summer's sun, or exposed to every marrow-freezing blast of winter, can appreciate what this meant to the professor and his horse. He never lost his interest, however, in this historic church, and more than once afterward he went out and gathered the people when public worship had ceased for a longer or shorter period. He always seemed to consider his efforts in Pelham and his work of raising funds to rebuild the church in Packardville as his special home missionary work. Here was his field in which he was a sort of irregular bishop. He loved to preach to a little knot of shrewd, hard-headed farmers. They reminded him, apparently, of the hill town in Pennsylvania, his early home.

On October 5, 1859, some two years after his return from Europe, he was ordained at North Amherst. Here, too, he more than once supplied the pulpit regularly when the church happened to be without a settled pastor. An incident which happened during one of those periods may be worth remembering. One Sunday when my grandfather had sent a substitute, one member of the parish, a firm friend of his, disliking either the preacher or his doctrine, "walked, or stamped, out of meeting." My grandfather went up to reason with him. The

parishioner was made of no softer material than his pastor: the interview was long, and my grandfather was very weary when he returned. But no member of the family was ever able to draw from either of the participants a single word of that memorable conversation; and yet neither of them ever seemed to feel any shame at his part in it.

There was not much dogmatic theology and very little metaphysics in my grandfather's sermons. He chose some plain, direct, practical text: "Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan —and pitched his tent toward Sodom"; "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree." He made the practical truth clear, and then crowded it home with all his might. He appealed to the intellect, especially to the common sense of his hearers, but far more to heart and conscience: he keenly enjoyed the straight home thrust: he neither sought nor feared to provoke a smile: he was sparing of sarcasm, but never hesitated to use it when it would serve his purpose; he intended to make a certain impression, and he chose means to suit his end. If any conventionality stood in his way, so much the worse for the conventionality—as Mr. Beecher once said of English grammar. Everywhere and always he was a preacher of righteousness, of the beauty of holiness. But he never hesitated, when necessary, to use the terrors of the law to persuade men. By heredity, nature, early environment, and education, he was a Calvinist. Yet while every sermon was an appeal to the freedom of the will, a "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," we never heard him preach on the doctrine of election, or mention it in a sermon. His early creed, like that of his associates, was severe and stern, but it widened as he grew older. His good friend, Doctor Field, used laughingly to say that he had not been really orthodox during the last thirty years. He wrote two articles on the duration of future punishment which were published in the leading theological review of the day, but he never mentioned these during the later years of his life. A year or two before his death, he was invited to sit in the council at the installation of the pastor of a neighboring church. When one of the clergymen began to examine the candidate somewhat minutely on this subject, my grandfather moved "that the examination be declared satisfactory, and that we proceed to the ordination." It was very difficult to persuade him to talk about doc-

PROFESSOR TYLER'S CLASS ROOM

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trines of which he was uncertain. A friend who had unsuccessfully attempted to push him on one of these questions said: "I wish I knew what the old Sphinx really thinks about it." He guarded himself very carefully lest he should increase the spirit of doubt in any with whom he came in contact, although none doubted that he thought much about theological problems. During his earlier life he had well known what it was to suffer from doubt and perplexity, to wander in the dark. What he had proven and knew he held fast. He kept his mind fixed on the great certainties and lived in them, and of these he was always ready to talk. Whatever may have been his earlier doubts and struggles—and these he very rarely mentioned.—horror of sin and his conviction of its baseness—his faith in the goodness of God, in the efficacy of prayer, in the need and sufficiency of salvation through Christ, in the ultimate triumph of righteousness, were as firm as a rock. His philosophy, like his creed, was simple and practical. He used to express his admiration for the Scotch metaphysicians. German speculations were mostly too fine spun for his practical mind, and he had little use for them.

In 1835 he contributed to the Boston Recorder a series of twenty articles on Popery. Some years later he acted as editor of the Amherst Express for a short time. About the same time he prepared quite a number of tracts on prayer. He contributed political articles to the Boston Atlas. But while he was writing on many subjects, his chief work was along classical lines. From 1836 to 1847 he was professor of Latin as well as of Greek. In 1847 he edited the Germania and Agricola of Tacitus, with a life of the author. In 1849 the first edition of the Histories of Tacitus appeared. One of these volumes fell into the hands of the Honorable Charles Sumner, and made such an impression upon him, that when he came to Amherst he asked especially for the editor of that work, which he praised highly. There were letters which passed between them, and more than one pamphlet was sent to my grandfather "with regards of the author."

After 1847 he was free to devote his time to the study of his beloved Greek authors. Even before this he had gathered much of the material for his Theology of the Greek Poets, but the book itself did not appear until 1867. It was the most orig-

inal of all his works, and won for him the praise and friendship of scholars like Bishop Mead, of Virginia, and Philip Schaff, who used to complain that the work was not nearly as widely known and read as it should be. Ten years elapsed between the publication of Tacitus' Histories and Plato's Apology and Crito, the first, and, on the whole, the favorite of his Greek texts. We may be sure that these were not idle years.

With all his devotion to Greek, his zeal and interest as a Christian worker were not permitted to flag. To his mind the pre-eminent value of the college was only secondarily in the fact that it fills the mind with the wealth which is stored in language and literature. Its supreme purpose must be always the building of character, and to this great end it should work always as a Christian institution. The flavor of Christianity, he thought, should be quite as prominent in its influence as that of learning. The college is to educate men, and for this purpose, while in his whole being he felt the value of intellectual culture, yet high above this he placed the building of spiritual life. It was his expression of his ideal of his work when he wrote the essay upon Prayer for Colleges, a book in which he showed the largeness of his conception of college training, his aspiration, his interpretation of what he wished his work to be. He felt that he could in no other way express this except in terms of Christian life. He wrote it as the utterance of his highest thought upon education. It was peculiarly in accord with the sentiment which has founded the majority of the colleges of the United States, and had a larger circulation than any other of his writings. It was written when he had been a teacher already a score of years, and was therefore the expression, not only of the ideal with which he began and prosecuted his work, but of the experience which he had gained in pursuing it. In repeated revisions he added the testimony of his later years to prove that his ideal of the college remained ever the same. As the book was prepared for the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education in the West, it was the expression of his interest in Christian education as charged with the redemption of the land. It was the estimate which he placed upon the college as an instrumentality to aid in perpetuating and enlarging the privileges which America prizes most. In the preface to this essay he writes: "If the essay has any merit, it consists in the simplicity,

directness and earnestness with which it labors to show to 'common minds,' first, the duty and the power of believing prayer, and the peculiar necessity of more faith and prayer in our day; secondly, the indissoluble connection between colleges and all the great interests of the church, the country and mankind; and thirdly, the sacred obligations, primarily of the officers and students, and those immediately concerned; but secondarily, of all who have an interest at the throne of grace, to bring this great power to bear on this most important point.

"At the same time, it is hoped that the *educated* Christian men of the country, and Christian ministers especially, will find not a little in this essay to 'stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance,' and the writer is deeply sensible that its power to do good will depend very, very much on the manner in which it is received, sustained and enforced by those whose experience attests, and whose life illustrates, the value of a college education. For himself, he claims to have written only what he believes with all his heart, and what he knows from his own observation and experience. The beloved College with which it has been his happiness to be connected, either as a pupil or as a teacher, for nearly twenty-five years, was founded in faith and prayer; and those numerous and powerful revivals of religion, which have so conspicuously marked its whole history, have followed almost visibly in the train of the special prayers of those who have been connected with it or concerned for it. If there is anything in this essay that is adapted to be useful, it is the fruit of prayer; and if it should prove, in any measure, subservient to the cause of learning and religion, it will be through the divine blessing, in answer to the prayers of the many devoted men whose hearts are already enlisted in the sacred cause."

This book has been foreshadowed in the tracts on Prayer already mentioned. It seemed to be his habit to study a subject long and patiently, and to allow the plan of treatment to develop freely in his mind. When the work had once been clearly outlined and firmly grasped, he put it on paper as rapidly as possible. He rarely re-wrote a page: his changes and emendations were few. When the ink was dry the sheet was usually ready for the printer. Much of the vigor and strength of his style was probably due to this method of work.

In 1868 he edited, in co-operation with his classmate, Pro-

fessor H. B. Hackett, Plutarch's treatise On the Delay of the Deity in Punishing the Wicked. My grandfather used to compare Plutarch's discourse to a butternut, "very hard to crack, but full of very sweet meat." For a time he used this in his classes and none of his pupils ever doubted the first clause of this statement. So far as the most enterprising student could discover, no English translation of the treatise had ever been made. A very limited edition had been printed of a translation prepared by one of the best scholars in the first class which wrestled with the new text-book—he is now a distinguished teacher of the Classics—but certain crude and doubtful renderings were likely to betray the one who used it, and besides it was expensive, a veritable Edition de Luxe. Even then it covered only a part of the text, and when my grandfather suddenly skipped to the last part of the work, it became useless.

In 1874 he brought out his edition of the De Corona of Demosthenes, based on the edition of Reverend Arthur Holmes, of Cambridge; and in 1875 his own edition of the Olynthiacs and Philippics. The Classics were to him the way of culture and he read his Greek with a fond desire to become familiar with everything there was left from its Classical age. His ambition during the early years of his professorship was too great for his physical strength, and he had to abandon many cherished plans for reading Greek. As he grew older, however, he read with a more calm and meditative mind, entering for that reason more deeply into the spirit of the literature and thought. He edited text-books with a genuine love for the work. Even in his advanced years he continued this work because he enjoyed it. And whatever else may be said, these books prove his life-long interest in the Greek language and literature, and that his mind had become saturated with the Greek spirit. After this time he edited no other books until 1886, when there came the latest of his editions of the Classics, the last nine books of the Iliad. In all his teaching he took special delight in his classes in Homer. At the close of the preface in his copy of this book, he has written the words of one of the guests in Xenophon's Symposium: "My father, wanting me to become a good man, made me learn all the poems of Homer; and now I can say the whole Iliad and Odyssey by heart." The force and energy of the Homeric heroes charmed him as much as did the beauty and

fire of the poetry which described them. He loved to quote to the boys the lines which stand to-day under his bust in the library: "Be men, dear friends, keep a stout heart; and trust one another through your firm ranks." The atmosphere of the heroic age fascinated him. In the winter of 1871, he had been invited to deliver in Boston a lecture in a course, or rather two courses, having for their theme Christianity and Skepticism. In the particular season in which he had a part, the different portions of the Bible were under consideration. He took for his subject the books of Joshua and The Judges, "The Heroic Age of Israel." That portion of Bible history delighted him as the Iliad of Homer did, because it was full of splendid action. "It is hard," he writes, "to tell where the natural ends, and the supernatural begins. The moment we come into sympathy with such a people, we cannot help feeling that to them, in their circumstances, the supernatural becomes natural; it is just what they expected: and not only they, but we, come to look upon it, under the circumstances, as a matter of course. And the natural, in turn, becomes supernatural, it is lifted above Nature, and appears as a part of God's moral plan, and a form of his agency." "And, after all, is not this the true view of Nature and the supernatural? It is the Homeric view: it is the Socratic doctrine: it is the doctrine of Plutarch and Newton." It seemed to give him a good deal of satisfaction to look at things as they presented themselves to the eyes of Homer and Socrates.

His work as an editor of the Classics was done under many disadvantages. He was isolated in a country village. The College Library was small, and there was no money to buy expensive texts and books of reference. He could afford only those which were absolutely essential. He felt deeply the lack of all these advantages. After his visit to Cambridge at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the University, he said to one of the family: "If I could have had as many advantages as those Harvard professors have, I could have done something." Moreover, his time was never his own. There were college duties of all sorts and kinds; sermons to be written, and addresses for all sorts of occasions. He suffered from a large correspondence, and many a question which occupied a line in a letter addressed to him, required pages for its answer. He prepared exegeses, exercises on Greek Testament,

and various papers for the ministers' association to which he belonged. He had to frame the policy of new educational institutions like Williston Seminary and Smith College. He always had half a dozen irons in the fire, and it seemed to his family and friends that some of them must surely burn. Sometimes the schools of the town were not properly supported, or liquor was sold too freely, or something else aroused his interest or indignation, and he became for the time an ardent politician, sometimes unable to keep his politics out of the pulpit. His sermons on temperance, indeed, have been mentioned in his autobiography. They must have been pungent and keen, for on one occasion a liquor dealer did him the honor of destroying his garden. The family found all the half-grown summer vegetables and many of the choicest flowers torn up and laid in rows on the grass. Two of his smaller fruit trees were cut down. Threats were made to burn his barn. The family were considerably worried, not to say alarmed; but it never seemed to make a very deep impression on my grandfather's mind. Lack of time and of even ordinary advantages had to be compensated by abundance and intensity of effort. He went immediately after breakfast and family prayers into his study. Here he worked, with his feet in the smoldering or dying embers in the old Franklin stove, the cat sometimes seeking and contributing warmth, lying upon his knee. He used a stiff, heavy pen, which suited him best when worn to a stub—then it could endure the hard usage which he gave it. All the morning, until recitation hour, he drove it, like the driving of Jehu, furiously. The family rarely intruded, indeed, he kept the room so cold that none of them wished to enter. Even Plato, on his lofty pedestal, and Socrates over the mantel, and the two Athenian owls, all looked cold and shivery; but the temperature exactly suited him. But while he worked with the utmost intensity, he knew the limits of his strength. The afternoon was rarely passed in his study. Then he and my grandmother drove together, especially during the long summer days. For miles he never said a word, liking better to listen to her account of the book she had been reading. He explored all the roads and especially the by-roads in the country. Usually these expeditions ended fortunately, and he

came out in the highway, but sometimes they ended in the pasture or back lot of some farmer, who was always kind enough to take down the fences and let him out, wondering, meanwhile, what the professor and preacher was doing there. But this, while somewhat humiliating to my grandmother, added to his enjoyment. And here a word of tribute is due to the bay mare, his companion in all of these excursions. She was tough, and fleet, and somewhat hard-bitted. She had a will of her own, "too much will for a horse," he used sometimes to say. She had a deep aversion to the winter "Thank-you-ma'ams," which caused some of his sleigh rides to be interrupted by a speedy, quite unprofessional, descent from the sleigh. But she never escaped from him. And these little peculiarities seemed to increase his affection for her. Many a long hill did he climb by her side on hot summer days, while she drew the lightened carriage and nipped the branches of the trees and shrubs along the road. They understood each other: and we can only hope that they have met again. But my grandfather had other open-air exercise, very good, doubtless, for his health, but wearing to his soul and heart. This was the care of the place, to which reference has been made in the chapter on the old home. During the earlier years of his teaching he studied in the evenings, but after his marriage he allowed himself more society, and gave more time to his friends.

But teaching was his delight and his vocation. He was a born *College* teacher. He was keen, clear, and accurate. He insisted on the exact shade of meaning conveyed by words or particles, and on the exact force of the optative, not for the sake of the grammatical rule, but for the reproduction of the strength and beauty of the Greek thought. He wished the spirit of the passage, for dry bones he cared little or nothing. Here, again, strength, vigor, and life were the first requisites. He rather enjoyed it when a student expressed Socrates' pithy sayings in rustic Yankee idioms. The translation must be quickened by the spirit of Plato and the fire of Demosthenes. For even Greek thought, glorious as it was, was of far less importance than the rugged strength of Aeschylus, the patriotism of Demosthenes, and the moral grandeur of Socrates hearing

only the appeal of the laws, and preferring death and immortality to a life purchased by baseness. He wished that his pupils should know and love those heroes as he had known them. He knew well that a lofty thought became tenfold more inspiring when incarnated in a grand life. The student was to him no mere receptacle for Greek roots, but a bundle of glorious possibilities, every one of which he would see realised. So he demanded the very best. He could be patient with the slow: but he never hesitated to spur sharply the careless and lazy. He had seen too many heedless boys develop into strong and useful men to be easily discouraged; and he loved the boy while he stung him for his folly.

He lectured sparingly, preferred oral to written examinations, keenly enjoyed the recitation, and loved to gather a few students in his study for a weekly exercise in Greek at sight. His business was to educate, and he clearly recognised the difference between college training and university instruction. Hence, he was ever ready to change his method and try an experiment, to seize upon any new and promising means of inspiring interest and kindling enthusiasm. He was more interested in his students than in his studies. His devotion to the college was the outgrowth of his ideal of the college, as an institution to educate all the qualities of manhood, where character should count for even more than brains. He felt that a life which claimed to have the blessings of education had in it a dreadful vacancy if it was not well stored with Greek. This was to him the centre of the best and richest culture. He could not see why students should deny themselves the privilege of continuing to read Greek through all their lives, and knew that they made a grievous mistake in not working in college with that end in view. But the boy who was already a hopeless shipwreck on the rocks of Greek grammar shared his interest on impartial terms with the brilliant translator of Homer if he believed that he was doing his best. He trusted his "boys," while he knew well that they were neither angels nor saints; and they trusted and loved him. He was entirely frank and honest with them. A youth who had been careless and negligent asked him for a letter of recommendation that he might teach. He declined to

give it. The young man persisted until he gave him one. It ran somewhat as follows: "Mr. —— has not made good use of his opportunities at Amherst College, but we hope he will do better in future." Another letter spoke of the bearer as "of good ability and fair moral character." In selecting or recommending teachers and preachers, his first question was not how much does the candidate know? but, is he a man? He was an admirer and lover of strong and vigorous manhood. The boy who was plainly in earnest, even if he could not read Greek, did not fail of his encouragement and help, although it was, of course, recognised that appreciation of Greek would greatly brighten the young man's promise.

And his large humanity was but an aspect of the depth and strength of his religion. Faith in God and service of the Master were essential. Without these, grandeur and strength of life and high manhood were impossible. If friendship with Socrates was good, communion with Christ and God was far better and higher. Feeling the beauty of holiness, and loving righteousness, born and reared under the shadow of the law, he had a deep fear and dread of sin: and he longed that he and his pupils might be delivered from its power. Hence, whether teaching or preaching, his final aim was always the coming of the "Kingdom of God, and the kingdom of righteousness, joy, and peace," first of all in his own heart, then in the hearts of his pupils, and then throughout the length and breadth of this land and of the world. This was the burden of his daily prayers, and the inspiration of his steady work. From this came his deep interest in home and foreign missions. The returning missionary could always count on a welcome in his house, there was always a place for him and his wife, even during the crowd of a Commencement season. He always regarded the foreign missionaries as in a peculiar sense the messengers of God, and it was one of the pleasures of his travel in the old world to see them in their work. Not very long after his return in 1857, he was requested to prepare a memoir of Doctor Henry Lobdell, a graduate of Amherst in the class of 1849, who went to labor on the banks of the Tigris in the city of Mosul, and met his death there after a few years of arduous toil, overwhelmed by

the great tasks which he undertook. The book which my grandfather prepared was a testimonial, not only to his love for a son of Amherst, but of his unceasing affection for the missionary cause. When Mr. George Constantine, of the class of 1859, wished to work according to his own methods within the Greek Church at Athens, my grandfather promised him support, and for some years he and President Stearns solicited from their friends funds for the carrying forward of his work. Thus Mr. Constantine seems to have been the first Amherst College missionary. Wherever the battle was on for Christianity, truth, freedom—wherever anyone was struggling for the Kingdom of God and righteousness, thither turned his interest, his work, his prayers, his money.

Next to his God and his Master, he loved Amherst College, and he loved her primarily as a means to the coming of God's kingdom. For this purpose she had been founded, to this end she had been raised up and maintained. To this cause and work she was to be held true and constant. The days of trial through which the College passed, and the struggle and sacrifice which he and his associates had to meet in order to save her from utter collapse wrought in him a peculiar devotion to the institution, making her ever more precious in his eyes. He had suffered in her humiliation and adversity, had shared her poverty, and rejoiced in her prosperity. For her he had prayed, and worked, and begged. His life was bound up into, almost absorbed in hers. Propositions were repeatedly made to him that he should leave his field of labor. Sometimes they were spoken of in the family circle. But whatever might be said, we all knew beyond a peradventure that he would never consent to break off his work in Amherst College, as long as the College should need him. No wonder that he was proud of her, jealous and sensitive for her character and honor. He knew her history, her needs, her possibilities. He had caught a heavenly vision of what she might be and do. He would have her obey and realize the vision, and do the work for which she had been raised up. He has given his own estimate of her in his book on Prayer for Colleges. "Remove the colleges and you take down the whole fabric of our social, political and religious history. Extinguish

the colleges, and you put out the eyes, both of the church and the state. Take away the colleges and you leave education, politics and religion without competent guides; the school, the church and the state all without a suitable head." The colleges, he argues, reach the best minds of the community and country and reach them at the most important period of their development. He who hopes, then, to help in molding the life of the people, will find here his best opportunity for work. Here is the throne room of American life. For this reason he rejoiced to devote himself to the work of collegiate education, and as he had a place in an institution which he felt was striving to realize this ideal, he never wished to leave it. He was more than content to spend his life at Amherst College. He loved to identify himself with the educational movements about him, but still he felt that his real work was in the class-room, where he taught so many years, and in the minds and characters of the young men with whom he was thus brought in contact. He believed that there was no grander position in the world than to be a teacher of young men. I doubt if anything in the world could have tempted him to leave this work. And it was a disappointment to him if every student could not be made to realize with him that the college stands for completeness of life, for good life, for religious life, for Christian life.

Hence, while he was devoted to the study of the classics, convinced of the educating, humanizing, regenerating power of Greek ideals, his interest was never limited to his own department. The college and its interests were paramount. He begged and worked for the library, for the first gymnasium, for anything and everything that would help the college as a whole. Twice he served as President *pro tempore;* once after the death of President Stearns, in 1876, and again in 1890, during the year's absence of President Seelye. He labored faithfully for the tone and standards of the college, but he never greatly enjoyed administrative work. He was eager to throw all his energy into his chosen work of teaching and education.

In his earliest years my grandfather had been a pupil at district schools and academies. He knew their virtues and defects, and could sympathise with those who came to college poorly

prepared. The back-woods boy who had had few opportunities but who was eager to try was always admitted in Greek. The American college had gained form and character during my grandfather's lifetime. He could remember the discussion which accompanied each stage of its progress. He had aided in solving most educational problems.

Our American educational system has grown from two roots. The fear of illiteracy produced the public school; the need of educated leaders, and especially of religious leaders, brought forth the colleges. To get a proper connection between the two has been the abiding problem on which we are still at work. As was natural, the need of securing more thorough and uniform preparation for college was a matter of preeminent interest in my grandfather's mind. Without this there was no satisfactory training possible for the good students nor for the bad. Among the preparatory schools, his first interest was appropriately given to Amherst Academy, as he had been himself a teacher there, and had afterward become a permanent resident in the town. But this school seemed to have gone into a fatal decline. It had nothing to preserve it, except a local habitation and a name, and the habitation was growing less habitable year by year. It was like a worn-out clock. The face was there, but as successive attempts were made to start it, no mortal could tell when it would stop, nor when it could be made to go again. In accordance with a plan over which my grandfather spent many hours of labor, the site was at length sold, and the money received for it was held as a small, permanent fund, whose income could be used to secure in the local high school a more adequate preparation for college. This fund has now grown to be somewhat over ten thousand dollars.

When Mr. Williston founded Williston Seminary, my grandfather framed its constitution and policy. For many years he was President of the Board of Trustees. Perhaps no better idea of his work there could be gained than from the resolutions of the trustees of the seminary at the time of his death. They were written by Mr. M. F. Dickinson of Boston, and appear thus upon the records:

"At a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of Williston

THE OLD HOME, AMHERST, MASS.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Seminary, held June 20, 1898, the following minute was presented by the president of the Board, M. F. Dickinson, Jr., Esq., and was unanimously adopted by the Board by a rising vote.

"On the nineteenth day of November last, our reverend associate, William Seymour Tyler, D.D., LL.D., of Amherst, entered into rest at the ripe age of eighty-seven years; and it is fitting that at the first annual meeting of the Board since that event we should place on record our estimate of the life-long service here rendered by him to the cause of sound learning.

"He was the last survivor of that group of able men who constituted the original Board of Trustees. He was present, in November, 1841, at the first meeting held after the laying of the corner stone. The constitution of the seminary was written by him at the request of the founder. It affords an admirable example of Doctor Tyler's intellectual superiority and of his singularly felicitous literary style; and it is permeated by that deep religious spirit which constituted his most marked personal characteristic. It is a noble statement of the true aim of all education, and the particular purpose Mr. Williston had in mind in establishing the school; and its influence will permanently remain in the application of its broad principles to the ever-changing phases of educational requirement. During the life of Mr. Williston, Doctor Tyler was his most trusted adviser in all that pertained to the seminary's welfare. The first three principals,—Wright, Clark and Henshaw,—are understood to have been men chosen largely upon his recommendation. Each was his warm, personal friend; and their successful administration, covering a total period of about thirty-five years, attest the keenness and accuracy of his judgment.

"So long as health and strength permitted, Doctor Tyler was rarely absent from our meetings; and he gave many years of laborious service upon the Prudential Committee.

"In his intercourse with his associates he was always courteous. but he never surrendered his independence or his convictions. He could bear to have others differ with him without feeling offence. He was loyal to his friends, but not blind to their faults. On important occasions he took pains to have his views made matter of record when he was in minority; and one of these protests,

carefully prepared and written, still remains upon our files,—a silent witness to his superior judgment and wisdom.

"His loyalty to the seminary finds proof in the fact that his four sons, the third of whom is happily of our present number, and three of his grandsons, have gone from here to college.

"Doctor Tyler's influence as a trustee was most largely exerted upon the educational and professional side of the institution. He was prone to leave its business affairs entirely to others; but in the sphere where his influence operated, no other trustee has ever equaled him in the extent to which his intellectual characteristics have been incorporated into the life of Williston Seminary."

He was a member of the Board of Trustees of Mount Holyoke Seminary and College from 1862 until his death, and was President of the Board from 1874 until 1894. When Smith College was founded, he again took the greatest interest in framing its policy. He was largely responsible for lodging the students in cottages rather than caravanseries. He was a member of its Board of Trustees from its beginning in 1874 until his death, and President of the Board for some years. It is interesting that he who never had a sister nor a daughter should have been especially interested in giving to women the very highest educational advantages possible.

My grandfather was blessed with a rugged constitution, and usually enjoyed the best of health, but the struggle for the life of the college between 1840 and 1850 was a heavy strain upon him. President Hitchcock had but a small fund of hope. My grandfather speaks of him in his history as "he who in his experiments in the chemical laboratory was always expecting to fail but never did fail." When my grandfather was worn out with fatigue, he could still hold up Doctor Hitchcock's hands, and pour hope into his heart. His intense interest in the war of the rebellion and his anxiety for his son, added to his daily work, wore heavily upon him. Public questions were to him always moral questions, taking deep hold upon his heart and conscience. Times of stirring public action were apt to be with him seasons of searching thought which were almost sure to move his pen, and his feeling might probably express itself in a sermon, which always meant that he had made up his mind where the right and

wrong were to be placed. And in one case, at least, one of these sermons was used for a purpose which little pleased its author. The argument of this sermon was that it was our duty to maintain a good government, based on the noblest principles, and then alone could there be harmony between the North and the South. One of his strongest illustrations was the harp of a thousand strings, which could produce music only when all of its chords were properly tuned so that some master hand could play them. He maintained that harmony among the states could exist only if the Southern States took the place that belonged to them, and that it would be better to let them go than to have eternal discord, even though separation from the South was, at that time, a very unpopular doctrine. "It was better," he said, "to be separated forever from such a South as that which threatens us, the South governed by the bowie knife, the dirk, and the revolver, the South where the duelist holds sway, where the slave-trader is the most prominent man in the community, where it is a criminal offense to teach a colored man to read his Bible, where the child is taken from its mother's arms, and sold away wherever it will pay. I pray God that it may never happen, but it would be better to have separation take place than to be tied forever to such a South." This sermon was printed at the request of the students to whom it was delivered, and one copy found its way South, through one of the southern students who were at that time still in the college. There this passage was quoted, omitting the phrase, "I pray God that this may never happen," as an illustration of the bitter enemies of the South who held positions of responsibility at the North. His oldest son graduated from college in 1862, when the war was just beginning to be well under way, and the people of the North had come to a realizing appreciation of the awful task which they had before them. As the call came for additional volunteers, father and son were perfectly agreed that the summons to service could not be unheeded. Those years which followed were of terrible significance. Anxieties, public and private, greatly increased, and over them all was the terror of those days when they waited for the news of the battles, knowing that the message of death was sure to come to some household

to which they were closely bound. On the night before the battle of Gettysburg, one of his sons, as he studied, heard my grandfather praying aloud in his study all through the long evening. As the war dragged on, the years left their mark upon him, proving campaigns quite as severe as those which were carried on in the field. His hair grew white, and his form was fast taking on signs of age under the terrible ordeal through which he was passing. After this period, he rarely enjoyed a night of unbroken sleep. But he never questioned that the great task which had been undertaken must be carried through, nor that the principles which were being upheld were worth all they cost.

He could carry a heavy load of work and responsibility without breaking under it for several reasons. His faith in God and right was a strong bulwark. His temperament was calm and equable. I rarely saw him elated, never utterly discouraged. If he worried, as he sometimes did, he said nothing about it. Criticism and opposition, however deeply felt, never turned him aside from the line of action which he had thoughtfully chosen. His temper was that of a soldier, always obeying orders, so far as he understood them, and leaving the issue to the Great Commander. His friendships were many and strong. Of the relation, almost brotherhood, between him and Doctor Field, I dare not speak, they were as unlike as cavalier and roundhead, but they thought they agreed on all questions. The death of Professor Mather, his nephew and associate in the Greek department in 1890 was a great blow. His companion in his first journey to Europe, my grandfather had regarded him almost as a son, and rested in full confidence that, after his own departure, Professor Mather would carry on the department along lines on which they were in entire agreement, and to a height of unattained prosperity and usefulness. But it was not to be. The master outlived his favorite pupil, and missed and mourned over him to the end of his days.

My grandfather received the degree of D.D. from Harvard University in 1857; and that of LL.D. from Amherst College in 1871, from Columbia University in 1887, and from Harvard in 1886, having the very rare honor of receiving the two degrees from Harvard University. He was the founder of the Amherst

Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, and its president almost to the close of his life. He was a member of the American Oriental Society, of the American Philological Association, of the American Archeological Society, of the Managing Committee of the American School at Athens, and of the Greek Philological Society at Constantinople.

These, then, were the general periods of his work: from 1835 to 1870, preaching and editing. His most important work in editing the classics was done between 1845 and 1875. His work as a trustee of educational institutions began in 1841, and lasted until age and feebleness prevented him from attending the meetings of the different boards. It was a life of constant work, and of steadily increasing influence and usefulness, rather than one of marked events.

After his resignation of the professorship in 1893, he prepared a briefer history of the college, and added a few chapters to his autobiography. His calmness, courage, and cheerfulness remained unshaken to the end. Again and again he said: "This has been the best year of my life," or "I should like to remain just where I am now." He was always strong, but the tenderness came more to the surface with increasing age and feebleness. About two years before the end, he told my grandmother, on his return from the funeral of a neighbor, that he had thought about her all the time, for he knew that they could not be together always. We tried sometimes to draw him out about the future life, but he always said that God had not revealed it, because the conditions were probably so different that we could not understand them. Surrounded by a new and younger generation of friends, greeted and cheered by returning classes, reading his favorite books, discussing all the events and questions of the world of education or politics, he was always occupied and happy. The heat and burden of the day was past; now came peace and rest. The students of the college never lost their interest in him, and more than one class invited him to read some of his lectures to them, those lectures which it had been such a joy to him to prepare and a joy to him to deliver, but he feared lest he should embarrass the department in some way. Often on icy mornings, some one of the young men would wait to help him up the steps,

or to see him safely in his sleigh. He enjoyed excellent health until he suffered a severe attack of the grippe in the winter of 1896-7, and from this he never completely recovered. But during the summer of 1897 he drove almost every day. His eye was not dim, nor was there any abatement of his enjoyment and appreciation of the natural beauties of this glorious Connecticut valley. Only a few months before his death he said that he "should be glad to stay just as long as he could."

In September, 1897, he began to fail rapidly, and it became evident that he could not outlast the winter. He suffered little except from great weariness. Once, almost at the last, he asked. "Cannot a man ever wear out?" On the evening of the nineteenth of November, 1897, he passed away. The funeral services were conducted by President L. Clark Seelye of Smith College, with a beauty and simplicity which was exactly suited to, and would have pleased the Greek soul of the old teacher of classics. His body lies on a hilltop in Wildwood Cemetery, facing the rugged, but smiling, eastern hills which he loved and resembled.

THE OLD HOME.

By Henry Mather Tyler.

In the recollection of the life of my father in its more personal relations, it seems improper that the account of the home which always meant so much to him should be left so very meagre. And especially he would himself have said that any representation of his work must be utterly unjust which did not give great prominence to her whose life during all of the years of his activity was a part of his own. His home was in a beautiful grove on one of the most charming of the hills of Amherst. The house was building while he was in college. He selected it for his dwelling place with personal interest, for he loved the opportunities which it promised. As the years passed by, he and his wife gave utterance there to the true spirit which was in them. Publicity always brings with it something of artificiality. It is, of course, impossible to depict in words what is the life of a home, but as a contribution to the understanding of their work, and as an inadequate expression of what their children felt, this sketch has been prepared that the inner life of a simple household may show something of its quality. Perhaps these scattered glimpses may give pictures worth preserving.

There is character in houses; who can doubt it? You see it in some as you come in sight of them. You feel it in others as you enter. You read it sometimes as you become familiar with them. Some teach you one lesson and some another, but if you pay attention all have something to say. There are some which you would never think of treating with familiarity,—that is, until long acquaintance has broken down your spirit of reserve. There are others where, as soon as you enter, you feel as if you had always had the habit of coming in without ringing the bell. Some seem to say so distinctly. "This is all yours to use as you please."

Others say just as positively, "Keep your distance. Observe proper decorum." Some carry their pride hung conspicuously on the outside. Some have it none the less, though it is kept hidden deep within. As architecture in its whole range is all full of the spirit to which it is trying to give utterance, so the particular house expresses its bit of truth, its particular ideal, and loves to accentuate it in its own way, as if the expression were a specimen of its own private slang.

The house I am thinking of told in its appearance a somewhat peculiar story. It was a singular compound of simplicity and ambition, and apparently, as the building grew, the qualities asserted themselves by turns. The beginning was four plain walls of brick, enclosing a goodly space, as betokening that the structure would not grow with stingy proportions. They were not permitted, however, to reach great altitude before a plain and ugly roof shut down over them, so ugly that in sheer shame it broke in two in a dormer window in the middle, or in two windows, one behind and one before. The roof came so suddenly that only one story could be arranged for within the walls, and the second floor was under the roof-slope. It was a cottage perhaps a little large for its name. But it revolted somewhat at its plainness and took on adornment in the form of arches, of which there was great abundance. There were arches over the doors and arches over the windows. The hall within had an arched ceiling, and the walk approaching from without was guarded by an arch. Broad arched folding doors connected the double parlors within, and even the white-washed barn which stood at a respectful distance had its front covered with figures of arches. I confess it looked somewhat as if it were making faces at the house. As the arch means aspiration, there was evidently an upreaching over all the place. The rooms within were ambitious to live up to this ideal, twelve feet in height, but the roof seemed called upon to put a sudden end to this soaring, to snub this tendency to pride, and came down so hard and close that the chambers never got their growth and were round-shouldered and crooked in their cramped location. The architect's desire for symmetry made the building a perfect quadrilateral: not a wing nor annex nor any projection was permitted to mar its simple lines.

All round the house went a piazza, and with its rhythmical arrangement of balustrade and columns emphasized the impression of harmony which the builder had wrought into his plan. The interior was also symmetrical like the outside. There was a door in front and a door to correspond behind. An entry, or vestibule, was cut off at the front of the hall. Then there was an inner door flanked by narrow windows on either side. At the rear of the hall you found again the windows and the door, and there was an entry so like the other that you were likely to become dazed as to which was which, and to have to appeal to the furnishings to get your bearings. In a house so constructed it goes without saying that there were four rooms on the first floor, symmetrically arranged, each in its appropriate corner, but on one side of the hall they were larger than on the other, as a small space,—a remarkably small space it was for its purpose,—had to be taken out in which emaciated staircases were confined. The rooms were stately and dignified apartments, with high ceilings and ambitious doors and windows, the latter reaching almost to the floor and guarded by close blinds which would exclude almost every ray of light and which, when not in use, could be shut back out of the way. It was quite a surprise to me when I grew to boyhood to find that other people used curtains and had no way of entirely keeping out the light. The effects of color were also appealed to to give distinction to the house. It was painted outside a dignified brown, but within all the walls were a vivid yellow. By the time a stranger had come up the hill and under the archway to meet the stately dignity of these apartments, he could not well fail to be impressed.

Conveniences, the builder of this house evidently felt, should never be allowed to assert their ignoble claims against higher ideals. Chambers were, in his mind, evidently a subordinate issue, but stairs could only be tolerated as an indispensable nuisance. Stairs are, of course, an abomination to every house-builder. Nothing in the world has more self-assertion. They are always in the way, and there is no place for them. Like the tall, gaunt, boy, they knock against everything, either with elbows or feet. But the man who is most impressed with the general awkwardness

and inconsiderateness of stairs could hardly fail to feel sorry for them in that house. To have them in the hall with its ornate arch, that manifestly could not be thought of for a moment. There was really no place for them, and yet as a respectable house it must find a spot to offer them. So there was no help for it, and beside the hall a little closet was made. It was too small, but in they must go and there they went. They writhed and wriggled themselves into their cramped position, and one could never look at them without a sense of pain in his back.

It is difficult to say whether the rooms of such material associations as eating and drinking—the kitchen and dining room—were an afterthought, or whether they were deliberately treated with disrespect. The four rooms of the main floor could not be thought of in connection with any such service; that was out of the question. A projection would mar the outlines of the structure and that was equally impossible. So, when the need came to be recognized, there was only one solution for the problem. Kitchen and dining room must be content with a portion of the space of the cellar. Rooms were dark and closets darker still. The endless piazza above the windows shut out part of the light which would have gladly come in. Kitchen and dining room suggest ideas which it is difficult to render esthetic. That is doubtless the very reason why this which represents in some respects the less honored part of life receives the more abundant honor. Surely, if there is any place which ought to be cheerful and have cheerful surroundings it is where the family gather for their meals, and if any spot in an American household should be made bright to occupy and convenient to use, it is the kitchen, where, theoretically, the wife and mother comes simply to superintend, but where she has too often to be a prisoner and a toiler for the comfort of her household. To make this room outwardly like a dungeon is a perversion of judgment. But these rooms in that house gave an impression that they lacked not only comfort but common respect; they were deliberately discredited. It was made plain that the other rooms did not care to associate with them. They had about them not merely an inherent gloominess and ugliness, but, furthermore, an air of recognized inferiority,

of self-conscious unattractiveness, of accepted and submissive humility. They seemed not only forbidding, but they had that recognized ugliness which resented the idea of improvement. There was, however, one redeeming feature belonging even to these rooms. They looked out, each from the only window which is possessed large enough to be associated with any idea of introducing light, down the slope of the hillside, through the arching trees, toward the western lights across the valley. There never was a place which seemed more glorified by the setting sun than did that home on the hill, and there were times when to sit even in that dingy dining-room was like receiving an angelic greeting. Well, there is this to be said of that home: no one could live there without forgiving it for all its awkwardness and eccentricities, and coming to feel that it wasn't so bad as in some respects it seemed to be. It was indeed a beautiful place, and the first owner manifestly hated to disfigure it with conveniences. Provision for even the ordinary comforts of life was of no consequence in comparison with appearances.

It was to this house that the young Greek Professor in Amherst College brought his bride in 1839. She came from Binghamton, which was at that time a small but thriving town in the southern part of the State of New York. She was the daughter of Mason Whiting and Mary Edwards, his wife, who went as young married people from Great Barrington and Stockbridge in Massachustts, to try their fortune in what was then a frontier town. They had a family of six daughters and two sons, of whom my mother was the youngest. Binghamton and Harford, in Pennsylvania, which was my father's native place, were not far separated, and the families had been to some extent acquainted for years before my father and mother ever met. Though we, as children, were in later days accustomed to inquire very freely of our parents with regard to previous times, a natural reserve restricted us to many surmises as to the events of their courtship, but we have an impression that it was love at short notice and engagement with little delay. It perhaps goes without saying that he was ardent and energetic in his love making as he was in other things in which he was interested. It is

quite possible that his profession made him a somewhat shining mark for arrows of humor. At all events, I have heard that there were members of the family who loved to describe and imitate, to the vast amusement of a laughing circle of relatives, how rapidly Professor Tyler, after he had been preaching in the staid Presbyterian church, got himself into his overcoat, and how swiftly he descended the pulpit stairs in his eagerness not to miss his opportunity to walk home with Amelia Whiting. It is certainly true that they laughed, but he was content, for he won. He never repented of his ardor.

New England was in those days separated from central New York by a distance which seemed wider than the continent does now. Amelia Whiting came from a home where she was accustomed to have many about her, from a community full of the activity which belongs to a new town seeking to win its place in the esteem of a progressive region. She had grown up under the influence of a less severe method of training than had belonged to the household on the farm, where her husband spent his boyhood. I have wondered whether, when, her first New England winter came on, she felt that it compared very favorably with some of the social experiences which she had passed through. I would give a great deal to know what were the sensations which she felt at her first introduction to her new home. As she came up the hill and looked at the house among the trees, she could hardly fail to be charmed. As she entered, I think she was pleased. But if her heart did not sink when she groped her way down the stairs to that kitchen, it was because love had for the time being blinded her eyes. Those stairs were one of the few things which in after days she learned to hate, and she did it cordially. And when afterwards she found her way back again and tried the second flight up to the chambers, I think she only laughed. Never were such chambers, I believe, seen before. There wasn't a window in one of them out of which you could look from the floor. For the windows were put in where it was thought they would look well from the outside. The roof of the stately piazza, which was such a feature, must not be broken for them. They had to be placed above it. The result was that on the inside they

were at about the height of a man's head. So, under each window there was built a platform on to which you could climb, if ambitious to look out, but when it was time to sleep you felt somewhat as if you went to bed in a well.

The house was planned to be architecturally proper on the outside, and to have on the inside one floor which should be impressive, but, evidently, it had been rather arranged to keep on its company manners than to be a constant joy to its mistress. But whatever may have been her thoughts as she contemplated those chambers, I have not the slightest doubt that she came down again to think how much there was which was attractive on the main floor and on the outside. If her heart ever failed her there is no record of it left in the recollection of her family. She took what came to her and made the best of it. She made the best of that house until she transformed it into a new creation, but at her first coming she could not realize what she was to do. And he, I have no question, followed her about, pleased with her pleasure, pointing out the beauties of the place, for beautiful it surely was, but placidly unconscious of the drawbacks which must have impressed her. He would have been most eager to provide for her whatever she wanted, but he was possessed of enough human nature to be dull to recognize all the wants which might belong to natures different from his own. At all events, I can affirm that they both admired and loved the place, but it was more satisfactory to him than to her. He chose it for the beauty of the situation and for the general attractiveness of the location. Whether it was more or less convenient than other houses, I feel confident he never questioned. Of its particular inconveniences I am still more sure he did not dream. He bought it after a manner which betokened his true professional instinct, with a mortgage almost as big as the house itself. He was full of hope and confidence. The future looked full of promise to him. His experience was small and his anticipations large. Why should he not select his home, giving larger heed to the bright invitation of his faith than to the wavering suggestions of his caution?

He was passing rich on an expected salary of a thousand dol-

lars a year. After living according to his modest ambitions, he could see a generous margin left with which to pay his debt. But, alas, his expectation was disappointed, and, meanwhile, the claims upon him were increasing. They began their life together at Amherst just as the college was entering on its period of deep depression. In a few years the salary was less than half of what had been promised him, and they had three healthy boys, and before many years there were four, to feed and clothe For a family in the pinched condition in which they were placed, it was a hard burden to pay taxes and interest, and make ordinary repairs upon a house. How could they think of trying to pay debts? The salary seemed many a year to grow so small that their eyes and hearts ached as they watched it lest it should disappear, but they never lost courage, and, what is more, never lost cheerfulness, as they went on paying the mortgage off. And I can myself remember how, eighteen years later, the Greek professor had at last an opportunity to express his joy that he had paid off the debt on his home.

And it is a wonder to me that he ever paid it at all. His purchase of the place was an indication of his instinctive fondness for fine things. To be sure, his taste in this direction had been well pruned and pinched back by circumstances so that he was too well-disciplined to be extravagant, but, if he could catch himself off his guard, he took kindly to devising liberal things. He loved to make his plans without everywhere contracting his views, and in his desire for a beautiful location he did not give as anxious consideration as he might to the narrowness of his means. I am quite sure that he would never have paid for it if he had not had a wife more careful and practical than he. When his eyes became open to the astonishing inconveniences of the house and the burdens which it was throwing upon her, he felt quite as much as she did that changes must be made, though there was little money with which to build over old houses. That salary seemed to wither and shrivel under the demands which were made upon it, and then it quickly grew absolutely smaller as the prosperity of the college was found to be waning. It was a struggling institution, which means very little with regard to

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THE OLD HOME IN WINTER

the organization; the real significance is in the fact that when the institution struggles, a lot of human beings are under it, lifting and gasping for life. So the professors and their families were struggling to keep the college alive. The burden fell heavily upon my mother, who had not been trained to this severe economy. She had come from one of the flourishing towns of New York State, where men were accustomed to eat more and laugh more, to soften life with rather more indulgences and enjoyments, than in the New England villages. She was merry and young when she came to Massachusetts, but her eye soon caught the meaning of life as it was to be for her. First in all her thoughts was her husband and his position. I never knew one human being more devoted to the interests of another than was she to him. The work and care which he had undertaken impaired his health. He must have the change in vacation, the variety of a journey, some little treat. But where was the money to come from? oh, it would come all right! There was something he had earned by preaching. Why, it was as if for that very need! But it was long since she had had a new dress. She did not want a new dress. Everything was just according to her needs. Everybody knows how it is between a man and a woman in such cases. The man yields and the woman takes down the old dress to see what can be done to it next.

She was indeed a woman of queer wants; that is, it used to strike me so in later days when I got around to make observations. There would be something which it was evident she must have, she could not do without it, and then three small boys would come in with their various wants and she had no need of anything; her wants had all vanished. And then, if there was something special provided for the table and those hungry boys were just savage in their readiness to attack it, she did not care for it at all, would just take a morsel to see how it tasted, but the common every-day fare was just what suited her. I used to wonder what it meant, but the recording angel never got a chance to put it down as an untruth, for it all turned to truth in her heart as she said it.

It is surely one of the mysteries of life how it was managed.

The barrel of meal did not waste and the cruse of oil did not fail. The hungry boys always had enough to eat, and sometimes too much, and one by one the indispensable conveniences were introduced into the house, and the requisite additions made, so that it came out quite suitable for habitation. She was not afraid of trouble or effort when she saw an opportunity to get rid of permanent disadvantages, and no spirit of conservatism stood in the way of making helpful changes. She enjoyed planning how to reconstruct the house, and had a keen eye for slight modifications which would improve the rooms. She would meditate on changing doors and windows and introducing innovations which the comfort of the family required, and would get no inconsiderable compensation in the pleasure of planning. It was her way of enjoying that creative instinct with which humanity is endowed by nature. But she had sufficient imagination to see in advance how her new structure was to look, independence to work out her suggestions with very little help from others, good judgment to recognize just how far it was best to go, and business sagacity to execute what she had planned even though the available resources were meagre. It was she who arranged it from beginning to end and showed her husband, even though he was at times inclined either from temperament or apprehension of difficulties to be somewhat unbelieving, how it could all be done. She calculated the cost, rearranged her scheme if it was likely to be too expensive, found the builders who would do the work for the proper price, and came out with the confession from the unbelieving that she had never made a change which was not an improvement both in appearance and convenience and worth more than it had cost. In those years of poverty and difficulty, the building was all made over, the worst of its inconveniences were banished, the outward appearances made more attractive than in the days of its pristine symmetry, and, what is more wonderful, the debt was also paid, though to this day I have never been able to see how it was done.

It goes without saying, that it was a long and toilsome experience, with the waiting far worse than the work. For years of their early housekeeping there was no place to store the wood

with which to fight the New England winter nearer than the barn, which was some rods away. The architect of the house had not been willing to mar its appearance by attaching to it anything so unsightly as a woodshed. The building of that unornamental but highly important adjunct of a home was delayed for years as they struggled under the burdens which they had assumed. I was old enough to remember it when it was at length achieved. Then after they had lived in the house almost twenty years, other changes were gradually made. The sacred line of the piazza was broken and an addition was made on the same level as the main floor to make a kitchen and dining room which were accessible and cheerful. I recall how many family councils we all held, but especially the mother and children, how many measurements were made that the smallest possible amount of building might give the needed conveniences and comforts. I do not believe it could have been done with one piece of board or one brick less. She knew just what had to be done; she watched it all to see that it would meet her needs, and, more than all, she figured it all out how it could be paid for and the family fed at the same time. It was not a simple process of economizing, of taking care merely to cut your garment according to your cloth. It required constant care in a multitude of different directions. She could not get her housekeeping money, so much for a week or a month, and stop when that was spent. Almost everything which was bought was charged at the stores, and once or twice a year the bills would be sent in, long accounts, looking like a man's life record to remind him of the day of judgment. To keep such watch that those bills, covering the unnumbered requirements of a family by no means deficient in enterprise in using things up, should tally with the money which would be left when the improvements and necessary cash claims had taken out their share, that was financiering and bookkeeping worthy of a specialist. And she was the one who watched these growing obligations that they might not eat each other up. The accounts were made to come out all right, but it was by one of the most marvelous combinations of faith and works that I have ever been permitted to witness.

The house was bought largely furnished, and supposed to be at once ready for its inhabitants. As it stood upon a hill there were naturally many beautiful glimpses of scenery to be obtained from different points on the piazza which surrounded it. The view toward the northwest was peculiarly fine. You could look out over the rich fields of the Connecticut Valley, with trees scattered here and there, covered with freshest green in spring time, growing more sober as summer advanced, and then in the autumn covering themselves with an indescribable variety of brilliant colors, as if Nature were bent upon proving that with all of the uniformity of her laws she could indulge in infinite changes of ornamentation. And over this foreground which seemed never twice to be the same the eye passed to the sloping hills on the other side of the river, dotted with white houses and flecked with smooth fields and rough woodlands, and rested beyond upon the heights which look down into the valley of the Deerfield. Strangers were taken to look out over that scene as one of the best treats of hospitality which could be offered them, and friends of the house took a last view of it ere they went away, that they might carry its impression as a part of their remembrance of the house. It was a landscape full of gentleness in summer time. But in the winter from the wild snows of those same heights the wind came howling across the open fields, never finding an obstruction to check its onward rush until it struck that house upon the hill. That was a north-west exposure and all the blizzards made that house their target with little to temper them or soften their attack. And even within the defences were painfully inadequate. Furnaces were not known in the villages in those days. The houses were not heated, only small spots inside of them. The halls were as cold as the winds could make them. That was what halls were supposed to be for. The chambers took the temperature of the hall or the outside world, whichever was the colder. The only means of heating the spots which were theoretically intended to be warm were open Franklin stoves. It has all my life marred my respect for Franklin to think that he could have supposed he could get the better of a New England winter with such feeble instruments as those. But the attitude of the men who thought to warm

that house with them was far more preposterous. In later days, when air-tight stoves began their triumphant progress in New England, the whole face of the struggle with winter was changed, but my early recollections connect themselves with the open fire. We hugged it close. The radiation was largely cut off in the foreground by the reserved places given to boys' boots. Of course everything gravitated to that particular spot which was within reach of the fire. I wonder if it didn't make her tired. She never said so.

The manner of life was straitened in many ways. A family of small children will generally keep a mother from running about after much variety beyond what they can furnish. In the small village there is not very much to run for at the best. But this house was not even in the village. The snow drifts in winter lay deep over the eighth of a mile of road which separated it from the nearest house on the way to town, and generally convinced the lady of the house that she had better stay at home. Snow speaks very expressively of loneliness. That place on the hill, with the grove about it, must have seemed in the winter very much aside. Yet I do not think it was until long years later, when the family was so scattered, that I ever heard her speak of the place as lonely, even in the snowy winter.

Those drifts which gathered around the house and filled the road between us and the village, and which, if we dug or ploughed them out, piled in with increased fierceness and packed themselves more closely as if in spite, or challenging us to try it over,—these deep snows had further effects upon domestic life. The need of keeping up a constant battling with storms impels one to dress rather for service than for show, and makes it the peculiar virtue of foot gear to be impregnable rather than beautiful. It is a tendency which would manifest itself especially with boys. The boots which we wore in winter were made with little reference to the foot and with none at all to form. They were fortifications, with abundant outworks, against storms. When on dry land we moved with something of the same awkwardness as is characteristic of marine animals who feel called upon occasionally to come ashore. We thumped about the house in blissful indifference to the noise which we were making. If we were asked to be careful

we made the matter worse. There was in our minds a conventional notion about going on tip-toe, but if we tried it we only thumped the more, with an occasional stumble as an extra. To be sure there was a theory about wearing slippers in the house, but the idea of putting it in practice was too much for boy human nature to tolerate. I have often wondered how parents ever endured it, but they bore it and held their peace.

The life of a professor in Amherst College fifty or sixty years ago was quite different from what it would be today. The college was then much more intimately connected with the life about it. It had been founded by the labors and sacrifices of the people, and pre-eminent in this work had been the people of Amherst. They felt a keen interest in the college,—and believed that they had a right to,—based upon the conviction that it belonged to them and that they had a certain claim upon all its members. There were occasional manifestations of friction when town and gown arrayed themselves against each other, but these were a sort of family dispute, testifying to the intimacy which existed between them, resulting in a better understanding and drawing them together rather than driving them apart. Those were democratic days, and men had very little conventional rating in society. Nobody was very rich, and few were rich even according to the moderate standard of those times, and, on the other hand, few were very poor. Servants for indoor and outdoor work were hard to find, and hardly worth having if obtained. Whoever bought goods at the stores, whether they were large or small of bulk, fetched them home as best he could. I remember as a small child tugging with my brother as for life to draw a bag of flour up the hill on a sled. It was village life with much of primitiveness. Side walks and roads reminded one of the little girl of poetic fame,—"When they were bad they were horrid." Sociability was limited, and yet the village was full of neighborly kindness. The narrow limits of society encouraged individual peculiarities, and it has seemed to me that there were in those days more odd specimens of humanity to be met in Amherst than in any other community which I have ever known. So the place was remarkable both for uniformity and for variety. It had many comforts, and a good assortment of discomforts. But I do not think that either

my father or mother ever had a desire to live elsewhere. They never quarreled with their neighbors nor with their lot.

My mother, while she had delightful friends, was kept thus by circumstance largely occupied with home duties. There was always abundant occupation for each one who could do anything, and yet it never made the impression of being a home of drudgery. My father kept assiduously at work during the earlier part of the day, and in his first connection with the college, until education had converted the authorities from some of the follies of tradition, he began his labors at a very early hour. In the days of my first remembrance, the college work was arranged, subordinating all other things to the grand principle of having a symmetrical division of the day. Three recitations were appointed for the students, and as those were the good old times when all the students were fed alike, that they might grow great together, this meant all the college at uniform hours and places. And apparently in obedience to the principle that the mental should always have precedence of the physical, these exercises were arranged to come just before the daily meals, one before breakfast, one before dinner and the third before supper. Those were the days when students were divided into three classes, those who rose long enough before the time of prayer to dress properly, those who specialized on quick dressing for chapel, and those who were cultivating the habit of going with scanty preparation. The most prominent electives of the college course were thus the ways of going to prayers. My father was a man of proper regularity, and I can recall how he used to start for his work before five o'clock in the morning, returning after an hour and a half or two hours for his breakfast. That was supposed to be one of the inherent principles of scholarly life,—to violate the ordinary laws of sleep. It was accepted as a truth beyond dispute that a student should have less sleep than a man who worked with his hands or was engaged in ordinary occupations. Apart from the hours of his recitations, my father was almost always at home. He never lost his fondness for the open fires, and as long as he retained his full vigor, seldom, especially if at work, cared for more heat than they would give. He would sit at his writing-table with his feet close to the embers, with the

air of the room so chilly that none of the family would be content to sit there, even if we had been wanted. His only companion was the cat, who loved at such times to sit on his knee, and he would drive his pen all the forenoon, or, if perchance he must attend a recitation in the middle of the day, until there was scanty time to reach the college, and then there would be hurrying and scurrying for hat and coat and gloves, perhaps for his book, which he was sure was not where he left it. And always in the nick of time his watchful wife would appear, and the book would come promptly to hand, and the door would slam vigorously behind him as he started on a trot down the hill. He never went to his recitations with deliberate walk. He had cultivated a peculiar quickstep, a running movement which was all his own and which was used to save the precious minutes, until it became to him almost a second nature. He knew exactly, it seemed even to a word, how long he could sit at his table and write, and then reach college before the boys could get away from him.

In the afternoon, and to a considerable extent in the evening, he was apt to read, much of the time aloud, with my mother as a listener. The evenings were not in those days what they have become in more modern times, as the problem of artificial light was very far from being solved. The whale-oil lamp was the only expedient for relieving the darkness, and it was a very partial relief. It was only one step better than the home-made tallow candle and that step was not a long one. Two small wicks gave each about as much light as a match. The eyes began soon to rebel at attempting to do anything in such dimness, and you laboriously pushed the wick up by skilful manipulation of a pin or a pen knife until the lamp smoked. This became presently offensive to the nose and you worked away at the wick again until it sulked and threatened to go out. With such light, reading and study through a long evening seemed wearisome, especially as the oil was not inexpensive, and to use two lamps at once was regarded, if not extravagance, at least heedlessness of good economy. History has learned to look with great sympathy and admiration on the ambitious country boy who has been so eager to get his education as to study by the light of pine knots, but pine

knots could not fail to be brilliant in comparison with whale-oil lamps. Still our evenings were not spent in gloom. The boys were in general required to be at home after dark. Only exceptionally was it expected that we would ask permission to spend the evening with a neighboring boy. Three or four boys together would, of course, give considerable variety to an evening's employment. Quite frequently some student would call and my father and mother always encouraged their coming, welcomed them when they appeared and did not hasten their departure. They sat and ate apples with us,—apples were the unfailing sign of hospitality,—and so the evening passed pleasantly away. But with it all there was much time left for reading, and this was the great resource. My father had to read his new sermon or lecture or article for the press to get my mother's opinion. They both knew what the opinion would be, but still she had her suggestions to make, and in the end they both agreed that it was about right. And then through all conditions and employments, there were never less than two or three books on hand in process of being read. There was always an atmosphere of books about the house, whatever else might be lacking. They read together and they read separately. Busy as my mother was, it seems to me that she was rarely without an open book within reach of her eye or hand that she might snatch a little reading in the passing moments which she could command. Those moments seemed all too few. Besides all the rest, she had four boys to mend for. The mending and reading were the two things which never came to an end where she was. If she was not technically learned, there were some branches of literature in which she was the acknowledged authority in the household. She loved especially to read biographies, and, though her home was in a quiet country village, she gained through her books a very wide acquaintance, and though her employments had to be of a homely charcater, while her fingers were occupied patching the worn garments of a straitened household, she was really associating with the best people of the wide world.

I always knew that she was busy, but as I look back now I wonder how half of the things were ever done which were assuredly brought to pass. A family of children will ordinarily take

up a careful mother's time with all which servants can do to help thrown in, but she did it all herself. The time had come when very few Yankee women would think of going out to service, and the foreigners were few in number and without training or desire to learn. The lady of the house had to furnish most of the brains, and a goodly portion of the energy for the kitchen. But my mother was quick of hand and cheerful of heart, and she never let the work get the better of her. Down at the foot of the hill just outside of the grove there was a garden of the old-fashioned sort, laid out with an elaborateness which corresponded with the intended dignity of the house, with long borders filled with those flowers of stately, yet comfortable bearing, which in those good old days belonged to all respectable gardens. I remember also that there were long paths and vegetable beds to be kept free from weeds. Ah me, often in my dreams to this day I find myself at work in that old garden. And my mother loved to find time, and succeeded in finding time, to look after her flowers and even take part in caring for them. My father used also to expend some labor there, but with him it seemed more from a sense of duty, or because she was there and wanted help. Yet he could not well avoid finding a good many hours of busy employment. The place was large, and there were not many dollars to spare in hiring workmen to keep it in order. The spirit of the times, moreover, enforced the idea that a healthy Yankee should be ready to turn his hand to everything. It was not good form for a professional man to be too professional. So his industry took on many forms, though he had perhaps somewhat worn out his love for farming in his early days. And both indoors and out the boys were taught to work. Regular duties were assigned to everyone, and they were trained to do things in the proper way and at the proper time. Most of the time we had a horse, if not a horse and cow, and had to learn to take care of them. There was always something to be done on the place. When the hay was to be cut, a man was hired for the mowing and heavy work, but we all had our parts to perform, and so generally we were expected to do what we could. We passed our time, in fact, in work and study and play and sleep, but of these I am bound to say the work got decidedly the smaller proportion of attention.

It was one of the advantages of the simple life of those days that there were few distracting influences, and it was natural to have common interests. We learned to do our work together, a plan which was especially encouraged by my parents. One of the chief recollections of my early days is of my father moving about on the place, with two or three children following him continually and getting under his feet. So in all of our experience, whether we helped or hindered, he almost never lost his patience. In fact, I think there was no characteristic belonging to him which impressed me more deeply than the surprising equability of his temper, often under circumstances where I apprehended that he would be angry. It is perhaps significant that the few occasions which I can recall when he showed rising irritability were connected with the care of the place. He had not so much pure love for that occupation. My mother, on the other hand, would set her boys to digging and would dig with them with an admirable semblance of liking it, whether she did or not, and sometimes meeting with the remonstrance that she loved work but they didn't. The boys were probably right in this allegation. She had perhaps assumed this attitude of devotion to what she had in hand until it had become second nature, or she may have received it as first nature. What fell to her lot she took with contentment until she could find something better. She would not under any circumstances sulk over her labor, but always helped herself by cheerfulness. It was characteristic of her that she loved to sing while at her work. We knew where she was by listening for her voice, as upstairs and down there came bits of hymns and fragments of old songs. She dropped them all unconsciously, but we always expected to find them. They guided us as surely as an Ariadne's thread. That music is all mixed in with my boyish associations. There are certain airs in which every note is loaded with recollections of those days. I can shut my eyes now and hear her singing and see her moving so quietly and yet so quickly about the house.

There were plenty of reminders in those days that life was real and earnest, but that does not mean that life was all work. We had our regular duties to perform, but a fair allowance of time was always left to us for our play, and it was so far admitted as

reasonable that we should enjoy this better than the work that we were not dealt with severely because our love of fun crowded our sense of duty. But we understood that the work had to be done. During the larger part of the year our time was, of course, to a considerable extent, spent in school. It was always my father's preference that we should attend the public schools and their sessions occupied six hours of the day, three in the morning and three in the afternoon. There never was any question in the family that the children were all to go to college. We were left very largely to reach our own conclusions as to what we should prefer to do in life, but in any case it was a foregone conclusion that the college training was to come first. It was not always easy to find a place for us after we had gained our primary schooling. The old academy maintained a fitful existence when the sense of need roused the people to make special exertion and set the institution going. At times the town could be pressed to provide a high school for a term or two. When both failed, some private teacher might be found. So, by various expedients, we were one by one brought to where, by a year at Williston Seminary, we could be made ready for college. But whatever were the difficulties it was never hinted that any one of the boys should cut short his course. It was furthermore the conviction of our parents that a modern language should be learned in early years. A wandering Frenchman could always get encouragement at our house, if he would teach his mother language to the boys, and a college student who was proficient could have his board for keeping up this training. Two of the family were sent for a winter's schooling in Canada that they might gain proficiency in speaking French. I have never been able to reason it out where the extra dollars came from for these indulgences. It required figuring, and we know who did it.

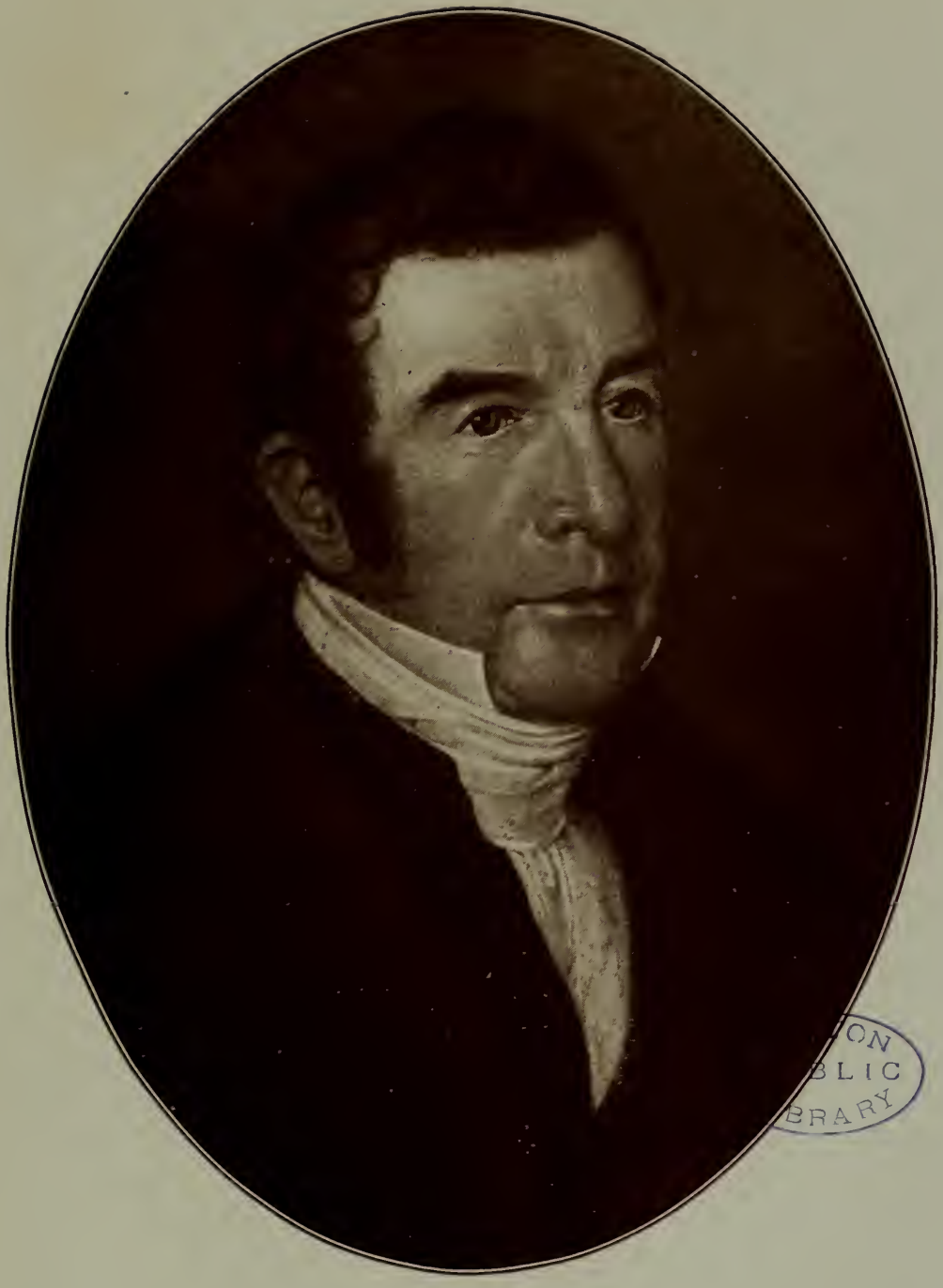
In all the thoughts of our life in those days, the college occupied a very peculiar supremacy. The professors of that day had nursed the institution through its feebleness into life, and had put so much of themselves into it, that they did not think that it belonged to them, but that they belonged to it. It was one of the supreme principles in the minds of both of my parents that they were there as laborers for the college, and its interests were to be

kept always in the front. It was in a manner a subtle impression pervading all the family that it had a mission, and common interests were all to be subordinated to that work of the college, and everything must be made to contribute to my father's efficiency there. The college was for the purpose of building up the best manhood in the students, to stimulate and help them to the largest possible life. My father never dreamed that his duty was performed if he merely taught his classes their lessons in Greek, and my mother ever thought of herself as having responsibilities connected with the college. The students were always welcome at the house. They were more than welcome; their acquaintance and friendship were earnestly desired and sought. The teaching continued in the home. Teaching is largely a matter of personal attachment, and this was secured quite as much outside of the class room as in. The result of this friendly association was often found in intimacies and friendships which could never be broken as long as life continued. These graduates whom my father and mother then learned to love were continually coming back, and their calls, or longer visits, were received with ever increasing satisfaction. The attractive influence of the college and of the members who were gathered there was also continually bringing to Amherst men of prominence from all over the land. With some my father would become acquainted by correspondence and afterward have the pleasure of welcoming them in his home. There was, in fact, a continuous procession of pleasant people going in and out from the house and helping to dispel the atmosphere of drudgery and hardship which might be in danger of gathering there. The house might well be said, I think, to be given to hospitality. It was anticipated in society, as it was then organized, that people who floated into a college town, led by education or religion, would be pretty generally entertained by the officers of the college. The teachers in such an institution were supposed to be so affluent and so enthusiastic that they would readily keep any men who could talk about subjects in some way related to their pursuits. My father and mother were willing to do their part to uphold this idea. They appreciated some manifest advantages in it for it brought them some most delightful friendships. It was a characteristic of the times that, while in

those days men travelled less than they do now, they formed more attachments where they went. To ministers and teachers the house was always open, so that their visits were more frequent than those of relatives. But above all others, missionaries were counted welcome. It would have been reckoned a misfortune not to have them come. To the minds of my parents the most holy office in the world was that of the missionary, and they esteemed so highly association with these workers that their visits were believed to enrich the house more than pieces of richly wrought furniture. They might stay for weeks together without danger of wearing their welcome out. In the information which they were able to bring, in the spirit which they exhibited, and in the claim which they had in their calling, they had abundant security that they would not weary their entertainers.

There were many of them with whom my parents were intimately associated. Dr. Justin Perkins, so long a successful laborer in Persia, was a fellow student of my father, and his predecessor as a teacher in Amherst Academy.. Dr. Benjamin Schneider, associated for more than forty years with the work in Turkey, was a class-mate and room-mate. Dr. Daniel Bliss, President of the Protestant College at Beriut, my father almost felt he had sent out from his own family. There are many others whose names suggest themselves in the same connection, but I will not enumerate them. He loved to remember them as friends, and keep in communication with them by correspondence, and they and their associates, and especially their children, were encouraged to think of Amherst and my father's house as one of their homes.

The social life of those days had some decided advantages. There was less of conventionality than now, but more time and better opportunity for making lasting friendships. People took their simple teas together with the manifest impression that the being together was the main thing. They made social calls or visits in a way which was sure to cultivate lasting friendships. There were some special occasions like the Thanksgiving days when families were re-united, and when neighbors came together in the evening to cement their friendly interest, when there was a spirit of kindly intimacy whose fragrance ,once enjoyed, can never be forgotten. Such associations are perhaps especially natural in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a community of such common interests as is found in connection with a college. I have a feeling at all events that the social life of Amherst half a century ago had some features of rare attractiveness, and in these my father and mother took peculiar delight.

But it was at the annual commencement season that Amherst reached the climax of its social advantages, and then the members of the faculty revelled in opportunities to meet delightful friends. It was expected as a matter of course that the homes of those who were connected with the college would be filled with those who came for the anniversary. Thursday was the day of graduation, and two or three days was the least which could be given to such an occasion, and the orthodox method was to come before the previous Sunday. Amherst was so poorly connected with the outside world that any one coming there would wish to spend some days in compensation for the effort. The village was so small that the people could have been in no way accommodated if the professors had not helped to their utmost. So on these occasions, when the tribes went up and the feast of tabernacles required that all possible space should be provided, children slept in closets, on sofas, on the floor, anywhere, and the house was given to the guests. It was a time of most pleasurable excitement for old friendships were renewed and fresh ones were made, and on the enjoyments thus gathered the people lived for many a day. Not only were a chosen number entertained in the house, but according to the New England style of hospitality, the house was filled for one of more evenings with people invited to tea, which meant that they sat in social groups and were served with biscuits and cake and tea and preserves and such other things as Yankee ingenuity could invent and Yankee ideas of propriety would tolerate . Here it was that my mother was in her element. Servants were scarce, but the boys could be utilized and thought it was fun. It was a method which fulfilled its purpose, for it brought pleasant people together in a pleasant way. The strangers and friends who were thus brought to the house left in it an influence of culture and grace, an atmosphere of thought, worth more than if it had been an abode of wealth.

With progress of time, the character of the house had been gradually changing. It had been built to emphasize certain feat-

ures, subordinating questions of comfort to claims of theory. On the main floor of the house the architect had lavished all his thought. At all events, the other rooms were so inconvenient as to injure the impression of homeliness and perhaps even to suggest that the feeling of the stranger was more to be considered than that of the family. In early years the household lived mostly in those four rooms. But the house must perforce put on a homelike expression if it was to live with its present owners. So the great roof with its frowning, overbearing look was broken through with numerous windows and the whole upper floor was flooded with light. And as the days of my father and mother grew shorter, they moved up to stay more and more in the sunshine. They established their places where the fullness of light could continually fall upon them, and they found that those windows through the roof had opened to them one of the most beautiful views in Amherst, and perhaps in the world. And the last recorded change in the old house, made by the same thoughtful mind which had all through the years been reconstructing that building into a truer home, made when my father was no longer there to enjoy it with her, was to make a little more space for the window where she loved to sit, that more abundant sunshine might come in and that she might get a broader outlook. So, I say, that house, at all events, had character.

My father and mother lived for upwards of fifty-six years in the house where they began their married life. I hesitate a little at saying the same house, for, like the sacred ship of the Athenians, it had been remodelled and changed until it was hard to say how much of the original building still remained. Once, in their old age, a goodly portion of it was burned out, but they put it back as it was before. They could never have borne the thought of any sudden alterations, but they loved to make them gradually so as never to disturb the home feeling. They adapted it to their wants and adapted themselves to it, so that it seemed a part of their life. If they went away they kept a sort of consciousness that they had left their shell behind them. In the midst of this changeable age they seemed to crave no change except as going away gave them the pleasure of coming back again. They lived in old-fashioned contentment, working together, leaning on one

another, each fully engaged in what the other was doing. For the comfort which they enjoyed and the success which they achieved, they each held the other pre-eminently responsible. It was out of the depth of his conviction that he said on the day when he had been married fifty years, that, if he had done anything in the world, it was because he had the best wife in the world. And if she laughed when he said it, it was not because she was questioning whether it was true, but she cared very little about the rest as long as he felt that it was so.

As I think of my mother, I am at a loss whether I should speak of her life as of a usual or unusual character. There was perhaps little which was very peculiar in the experiences which she had to encounter. Life brought to her a goodly number of opportunities for self-denial, of difficulties to overcome, but such as these have been much harder to escape than to find in a land like ours. Multitudes of homes have taught lessons of toil and patience, and self-sacrifice, of frugality and ingenious enterprise and success. People expect to meet difficulties in life, and would be ashamed to say that they have not the courage to face them, and the ability to overcome them. My mother found her thoughts and her hands very busy in caring for her family, she had anxieties to meet, she felt deeply the responsibility of bringing up her children, but all this constitutes what is usual, hardly what is uncommon in life. And yet, as I see the spirit which controlled her, the character which as the long years went by was gradually revealing itself in the expression of her life, I cannot but feel that whether or no her experience should be called peculiar, it was surely peculiarly interesting. Her's was a normal, healthful spirit, perhaps so much so as to give a peculiar quality to her life.

It was a household characterized by a good deal of close economy, as, of course, it had to be, where the head of the family was a poor professor in a poor college. But economy was a far more common virtue then than it is now and what was rank extravagance in those days would count for frugality in ours. Fires to heat a whole house were seldom dreamed of. It was as much as could be expected to warm (and that very imperfectly) the spot where the family were sitting. Heat was for constant use, not to be wasted. Extra light was disapproved of; the waste even of a

match was to be avoided. Incomes were generally small. I can remember very well hearing one of the largest business men of Amherst say, that, when he was obliged to go to New York, he must arrange his business so as to complete it in the shortest possible time, for his board cost him two dollars a day while in the city. It was evidently a staggering expense to the man who complained of it, and to us who listened to his remark it seemed almost incredible that such expenditure could be indulged in. Those were times of simple living, and my native town was a simple community. And yet with all the economy which was practiced in our home it does not leave upon my mind the impression of ungenerous or stinted supply of our wants. I think there was always somewhat an air about the house of devising liberal things. Social life was by no means abjured, and hospitality was not curtailed. And the planning and arranging for it all came from my mother. It, of course, laid heavy burdens upon her, but she never seemed in danger of being made a drudge. She carried on her work healthily and happily, and her cheerfulness seldom failed her.

She might be anxious over the future when she felt that she was still making it and the burden of responsibility rested on her, but when a decision had been reached, when she faced not problems and theories, but facts, then she showed her resources. She lost no time or strength regretting the past. She took things as they were and made the best of them. She had a talent for getting the best out of things. She could see blue sky if there was anywhere in the heavens a thin split in the clouds. She walked on the shady side of the street in summer and on the sunny side in winter. She moved about in the rooms of the house selecting those to live in at each particular season which she felt were for the time most comfortable and cheerful. She loved to have guests at her table, and if they came suddenly she was wont to remark that what was enough for six was always enough for seven. In her times of anxiety she had a quiet faith that when she had done what she could she need not fear for the result. She found this philosophy so true that she had increasing faith as the years advanced. I can see very distinctly that her tendency to worry grew less and less. She said, indeed, that experience had so many times proved that her fears were unnecessary, that

she felt it was a sin not to be hopeful for the future. In her later years, as she was able to go abroad less, she had the more time for reading, and had a circle of acquaintances in her books selected from the wisest and noblest of all ages and all lands. She was especially fond of biographies, and had a way of following the history of those of whom she read as if they were personal friends, meeting and greeting her in all her literary walks. So her intellect and her interests were never dulled as she grew old.

It was a quiet spirit of rest and cheer which I think especially characterized her last years. When we told her how anxious we were to have her continue to live, she expressed satisfaction in being with her children and grandchildren as long as she could be of use, but insisted that life would be a burden if she should become helpless and dependent. She rejoiced in two respects in the little property which she and her husband had saved: first, that she could provide for herself. Then, she said, if I have anything to leave to you boys, you can take comfort in this, if there isn't much, there isn't a dirty dollar in it. During the last months of her life, she went on with the same quiet philosophy, never speaking of any eagerness to be through, nor of any ecstatic longings for death, but remarking occasionally that she should not stay long and that she thought she had lived long enough. And she fell in to her last sleep so quietly that we hardly knew she was gone, and almost her last words, as had been those of her husband, were of her delight in the old home to which she came as a bride sixty-five years before.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. TYLER AND MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

By Miss Louise F. Cowles, Professor of Geology at Mount Holyoke College.

In the history of any institution organized and conducted for the public good, none bear a more important part than its trustees. Mount Holyoke College cannot over-estimate its debt to those who have protected and guided its interests through more than sixty eventful years; and among these no name is more revered and honored than that of Dr. William S. Tyler.

From the time when it was announced, "Prof. Tyler has been made a trustee," his visits were always anticipated with pleasure, as those of a friend who felt special interest in the welfare of the institution. Some still remember the keen anxiety with which, in 1874, we awaited the announcement of the successor to our sainted Dr. Kirk, as President of the Board of Trustees. For nearly twenty years Dr. Kirk had gone in and out among us, always bringing with him a strength that was gathered, we knew, "from the hills." Who would—who could—"follow the King?" We soon learned that in Dr. Tyler was the same devotion of spirit, the same apprehension of Mary Lyon's great, far-reaching plan, the same love for souls, the same longing to see the strength and beauty of the Christ-spirit in educated womanhood. If he sometimes differed from others as to the methods by which these might be attained, it was always in the kindliest manner, and with quick recognition of the fact when experience had shown the judgment of others to be correct. His whole nature seemed imbued with the spirit of Him whose name is "Love."

Mrs. H. M. Gulliver, who was Principal at Mount Holyoke from 1867 to 1872, writing after the death of Dr. Tyler, said: "A man of many and great excellencies, a man greatly beloved of God, has been called to his reward after long years of wise and

faithful service. The world is poorer for his loss. A great vacancy is left in the circle of Mount Holyoke's friends and trustees. Many a Mount Holyoke woman will mourn his loss and recall the stimulus to a nobler life received from his thoughtful sermons and tender prayers. Through many years he has been to us a highly valued friend. We turned to him in times of perplexity, and for help when needed, and our confidence was not disappointed.

After the death of Deacon Porter, whose coming to us was always hailed as that of a father, and of Dr. Kirk whose ministrations in spiritual things were as choice gifts of God, we gave thanks that Dr. Tyler was still left to us. His memory will ever be precious and blessed. May like friends arise for Mount Holyoke in days to come."

Miss Anna Edwards, who was a teacher at Mount Holyoke during nearly all the time of Dr. Tyler's connection with the institution, and was for several years its Associate Principal, writes: "Dr. Tyler was elected trustee of Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1862, but had been numbered among its firmest friends almost, if not quite, from the beginning. When Miss Fisk returned to South Hadley from Persia she was very strongly impressed with his fitness for such a place, and it was through her personal solicitation, at least in part, that he was induced to accept the position. Once belonging to us, as it were, we could never after listen to any suggestion that he would like to resign. On the death of Dr. Kirk, in 1874, he became president of the Board, and thus continued for twenty years,—a critical period for Mount Holyoke—and only those who shared in the hard struggle that brought the institution up to public recognition as a college knew how well he served its interests. He could be relied on for wise counsel, for his was peculiarly that 'judging mind,' which he himself so admired in certain of the old Greek heroes, while at the same time he was ever our appreciative, sympathizing friend. He respected the work we were doing, and rejoiced in every sign of advance.

Some of us remember his air of amusement, after his lecture on the history of Israel in the time of Joshua and the

Judges, when the young ladies noticed that he omitted several pages of his manuscript, and inquired if those referred to the miracles recorded in that part of the Bible. His sermons, lectures and addresses, so freely given to us, were all adapted to awaken thought, and were models of the most careful preparation, while their evident aim was the real, spiritual good of his hearers. Of them all, nothing else equalled his effort at Mount Holyoke's Jubilee Commencement in 1887, and as such, it will have a lasting place in the annals of the institution.

A sad association is connected with the last time we remember seeing him in his accustomed place on the platform in the old Seminary Hall. It was Founder's Day; he had not been able to undertake active duty for some years, but now his kind face lighted up with real interest as he listened to all that was said, especially the bright remarks of one of the alumnae who had been called upon to speak. At the close he rose to pronounce the benediction, and as he lifted his hand the thought flashed upon our minds, 'he is the last of that noble band who knew and labored with Miss Lyon for Mount Holyoke. With him closes the first and ever remarkable chapter of its history.'"

The following is an extract from the Report of Pres. Elizabeth S. Mead to the trustees, written soon after Dr. Tyler passed from earth: "While Professor William S. Tyler will be known in the educated world from his connection with Amherst College, which he served with marked distinction and unfaltering loyalty, the record of his long and useful life would be sadly incomplete if the notable services which he rendered to Mount Holyoke should not be recognized with equal praise. He gave himself here no less loyally than to Amherst. This was not another work, but a precious part of his own work. His wisdom and experience gained elsewhere found here their ripest fruitage.

For thirty-six years he was a member of the Board of Trustees, beginning in 1862; twenty years, from 1874 to 1894, he was the honored President of the Board.

His counsel, aid and sympathy were freely given in the trying period of the development of the Seminary into the Col-

lege, and no one held its highest good and prosperity closer to his purpose than did Dr. Tyler during his long service.

What has been said of another, most fitly represents Dr. Tyler. 'He was wise, kind, genial, patient and just. His gracious presence and noble friendliness can never be forgotten. His more than eighty years were filled with a scholar's achievements and with the honors men pay to noble character."

Another, who has been for many years on the Mount Holyoke Faculty, Miss Mary A. Nutting, writes: "So many rare and noble traits characterized our late revered and beloved friend, Dr. Tyler, that one can hardly put into words what he was to us at Mount Holyoke. The news of his coming always made us glad. The informal little visits now and then, when, on some fine day, he would drive over with Mrs. Tyler in time for dinner and spend a few hours, were a great delight to us. It seemed almost like having one's father drop in, as we would gather around with our heartfelt welcome, and try to make the most of the opportunity. In his look and manner there was what won the confidence of even a stranger. He was at once so kindly and so sincere that one trusted him as a matter of course. We found him, too, so perfectly able to weigh the merits of any question laid before him, so candid in judgment, so wise in counsel, so ready to sympathize, whether in glad days, or sad and anxious ones! One coming to him personally felt all this only the more; he was very gentle and patient, as well as very wise and just. The course he advised seemed quite certain to prove the best."

These are only a few of the loving tributes that would be gladly paid to his memory.

Dr. Tyler's sermons, with which he occasionally favored us, always brought strength to our souls. Whether he came with the burden of one of the old prophets on his heart, or with a sweet gospel message from the great Teacher himself, we always knew and felt that the "live coal" from the altar had touched his lips. "Will a man rob God?" taken for his text, brought us all, from oldest to youngest, to a keen sense of accountability to our Maker and final Judge. "He loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins," opened up to

some of us, as never seen before, the wonderful father-love of that same just Being.

The occasion of one of his visits was the acquisition for our Art Gallery of a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," in the purchase of which he had been specially interested. None who listened to the talk he then gave us (he, in his modesty, would not have called it a sermon), will ever forget the new light thrown upon the event portrayed in that wonderful picture. He seemed to lead us, with reverent step, in company with those other disciples, up to the very Mount of God,—but while there we could only close our eyes in the presence of that transcendent glory. Then, with step as reverent, we came down with him to the suffering world below, to learn there that the poor we have always with us, and that the Christ-heart ever beats in sympathy with his needy, sin-sick world. It was a sermon, indeed, once heard, never to be forgotten.

As Dr. Tyler went in and out before us, we saw personified the truth of his own words: "The Christian is the highest type of man." Of our lamented Dr. Kirk he once said: "In prayer was the hiding of his power." The same must have been true of Dr. Tyler himself.

We never questioned his interest in Mount Holyoke, even when he could visit us but infrequently; and, when, in his address at the dedication of Williston Hall, he said, with great emphasis, "Nothing can be too good, nothing too beautiful for Mount Holyoke that the Lord chooses to give," our hearts grew warm and took courage from such proof of his interest and confidence in us.

One who was a privileged guest in his home during a certain commencement week were frequent witness to the hold he had on hearts, as shown in the many calls he received from former students. One after another they came to pay loving respect to their former teacher and friend. Young men, men in middle life, and those whose heads wore a crown almost, or quite, as white as his own,—all gave expression to the same sentiment, "I could not think of going away without seeing you, Dr. Tyler." So we can well understand what Dr. Herrick meant in his beau-

tiful tribute to him, when he said: "He has been the fixed star to which our eyes have turned, from whatsoever quarter of the world. To think of Amherst has been first and foremost to think of him."

"Don't hurry, and don't worry," were the fatherly words added to his benediction, when two of the Mount Holyoke faculty were saying farewell to him previous to a year's tour in Europe. How well he understood the need of just such caution, and showed this sensible, practical judgment by his advice!

The last time that the writer saw Dr. Tyler he was lying on the couch in his sunny room, quietly awaiting the summons that would call him to the Home above. It seemed the very "Chamber of Peace," and the farewell words of our long-time friend, "I can never go to Mount Holyoke again, but I can think of you there and pray for you" were like an echo from those of the beloved disciple, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

Students, alumnae, faculty, trustees of Mount Holyoke would reverently lay a fadeless wreath of love and gratitude above the earthly resting place of our sainted friend, and pray that one day we may be permitted to join with him in ascriptions of praise to One "who" alone "is worthy."

PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. TYLER AND SMITH COLLEGE.

By Rev. John M. Greene, D.D.

My Dear Professor H. M. Tyler:—

It gives me pleasure to comply with the request in your late letters, both from my high regard for your revered and honored father, and because the facts with regard to the founder, the friends and benefactors of any important institution ought to be known. We understand the Iliad better, and enjoy its enchanting scenes more, if we know its authorship and those who have been its admiring and devoted friends.

So far as my memory serves me, or my records go, the first interview I had with your father, with regard to Smith College, was held in Professor J. H. Seelye's study at his private residence, March 16, 1868. I had drawn up an outline or general plan of a woman's college, and had read it to Miss Smith, who expressed herself as much pleased with it. Together, we had fixed upon a board of eleven trustees, she naming the first three, and I naming the other eight. But, while drawing up the plan, I had encountered so much opposition to Miss Smith's giving the bulk of her property to the founding of a college in which young women should have advantages equal to those furnished young men in their colleges, that I was unwilling to go further, and allow the provisions of the paper to be incorporated into Miss Smith's will, until I had consulted some men in whose judgment in such matter I had confidence. Mr. Osmyn Baker, Miss Smith's financier, had called the scheme of a woman's college "visionary." Deacon George W. Hubbard, who was then Mr. Baker's clerk in the Smith Charities, applied to it the same epithet. Judge Forbes, who was Miss Smith's legal adviser, did not look with favor on the plan, though I have no adjective with which he characterized it. His name stood at the head of the list of trustees, but I was sure the enterprise would get no help

from him. He was present at the opening of the first meeting of the trustees, April 12, 1871, and was chosen the moderator, which office he accepted and held long enough for a secretary to be chosen and a prayer to be offered, when he took from his pocket his resignation, read it to the trustees and withdrew finally from the board. Mr. Baker was present at only one meeting, September 12, 1871, and he sent in his resignation May 6, 1872. Knowing the attitude of these men towards the college, I saw clearly the need of caution at every step.

Up to March 16, 1868, I had sought counsel from no one as to the need of a woman's college in our commonwealth. What I had heard from Mr. Baker and Deacon Hubbard had fallen from their lips as I met them incidentally, especially when the previous January I went, at Miss Smith's request, to Mr. Baker's office to learn from him the amount of her funds. March 10, 1868, I told Miss Smith I wanted to confer with Professors W. S. Tyler and J. H. Seelye with regard to the college. Their names stood on the list of trustees. She gave her consent, and March 16, 1868, I went to Amherst and spent an hour with them in Professor Seelye's study. I read my paper or general plan to them, the very paper which is in my possession now. They not only approved of the plan, but spoke of it in very high terms. Each of them made suggestions which I wrote into the paper then with a pencil and afterwards with a pen. Professor Seelye suggested that instead of Smith College the institution be called Sophia Smith College, and so I wrote it; and the will of July 11, 1868, was so written. Professor Tyler suggested that in one sentence "mental" take the place of "intellectual"; "evils" take the place of "vices"; "power for good" of "power." In three sentences they transposed a clause in a sentence. Their suggestions were valuable. The language of the paper was improved, though the provisions of it, saving the name, were unchanged. No sentence, or even a clause was inserted or deleted by them. No objection was made to locating in Hatfield, for the paper gave the trustees the whole town from which to select a site.

But Professor Tyler at once entered into the idea of a real

woman's college, or the idea entered into him, with an enthusiasm which it was beautiful and inspiring to behold. He did not take a cold or half-hearted attitude towards it, he did not wait to hear arguments in favor of it, but he immediately threw his arms, both arms, around it and said, "We have not in our whole country a real woman's college, we ought to have one, this plan promises to give us one, and I know it will succeed."

Words fail to tell what burden, not his words so much as his faith and zeal, lifted from my soul. Up to this time I had not heard much outside of my own home to encourage me; but here, in Professor Tyler, was a sublime faith combined with intense earnestness, which to me were harbingers of success. If I had had any fears and doubts as to the wisdom of this scheme for spending Miss Smith's money, I had none after that interview. All my life I had looked up to Professor Tyler as a wise and safe man to follow, and here he was with his soul ablaze with zeal in this cause. Before the paper was put into the hands of Judge Forbes and Deacon Hubbard to be cast into the form of a will, I did, by Miss Smith's permission, consult several other persons in whose wisdom I had confidence; but there was no one whose enthusiasm rose quite to the pitch of Professor Tyler's, and he inspired me with courage and determination to go forward because such a college was needed and its success was sure. When I afterwards reported to Miss Smith and to Mr. Baker and Deacon Hubbard what the Amherst professors and others thought of the scheme of a woman's college, Miss Smith was greatly pleased, and never to me did Mr. Baker or Deacon Hubbard again express any decided opposition to a woman's college. From my first interview with Professor Tyler he was wholly enlisted in the enterprise, and I do not think I ever met him after that when he did not make some inquiry, or offer some suggestion, about the expected woman's college.

Professor Tyler was also a powerful influence in effecting the change in location of the college from Hatfield to Northampton. He exerted his influence not upon Miss Smith, but, where it was especially needed, upon Deacon Hubbard. He never urged or wished that Northampton be the site of the college. What he

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really wanted was that the college be located in Amherst or South Hadley; but he unflinchingly maintained that the Main Street in Hatfield was not the place for it.

My plan reads: "I direct also that the college be located in Hatfield, my native town." That gives the trustees the whole town in which to choose a site. In the western part of the town is a beautiful rise of ground known as Camp-meeting Hill, where for a small sum, one hundred or five hundred acres of land could have been secured. This ground is free from fogs, not far from the railroad, sightly, rich in adjacent and distant scenery, and near enough the Connecticut River for boating. In my mind that was the place for the college.

But in the spring of 1868, Deacon Hubbard came into the possession of King's Hill, which is an elevation of ground a little beyond the north end of Main Street in Hatfield. It is understood by his friends that Deacon Hubbard, from the highest motives, persuaded Miss Smith, when he wrote the will, dated July 11, 1868, to locate the college on or near Main Street. That would virtually locate it on King's Hill. He certainly would not have taken any advantage of the trustees and made them pay an exorbitant sum for the site. He was not the kind of man to do that. Evidently he supposed he was doing a wise thing for the college, when he changed the location from "Hatfield," as my plan read, to "on or near Main Street, in Hatfield." After the college was, in the will, located there, Deacon Hubbard cleared off the wood and timber from King's Hill, apparently to get it ready for the use of the college.

Strictly speaking, King's Hill is not on Main Street. It is outside the old meadow gate, which legally, I suppose, terminated Main Street on the north, so that Deacon Hubbard stated the exact truth when he said to Professors Tyler and Seelye, "That there was nothing in the will that required it (the college) to be put on Main Street." In common parlance, however, the people of Hatfield now call the front street of their town, even beyond King's Hill, Main Street.

Deacon Hubbard continued to own King's Hill about two years. Soon after it was decided to change the location of the

college to Northampton he sold the property, refusing before that time to put any price on it.*

These facts show why it was so difficult to persuade Deacon Hubbard to change the location of the college. He had chosen, what he considered a desirable site for it, and had, in the interests of the college, as he thought, made himself the sole possessor of it. When I remonstrated with him for changing my plan of locating the college simply in the town of Hatfield, he stoutly defended what he had done. "No one could live in the town," he said, "if a definite site was not fixed, there would be such a quarrel over it."

As soon as I found that he would not consent to have the will changed and leave the location simply in the town of Hatfield; nor could I persuade him or Miss Smith to fix the location in Amherst or South Hadley, or leave the matter with the trustees to choose such a town as they, after examination, should think best, then I made a vigorous move for Northampton, which town I thought would furnish a more eligible site than the one Deacon Hubbard had chosen in Hatfield. Three months before Deacon Hubbard held the conference with the Amherst Professors, I gave him, in a letter now extant, several reasons for locating the college in Northampton. That they had influence with him is evident, for, six months afterwards, he repeated them to Miss Smith as being worthy of consideration by her.

It was not an easy task to convince Deacon Hubbard that a change in the location was needed. The will of July 11, 1868, had fixed the site just where, in his honest judgment, it should be.

Professors W. S. Tyler and J. H. Seelye did a very important work just at this point. They called upon Deacon Hubbard at his office in Northampton, July 19, 1868, and talked the whole matter over with him. Miss Smith was then ready to locate the college in Northampton. She had promised me she would do it. But for many reasons it was important that Deacon Hubbard should approve of the change. This interview did much towards changing his views on the whole matter of the college.

He got from the professors a larger idea of the mission or purpose of the college than he had had. It meant more to him

*Deacon Hubbard was by his will a large donor to the college, and we may naturally conclude that if his plan had been carried out he would willingly have given the site.

than it had before. He and I had never talked seriously about the need or work of the college. It was not best that we should. He had always treated the idea with a degree of contempt. But after this interview he took a different attitude. He was more friendly to the enterprise, and was more willing to yield his preference as to the location of the college. I have an account of that interview from Deacon Hubbard's own pen. Professor Tyler was the chief spokesman on the part of the professors, and the ardency of his zeal and the strength of his faith were not lost as they came in contact with the mind and heart of his hitherto apathetic listener. Deacon Hubbard was conscientious, sincere, honest, upright, but up to this time he had not looked with favor upon this plan of disposing of Miss Smith's money. After this he felt more reconciled to it. Professor Tyler, all aglow with enthusiasm in this cause, was an argument, the force of which Deacon Hubbard could not resist.

Turning now to another point. I think no one at all conversant with the facts, will deny that it was mainly through the influence of Professor Tyler that the present site of the college in Northampton was fixed upon. At the meeting of the trustees to determine upon the site, there was a strong feeling on the part of several in favor of Round Hill, where high and extensive grounds, with commanding view and classic associations, could have been secured; but Professor Tyler, the President of the Board, was very urgent for the Judges Dewey and Lyman estates, and his arguments and influence prevailed. Among other things, he said that when Mary Lyon was deciding upon the site for Mount Holyoke Seminary, she remarked that school girls like to be near the stores and post office, so that they can buy a spool of thread and mail their own letters.

Perhaps in this connection it ought to be kept in mind that in 1872, Professor Tyler remarked more than once, that if in the year 1900 there should be two hundred students in Smith College, his largest expectations would be met.

Professor A. P. Peabody, of Cambridge, said to me in 1872: "You will not need to make provision for more than two hundred students. Fifty young women in a class is as many as

you will ever get. The demand for the higher education among women will be satisfied by that."

In another particular Professor Tyler did yeoman's service for Smith College. In the autumn of 1872, I was appointed a financial agent for the purpose of making an appeal to the public for the increase of the funds of the college before the work of building was begun. It was evident to me that I was to lead a forlorn hope, it being a most doubtful project to attempt to raise money for an institution which existed only on paper, and for an object at that time far from popular. The great Boston fire, the general business depression, and other calamities occurring at that very time, only darkened the prospect. But since all the trustees, except myself, voted for the agency, and several of them after the meeting urged me to accept it, there seemed nothing for me to do but to make a trial of it. So I went to Northampton, as the most interested town, and asked them to give the needed money for the erection of the first college buidling. Into the work of persuading the men of means and influence in the town to come to the aid of the college, and help start it off, Professor Tyler entered with all his might and skill. Through rain and snow and shivering cold, and after a hard day's work at Amherst, he came to Northampton in the evening and pleaded with the men of means there to espouse this cause, and contribute liberally to an institution which would add to the wealth and fame of the town, as well as be a blessing to the church and the world. His addresses were most eloquent in diction and spirit, pertinent and rich in illustrations and facts, and convincing in argument. The object, however, failed not because it was not ably represented and forcibly urged. Demosthenes or Cicero could not have spoken with more fervor and power than did Professor Tyler on these occasions. If the local trustees had displayed a tithe of his zeal in the cause we should have carried the town and saved her credit.

In still another particular did Professor Tyler accomplish a great work for Smith College. The trustees, at their first meeting, April 12, 1871, made him President of the Board, which office he held till July 14, 1875, and in that office he performed

most valuable service. He shirked no duty, but was ever willing to spend and be spent, if he could help the cause which was so dear to him. He also served as a member of the executive committee from September 12, 1871, till his death, November 19, 1897; and very rarely was he absent from a meeting of the committee, and was always ready to do his full share of the work. The duties of what is now known as the committee on teachers were for the first twenty yearsof the existence of the college performed by the executive committee, besides all the other duties belonging to their office. Professor Tyler exerted a great influence in the selection of the earlier teachers in the college, as well as in deciding upon the courses of study, and the special intellectual, moral and religious character and discipline of the institution.

Smith College owes much to Professor William S. Tyler. He was one of its earliest and most devoted friends; and his abundant and long-continued service to it has been the cause, in no small degree, of its phenominal success. Most fitly has it named one of its dwelling houses after him, and it should ever hold his name among its choicest treasures. His zeal and wisdom and patient service have been a more valuable contribution to its real necessities than what the largest benefactor in money has given. Such men—their spirit, faith, progress, earnestness and patient continuance in well-doing—are of greater worth to the life and prosperity of a Christian college than are the richest mines of silver and gold.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) JOHN M. GREENE.

Lowell, Mass., February 26, 1900.

GENEALOGY

PREFACE.

The following genealogy prepared by Professor Tyler's grandson contains a record of the ancestors of Professor and Mrs. Tyler as complete in the American lines as it has been found possible to make it at the present time. It is printed with the autobiography with the feeling that it will be of interest to the various members of the family. The plan adopted may best be understood by examining one of the four index charts, where the different lines of ascent are given in wheel form. The sketches and genealogy follow so far as possible the same order as these charts, starting on each wheel at the left. All American ancestors are numbered in the order in which their several sketches are printed. The numbers in the text and on the charts correspond, making the indexing simpler than if numbers referred to pages. No numbers are given to ancestors where only part of the name is known. American ancestors alone are numbered. The numbering shows, therefore, which ancestors on the charts were American. In the text the numbers are placed in each instance *before* the name of the person described. But when a person is mentioned whose sketch appears elsewhere, the name is *followed* by a cross reference number. There are also an index of family names, an index by towns and one by offices, occupations, etc. The last two are of interest because they show the number of persons who lived in each locality and who held various positions of interest.

C. B. TYLER.

Plainfield N. J.
July 16, 1910.

Robert of Brede

Sir Adam Oxenbridge
Mayor of Rye

Rev. John Oxenbridge
Oxford BA 1572 d. 1617

Dr. Daniel Oxenbridge = Katharine Harby
of London d. 1642

21. Dr. John Oxenbridge 1608–1674

Sir George Throgmorton
of Loughton – descendant of Edward III

Clement Throgmorton of Haseley

Katharine Throgmorton = Thomas Harby

Rev Hezekiah Woodward of Bray

1658 = Frances Woodward 1635±–1659

Dr. John Tolderby = Alyce

Henry Tolderby

Elizabeth Tolderby = Rev. John Prince of Sutford Co. Berks

22. John Prince = 23. Alice Honour

John Loomis = Agnes
d. 1649

John Loomis
No. 135
See Chart II

41. Elizabeth Loomis = 40. William Preston d. 1601

Mary = 42. Dea. Daniel Preston 1622–1707

29. John Smith = Catharine
d. 1678

28 Mary Smith 1660 = 27. Thomas Hinckley 1618–1706
Gov. of Plymouth 1680? 1691–2

26. Samuel Sarah = Hinckley d. 1662

Christopher Jackson
d. 1633 London

Margaret = Jackson 1624±–1654 | 1602–1675

45. Dea. John

43. Daniel Preston = 46 Abigail Jackson

John Carpenter 6. 1303± | M.P. 1323
Richard Carpenter
John Carpenter
John Carpenter
William Carpenter of Holme 1440±–1520
John Carpenter
John Carpenter
William Carpenter 6. 1540

James whose 5th descendant George Carpenter was Earl of Tyrconnel

Alexander = Alice Carpenter
No. 217 Chart III

31. William Carpenter 6. 1576

32 William Carpenter 1605–1659 Capt. 1642

Abigail = 1606–1687

34 Miriam Searles = 33 William Carpenter 1631–1703
1629±–1722

52. Richard Bowen

51. Alice Bowen

50. Robert Wheaton 1606±–1696

47. Dea John Butterworth 1630–1708

48 John Butterworth = 49 Hannah Wheaton 1654–1722
1651–1731

Rev. Peter Thacher
6. 1545-9 Vicar of Queen Camel Somerset 1574–1624

Rev Peter Thacher = Anne d. 1634
1588±–1640

13. Rev. Thomas Thacher 1620–1678 first minister Old South Church Boston

14. Elizabeth Partridge d. 1664

15. Rev Ralph Partridge d. 1658 1st minister of Duxbury

9. Pentecost Blackington = Mary
d. 1715–

1. Job Typer = Mary
1619±–1700

2. Samuel Typer = Hannah
1655–1695

Ebenezer = Catherine Bragg
3. 1712± 1690±
Typer 1685–1736

Pentecost Blackington = Rebecca Figgett
4. 1763 m. 1715 8

Capt. John Typer = Anna Blackington
5 1724–1794 m. 1745 7

Dea John Typer 1746–1822 m. 1768 10

Dea. Joab Typer
11. 1784–1869 Pa.
of Harford
father of
William Seymour Typer III
12

Rev. Peter Thacher 1651–1727 16.

Theodora Oxenbridge 1659–1697 m. 1677 20.

Rev. Peter Thacher 1688–1744 17.

Mary Prince 1688?–1771 m. 1710 24. 25

Rev. Peter Thacher 1716–1785 18

Bethiah Carpenter 1729–1793 m. 1749 38

Mercy Thacher 1752–1835 m. 1768 19.

Samuel Prince 1649–1728 24.

Mercy Hinckley 1663–1736 30.

Deliverance Preston 1692–1767 m. 1703 44

Dea. Obadiah Carpenter 1707–1764 37

Obadiah Carpenter 1678–1749 m. 1728

Daniel Carpenter 1669–1730± m. 1704 35

Bethiah Carpenter 1706–1788 53

Elizabeth Butterworth 1682–1708 36

Chart I

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

ANCESTRY OF WILLIAM S. TYLER, D.D., LL.D.

The Tyler Line.

The name Tyler is of Norman-French origin—first Tiller, then Tyler, the same crest being appropriated in the books on heraldry to both names—a demi-cat, rampant and erased. In 1202 there lived a Gilbert de Tiller, and in 1311 a Thomas le Tyler, who was a member of the English Parliament.

In 1381 appears the name of Wat Tyler* the blacksmith, the English rebel who organized an army of one hundred thousand men, it is said, and marched on London to obtain redress from the oppressive capitation tax imposed by Richard Second. The demands of this army were four: a general pardon, the abolition of serfage, freedom of commerce in market-towns, and a fixed rent of fourpence per acre for lands. Wat Tyler was slain in the king's presence, whither he had ventured to come unattended for an interview.

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*President John Tyler and his father, the Virginia Governor, were very proud of Wat Tyler, and were very confident of their descent from him. "My father," wrote President Tyler in 1856, "who entered into the contest" (the American Revolution) "with his entire heart, seemed only desirous of preserving the evidences of his descent from Wat Tyler, the celebrated blacksmith of England, by continuing his name in the family, which he conferred on my elder brother, who in like manner has conferred it on his third son." "There was one tie at least between Wat and the revolutionary patriot—they were both rebels." Under date of November 1st, 1856, President Tyler writes: "On the page of history I found one name of the family high enrolled. He was a blacksmith, and lived at a time when royalty and its satellites trampled upon the necks of the commons and ground the people into dust. He, with others of his fellow-subjects, long submitted to the inflictions of tyranny in silence; but the last drop of patience was in the cup. That was exhausted when Richard the Second imposed a poll tax (the most unjust and unequal that can be imposed, since it operates *per capita* and without regard to property), in the collection of which the infamous tax collector dared to offer a revolting insult to his youthful daughter. With his sledge-hammer he laid the insulting minion of power dead at

Hoskins, in his History of the Puritans, speaks of a Rev. Tyler who had been five years confined to the common jail at Bury St. Edmunds, 1581, for non-conformity, without the opportunity of a trial. It was this Rev. Tyler, says Hoskins, who influenced Robert Brown to promulgate the fundamental principle of separation of church and state.

1. Job Tyler, of Andover, Mass., was the progenitor of the American Tyler family to which Professor Tyler belongs. A record of his descendants will be found in the Tyler Genealogy by W. I. T. Brigham, published by Rollin U. Tyler and Cornelius B. Tyler. Job was born about 1619, as in a Deposition of 1659 his age is stated as "about 40 yeares." The first that is known of him in this country is the following entry, in R. I. Col. Rec., p. 92: "Inhabitants admitted at the Towne of Nieu-Port since the 20th of the 3rd 1638.....Job Tyler." No other person of this name is known except the Job Tyler soon after in the Mass. Bay Colony. He is said to have been found at Andover, Mass., by the first colonists there in 1639-40, but the earliest dates of the settlement of Andover are conjectural, as the town records before 1650 are lost, and the records of the church which have been preserved date from 1708. He was in Roxbury a few years later. ("11 month, 1 day, 1646. Lambert Genry hath liberty to sell his Land beyond the mill Creeke to....Tyler of Roxberye."—Dedham

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his feet, and summoned the commons to the task of vindicating their rights. And glorious was that vindication! The satraps of the King were overthrown in battle and the King was compelled to sue in person to the blacksmith for terms. Faithful to the trust reposed in him by the commons, he boldly, in an interview asked for by the King, proclaimed the public wrongs and demanded redress. He confided *in the honor of a king* and went unattended to the interview, and was perfidiously slain. But the blood of the martyr was the seed of the church; and so it was here. That dastard king was constrained to reiterate the principles of *Magna Charta* and to proclaim the doctrines of the Bill of Rights, and Wat *le* Tyler takes his position on the historic page alongside of the great benefactors of the Anglo-Saxon race. This man I have been content to recognize as the head of my immediate family, and have therefore looked upon most that the royalist writers have said of him, as properly a part of their vocation, which is to defame the plebian, and to do worship to monarch and aristocrat." (Letters and Times of the Tylers, I, 39.)

Town Records. "1646, Month 1, day 28. A lit infant also a twinn of Job Tilers dyed."—Roxbury Church Records.) He soon returned to Andover, for, March 5, 1650, Jobe Tyler of Andover mortgaged property there to John Godfrey. (Andover Rec., Book 4, p. 8.) In 1662 he returned to Roxbury, for the church records of that place show that "28. 3m. 1665, Mary, wife, of Job Tyler" was admitted to the congregation, and a week later "John and Samuel, sons of Job Tyler were baptised."

One of the earliest recorded apprenticeships was that of Job's son, Hopestill, to Thomas Chandler of Andover, the blacksmith. 1658. This was the cause of bitter litigation, and Tyler v. Chandler, and Chandler v. Tyler cover a period of over ten years of the early records, the case being carried from court to court, and at one time Job was required to apologize to Chandler. The records contain the following entry: "We do order that Job Tyler shall nayle up or fasten upon the posts of Andover & Roxbury meeting houses in a plain legible hand, the acknowledgment to remain so fastened for the space of 14 days, it to be fastened within the 14 days at Andover and to-morrow being the 27th of January, 1665 at Roxbury.." This confession and acknowledgment was as follows: "Whereas it doth appear by sufficient testimony that I, Job Tyler, have shamefully reproached Thomas Chandler of Andover by saying he is a base, lying cozening, cheating knave, that he hath got his estate by cozening in a base reviling manner & that he was recorded for a liar & that he was a cheating, lying whoreing knave fit for all manner of bawdrey, wishing that the devil had him, Therefore I Job Tiler do acknowledge that I have in these expressions most wickedly slandered the said Thomas Chandler & that without any just ground, being noe way able to make good these or any of these my slanderous accusations of him & therefore can doe no lesse but express myself to be sorry for them & for my cursing of him desiring God & the said Thomas to forgive me, & that noe person would think the worse of the said Thomas Chandler for any of these my sinfull expressions, and engaging myself for the future to be more careful of my expressions both concerning him & otherwise and desiring the Lord to help me soe to doe."

At Mendon (see Dr. Metcalf's History of Mendon, p. 43), Job

did not monform to the orders of the church fathers. The town records for 1669 show the following:

> "July 14. The Selectmen Mett and ordered to send to the Constable to Summon before us Job Tyler the next fryday at one of the clock at Gregory Cook's house to answer his contempt of our orders and alsoe why he refuses to worke aboute the Selor at the Minister's house, at yt tyme ye Constable Retourne his answer to us.
>
> July 16. The Selectmen met accordingly and the said Constable made his Retourne that he had warned in Job Tyler before us; his answer was he could not nor would come, but if the Selectmen had more to say to him than he to them they might come to him. Upon this answer of Job Tyler's the Townsmen (Selectmen) Resolved to make their complaint to the Magistrates of his contempt of several of the selectmen's orders, and of his Miscarriages of the Lord's day & at the Publique assemblies if he doe not Submytt wch he will not."

In 1674 he was appointed Surveyor of Highways in Mendon. In 1700 there is a deed of land in Mendon from Job Tyler to his son, Moses (Boston Reg. of Deeds XX, 127). This is the last known entry in regard to him. By his wife, Mary, he had the following children:

Moses Tyler, born in 1641 or 1642.
Mary Tyler, born about 1644.
Hopestill Tyler, born about 1646.
Child, who died in infancy, 1646; (Roxbury Records)
Hannah Tyler.
John Tyler, born about 1650; died in Andover, September 28, 1652.
John Tyler, born April 16, 1653.
Samuel Tyler, born May 24, 1655.

2. Samuel[2] Tyler (Job[1]), was born in Andover, Mass., May 24, 1655. Baptized in John Eliot's church in Roxbury, Mass., June 4, 1665. Died December 17, 1695 in Mendon, Mass., where he was buried. In 1675 he was among those "impressed" at

Rowley on November 29th and assigned to Major Appleton's command, and set out under Gov. Winslow of Plymouth in December, from Dedham, on the Narragansett Expedition. Samuel was reported slain in the fight which occurred with the Indians on the 19th near the "great swamp" in Rhode Island, but he was doubtless wounded and left behind, as he did not die until 1695. Perhaps his life was shortened by his wound, as his three brothers and father lived to be eighty years of age, while he died at forty. One of his sons was a Captain, and among his grandsons were a Lieutenant, a Captain and a Major General, and among his great-grandchildren were a Captain, a Major, a Colonel and others in the ranks. His homestead in Mendon was about a mile south of the present centre of the village. He paid his first minister's rate in 1685, and probably lived in Rowley village after King Philip's War until he settled in Mendon, where he served as Surveyor of Highways, Constable and Tythingman. By his wife, Hannah, he had the following children:

EBENEZER TYLER, born April 28, 1685.
Mary Tyler, born February 21, 1689.
Elizabeth Tyler, born March 17, 1691; married Samuel Field (?).
Hannah Tyler, born February 12, 1692.
Samuel Tyler, Jr., born February 26, 1695.

3. EBENEZER[3] TYLER (Samuel[2] Job[1]) was born in Mendon, Mass., April 28, 1685. He died in Attleboro, Mass., June 28, 1736. About 1712, he married (4) CATHERINE BRAGG (or Bray), who was born about 1690, and died in Attleboro November 9, 1763. His tombstone is standing in Attleboro in the rear of the present church in which many of his descendants were prominent. The old Tyler homestead stood on the present Locust Street, about a mile and a half south of Attleboro village, but has since burned. His will was dated May 29, and probated August 9, 1736. He was a large land owner in Attleboro, and had at least six hundred and fifty acres in Ashford. Ebenezer Tyler's name appears in 1728 as one of the Grantees of the Narragansett No. 3 Souhegan West in Amherst, New Hampshire, by right of his father, Samuel Tyler "soldier grantee."

Children:

Ebenezer Tyler, born March 31, 1714.

Elizabeth Tyler, born June 15, 1715; died s. p. May 4, 1777.

Phoebe Tyler, born July 2, 1718.

Catherine Tyler, born May 19, 1721.

Hannah Tyler, born April 10, 1723; died October 2, 1723.

JOHN TYLER, born September 19, 1724.

Job Tyler, born June 18, 1727.

Hannah Tyler, born December 15, 1728.

William Tyler, born February 22, 1732.

5. Captain JOHN[4] TYLER (Ebenezer[3] Samuel[2] Job[1]) of Attleboro, Mass., was born at Attleboro September 19, 1724, and died there January 11, 1794. He married (**6**) Anna Blackington, who was born in Attleboro in 1722, and died August 23, 1793. Her father was (**7**) Pentecost Blackington of Attleboro, who married before 1715 (**8**) Rebecca Figgett, by whom he had eight children, Peter, born 1731 being the youngest. Daggett's History of Attleboro says "he was a farmer, was a good citizen, law-abiding and God fearing, and died at a good old age." His father (**9**), Pentecost Blackington, Sr., "came from Marblehead or Dorchester about 1700," "he had lands and a house on Seven Mile River." His wife's name was Mary. He died September 24, 1715. (See Hist. of Attleboro, p. 517.)

The History of Attleboro says that on December 6, 1774, the town "established a superior and inferior court to hear and determine controversies," and Captain John Tyler was "appointed one of the seven inferior judges." He therefore received the title of "Captain" before the Revolution, probably in the French and Indian War. He was one of those that marched to the "Lexington Alarm," and also to the Bunker Hill Alarm.

Children:

JOHN TYLER,

Elizabeth Tyler, born January 14, 1747, died November 17, 1821, married about 1764 Daniel Carpenter, who died April 14, 1803, married (2) Thomas Sweet.

Nanny Tyler, born July 14, 1754, married Deacon Peter Thacher, died January 17, 1816.

Phoebe Tyler, born August 19, 1756, died November 25, 1818. Unmarried.

Experience Tyler, born July 12, 1758, married Philip Briggs, died June 21, 1833.

Ebenezer Tyler, born September 8, 1760, married Mary French, 2nd widow Rachel (Dean) Fobes, died October 15, 1827.

Othniel Tyler, born April 4, 1763, married Olive Tafft, died August 9, 1827.

10. Deacon John[5] Tyler, Jr. (John[4] Ebenezer[3] Samuel[2] Job[1]), of Harford and Ararat, Pa., was born in Attleboro, Mass., April 25 or 26, 1746, and died in Ararat, Pa., May 27, 1822. Married June, 1768, Mercy, daughter of Rev. Peter and Bethiah (Carpenter) Thacher of Attleboro (*19*). She was born at Attleboro, Mass., December 27, 1752, and died January 14, 1835.

The Lexington Alarm Rolls state that John Tyler, Jr., of Attleboro was a private on the Lexington Alarm Roll of Captain Moses Wilmarth's first company, Col. John Daggett's 4th Bristol County Regiment, which marched from Attleboro April 19, 1775, and served eleven days. In *Daggett's History of Attleboro,* there is service attributed to John Tyler and John Tyler, Jr., in April, 1775, in Caleb Richardson's Company, Col. Timothy Walker's regiment. In 1776 the same history noted that John Tyler, Jr., is on a committee to give notice of persons using "India Tea" after March. John Tyler, a Sergeant, served in Capt. Richardson's company, which marched into the state of Rhode Island, between April 21 and May 25, 1777, "to hold the line till men could be raised for two months for that purpose." His name appears again on the muster roll of the Attleboro troops as a member of Captain Ebenezer May's company, August 22 to September 24, 1778.

The part taken by Deacon Tyler in the founding of Harford and Ararat, and a sketch of him and his wife, are given in the autobiography.

Children:

Mercy Tyler, born November 5, 1769, married Obadiah Carpenter.

Mary Tyler, born November 5, 1769, married Cyril Carpenter.

Polly Tyler, born September 15, 1771, married John Carpenter.

Nanny Tyler, born 1773, married Thomas Sweet.

John Tyler, born February 22, 1777, married Mary Wadsworth.

Job Tyler, born August 22, 1779, married Sally Thacher.

Achsah Tyler, born April 20, 1782, married Rev. Whiting Griswold, who died January 13, 1815, 2nd Maj Jason Torrey.

Joab Tyler.

Jabez Tyler, born March 13, 1787, married Harriet Wadsworth, who died December 31, 1820,, 2nd Mary Reynolds Kingsbury.

11. Deacon Joab[6] Tyler (John[5] John[4] Ebenezer[3] Samuel[2] Job[1]) of Harford, Pa., was born in Attleboro, Mass., July 23, 1784, and died in Amherst, Mass., January 11, 1869. He married (1) November 16, 1809, Nabby Seymour (*61*). She was born in Berlin, Conn., January 31, 1788, and died in Amherst, Mass., August 28, 1844. After her death he married (2) Sophronia D. Johnson, who died in 1890. Sketches of both Deacon Joab and Nabby (Seymour) Tyler are given in the autobiography.

Children:

12. William Seymour Tyler born September 2, 1810, died November 19, 1897, married September 4, 1839, Amelia Ogden Whiting (*209*), who was born March 4, 1819, and died August 4, 1904.

Wellington Hart Tyler, born October 14, 1812, died August 19, 1863. Married March 8, 1838, Caroline Eliza Carpenter, who was born August 21, 1809, and died September 8, 1873.

Edward Griswold Tyler, born July 23, 1816, died April 21, 1891. Married October 1, 1844, Mary Morgan Carpenter, who was born February 1, 1825, and died January 29, 1899.

ANCESTRY OF MERCY THACHER, PROFESSOR TYLER'S FATHER'S MOTHER.

The Thacher Line.

Rev. Peter Thacher was born about 1545-9. This is the earliest date to which the ancestry has been traced by Mr. John R. Totten—see his articles in the N. Y. Geneal. & Biog. Record XLI, 108, 216, etc. This Rev. Peter Thacher was instituted vicar of St. Barnabas' Parish, Queen Camel, Co., Somerset, England, in 1574 and continued in that office fifty years until his death just previous to May 7, 1624. Mr. Totten says Mr. Thacher always spelled his own name Thacher, but clerks and scriveners spelled it Thatcher—apparently the popular and more customary spelling. He had five sons, the eldest,

Rev. Peter Thacher 2nd, born 1587-8, was matriculated by Queens College, Oxford, May 6, 1603, at the age of fifteen and elected Disciple or Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on the Somerset foundation July 19, 1603. There he took his B.A. February 4, 1608, and his M.A., March 14, 1611, and became Fellow of Corpus Christi College March 20, 1613. A son John was born to him and his wife Anne on June 15, 1615. He resided at Oxford till 1616, when he was installed a vicar of Milton Clevedon Co. Somerset, and in 1622 Rector of St. Edmunds Church, Salisbury Co. Wilts, where he remained until his death, February 16, 1640-1. An altar tomb still stands on the north side of the church yard of St. Edmund's bearing this inscription: "Here lyeth the bodye of Mr. Peter Thacher, who was a laborious minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in ye Parish of St. Edmund's for ye space of XIX yeares. He departed this lyfe the Lord's Day at three of the clock ye XVI of Feb. 1640. Let no man move his bones." His wife Anne died March 23 (about), 1634.

13. Rev. Thomas[1] Thacher,* first minister of the Old South Church, Boston, son of the preceding, was born, probably at Mil-

*Appleton's Cyclopedia American Biography, VI 69.

ton Clevedon, May 1, 1620; was early converted to Puritanism, and preferred to cross the Atlantic than attend an English university as his father desired. He arrived in New England, June 4, 1635, with his uncle, Anthony Thacher, studied theology under Rev. Charles Chauncey, later second president of Harvard College. On January 2, 1644-5, he was ordained pastor of the Weymouth church; remained there till he moved to Boston, 1664, he practiced medicine in Boston until his ordination, February 16, 1670, as first pastor of the Old South Church, where he continued until his death, October 15, 1678. President Stiles calls him "the best Arabic scholar known in the country." He prepared a Hebrew lexicon which was never printed, and his Brief Rule, etc., in the Small Pox and Measles (1677) is said to be the first medical tract published in New England. The sketch of his life is one of the best in *Mather's Magnalia*. He married first, May 11, 1643, (14) Elizabeth or Eliza, widow of William Kempt of Duxbury and youngest daughter of Rev. RALPH PARTBIDGE of Duxbury, she died at Weymouth June 2, 1664, and after her death he married again.

15. Rev. RALPH PARTRIDGE, father of Rev. Thomas Thacher's first wife, was a man of superior education and was for "many years a preacher at Sutton, County Kent, near Dover, as is learned," says Savage, "from a bond and conveyance of land therewith by John Marshall of Lenham, November, 1631, made in consideration of marriage by him intended with Mary, daughter of Partridge, who with Jarvase Partridge (probably his brother), citizen and cordwainer of London were made trustees." Mr. Partridge came to Boston with Nathaniel Rogers, arriving November, 1636, eighteen weeks out from London. He became the first minister at Duxbury. Mather, in his Magnalia, Book III, Chap. 22, gives an account of him, which Savage says could be reduced into two lines. His will dated September 29, 1655, proved May 4, 1658, a few days after his death, named Elizabeth, wife of Rev. Thomas Thacher and her sons, among whom is Peter. His wife, Patience, was dead. The inventory includes a library of 400 volumes, very large for this side of the sea at that time.

*National Cyc. Amer. Biog. VI 197.
Appleton's Cyc. Amer. Biog. VI 69.

16. Rev. Peter[2] Thacher,* of Milton, Mass., youngest son of Rev. Thomas and Elizabeth (Partridge) Thacher, was born at Salem, Mass., July 18, 1651, graduated at Harvard 1671, and taught there for a time, having Cotton Mather for a pupil. In 1676 he went to London and remained a year, but resisted all temptations to conform to the church of England. From the seal which his father used in sealing his letters to his son, at this period, the coat-of-arms was taken which is now held by the descendants. In June, 1681, he was ordained first minister at Milton, Mass. He had been living at Barnstable, Mass., and on the day of his departure for his new home, he was escorted by a cavalcade of fifty-seven horsemen as far as Sandwich, Mass. He spent the rest of his life at Milton, where he died December 17, 1727. He was prominent as a preacher and published sundry sermons and theological threatises between 1708 and 1723. The diary which he kept throws a strong light on the habits, duties and people of his parish. He married first November 21, 1677, Theodora Oxenbridge of Boston (*20*), who died November 18, 1697; he subsequently married twice. His first wife Theodora Oxenbridge received a large estate from her parents, which her husband managed; his will sealed with the family coat-of-arms, now in Suffolk Registry, Boston, was dated February 12, 1721, the larger part of the estate was bequeathed to his eldest son, Oxenbridge Thacher; one item of this will was "eight brick houses in London with room for a ninth." His watch is now in the rooms of the Boston Society at the Old State House. Their second son.

17. Rev. Peter[3] Thacher II (Peter[2] Thomas[1]), of Middleboro, was born Milton, October 6, 1688, and graduated at Harvard, 1706, and was pastor of Middleboro, Mass., 1709-44. He died at Middleboro, April 22, 1744. He married January 24, 1710-1711, Mary Prince of Sandwich (*25*) She was born January 8, 1688-9, and died October 1, 1771. She was a sister of Thomas Prince whom Harvard's President, Dr. Chauncey, declared to be the most learned man in New England, with the exception of Cotton Mather.

18. Rev. Peter[4] Thacher (Peter[3] Peter[2] Thomas[1]), of Attleboro, Mass., was born in Middleboro, January 25, 1716; graduated at Harvard, 1737, was settled over the parish at Attleboro

November 30, 1748, where he lived and labored for forty-three years "a most worthy and useful minister." A volume of his sermons was published. He died at Attleboro September 13, 1785. He married in Attleboro November 31, 1749, Bethiah Carpenter (*39*). His son Moses Thacher was the grandfather of Mrs. William Blair of Chicago, Ill.

19. Mercy[5] Thacher (Peter[4] Peter[3] Peter[2] Thomas[1]) married June, 1768, Deacon John[5] Tyler (*10*), of Harford, Penn., and became the grandmother of Prof. William S. Tyler.

OXENBRIDGE.

20. THEODORA OXENBRIDGE, wife of Rev. Peter[2] Thacher (*16*) was descended as follows:

The Oxenbridge family was for many generations one of the most prominent in the County of Sussex, England. (Sussex Archeol. Collec. XXIV, 20.) ADAM[2] OXENBRIDGE of Rye, a baron, who bore the canopy at the coronation of Richard III, and was four times Mayor of Rye, was third son of ROBERT of BREDE, brother of Thomas the sergeant at law; of Sir Goddard and of John Oxenbridge, the Canon of Windsor. JOHN[4] OXENBRIDGE (Oxford B.A., 1572, also B.D.), the Puritan preacher who became celebrated in the Midland counties, was brother of John Ochsonbridge of Croyden (it being not unusual for brothers by different mothers to bear the same Christian name), and a descendant, apparently grandson, of ADAM[2] supra (id. XII, 203). He was buried September 22, 1617 at Trinity Church, Coventry, and left one son DANIEL[5] OXENBRIDGE, M. D., a physician at Daventry, Northamptonshire, who married KATHERINE, daughter of THOMAS HARBY by KATHERINE, daughter of CLEMENT THROGMORTON of Hasley, third son of SIR GEORGE THROGMORTON, of Loughton, and so descended from King Edward III. DANIEL[5] moved to London aged 50, and became a Fellow of the College of Physicians. He died August 24, 1642. His wife Katherine's will, dated March 21, 1651, proved November 5, mentioned three sons, the eldest,

21. REV. JOHN[6] OXENBRIDGE, was born January 30, 1608 (see Dict. of Nat. Biog. XLIII, 7 and authorities cited correcting Savage, etc.). He took his A.B., 1628, and A.M., 1631, at

Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he remained a tutor until he was distutored by Laud, May 27, 1634, and went to Bermuda. Returned to England 1641, was made Fellow of Eton October 25, 1652, was ejected 1660, and in 1662 silenced for nonconformity at Berwick-on-the-Tweed; went as a missionary to Surinam, Quiana, thence to Barbadoes, and in 1669 to Boston, where, on April 10, 1670, he was ordained colleague with Mr. Allen in the First Church, Boston. He was a very popular and effective preacher, and published a number of sermons. (See Mather's Magnalia; Johnson's Cyclopedia.) He died at Boston, December 28, 1674. He married second a "religious virgin named FRANCES, the only daughter of HEZEKIAH WOODWARD, the schismatical vicar of Bray near Windsor." She died "in child bed in the first year of her marriage and the twenty-fifth year of her age." The child (**20**) THEODORA Oxenbridge, born July 25, 1659, died November 18, 1697; married November 21, 1677, Rev. PETER[2] THACHER (THOMAS[1]), afterwards the first minister of Milton, Mass. (*16*). From them Professor Tyler was descended; Peter Thacher, Peter Thacher, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

PRINCE, HINCKLEY.

Mary Prince (*25*), mother of Peter Thacher III (*18*) was descended as follows:

REV. JOHN PRINCE, an Oxford graduate and minister of East Sufford, Berkshire, married ELIZABETH, daughter of HENRI TOLDERBY, son of DR. JOHN TOLDERBY, D.D., and ALYCE.. (The name is called Tolderby in Am. Ancestry IX, 113, and Tolderbury in New Eng. Geneal., Reg. V., 383.) Their son,

22. JOHN PRINCE of Cambridge or Watertown was made freeman March 4, 1635. He was born about 1610 at East Sufford, emigrated to Watertown 1633, and was also at Hingham, settled at Nantasket 1638; was the first ruling elder at Hull, 1644. The Gen. Register says his first wife was (**23**) Alice Honour, but Savage gives him a wife Margaret as probably the mother of Samuel. He had a second wife Ann. John Prince died at Hull, August 16, 1676. His fourth son,

24. SAMUEL[2] PRINCE (John[1] Jr.) was born at Boston, May,

1649. Died at Middleboro, July 3, 1728. He was Justice of the Peace for Plymouth County. He was representative of Rochester or Middletown after the new Charter of 1692. He married for his second time MERCY (*30*), daughter of GOVERNOR THOMAS HINCKLEY by his wife MARY SMITH. Their son, Rev. Thomas Prince, is called by Savage "the assiduous annalist whose service in perpetrating evidence relative to our early history exceeds that of any other man since the first generation.' (See also Nat. Cyc. Am. Biog., VII, 144.)

25. MARY[3] PRINCE (Samuel[2] John[1]) was born January 8, 1688-9, and died October 1, 1771. She married January 24, 1710-11, REV. PETER[3] THACHER (Peter[2] Thomas[1]) of Middleboro (17), From them Prof. Tyler was descended: Peter Thacher, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

Mary Prince's mother, Mercy Hinckley, is descended as follows:

26. SAMUEL HINCKLEY of Scituate and Barnstable, Savage says, came from Tenterden in Kent in the Hercules of Sandwich, 1635, with wife SARAH and four children, among whom was Thomas, the future Governor. After the death of his wife, August 18, 1656, he married again and died October 31, 1662.

27. THOMAS[2] HINCKLEY* (Samuel[1]), Governor of Plymouth Colony (1680-92), was born 1618. In 1639 or 40, he removed with his parents from Scituate to Barnstable. He was a Deputy 1645, Representative 1647 and an Assistant 1658, holding this office twenty-two years. Upon the death of Gov. Josiah Winslow, 1680-1, he became Governor of the Colony of Connecticut and acted as such continuously, except during the four years of Andros' rule (1687-91), until its union with Massachusetts Bay under the Charter of William and Mary, 1692. From 1673-92 he was also a member of the central board of two colonies, and at the close of his time of office became a councillor of the united government. He was a man of studious tastes and habits, and collected many papers of value in regard to the colony. In 1866 three volumes of these were deposited in the Boston Public

*Nat Cyc. Amer. Biog. VII, 370.

Library from the Old South collection of his grandson, Rev. Thomas Prince. He died in Barnstable, April 25, 1706. He married for the second time, March 15, 1660 (28) MARY, widow of Nathaniel Glover of Dorchester, daughter of (29) JOHN SMITH of Dorcester. Savage, IV., 120, says, "JOHN SMITH, Dorchester, came in 1635 with wife and daughter Mary (in the *James of Bristol*), the child brought from Warrington, Lancashire, on a horse in a pannier, balanced by young Nathaniel, son of Rev. Richard Mather, then five years old, as a recent tradition relates; and in that voyage partook the vexations and dangers so well related by Mather, in *Young's Chronicle*. Here he was probably freeman 7 December, 1636, and had by wife Catherine other children for whom the will gives us some light, slightly confused by the article in Geneal. Reg., V. 465." "The heroine of the pannier married Nathaniel Glover, and next, Governor Hinckley, and died 29 July, 1703, in her 73rd year. Her father's will made 28 December, 1676," "with a codicil was proved 25 July, 1678."

30. MERCY[3] HINCKLEY (Thomas[2] Samuel[1]) was born January 31, 1662-3, died April 25, 1736, and married about 1685 or 6, SAMUEL PRINCE of Hull (*24*). From them Professor Tyler was descended: Mary Prince, Rev. Peter Thacher, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

CARPENTER, PRESTON, JACKSON, BUTTERWORTH.

Bethiah Carpenter, mother of Mercy Thacher, was of a very ancient family—the same as that of Lord George Carpenter, who in 1761, was made Viscount Callingford and Earl of Tyrconnel, whose descent is stated in the Carpenter Genealogy to be as follows:

1. JOHN CARPENTER, born about 1303, was a member of Parliament 1323. 2. RICHARD, born about 1335. His wife's name was Christina. 3. JOHN, SR., whose brother John, Jr., was "Town clerk of London and whose benevolent bequest formed the basis on which the City of London School was founded." 4. JOHN. 5. WILLIAM of Homme, born about 1440, died 1520. 6. JAMES. 7. JOHN. 8. WILLIAM, born 1540, who left four sons; 9-1 James, 9-2 Alexander, 9-3 William and 9-4 Richard, and through them the lines diverge.

9-1 James inherited his father's estate, which descended 10. James, 11. Thomas, 12. Warncomb, 13. Lieut.-Gen. Lord George, Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Scotland, 1716; 14 Lord George II, 15. Lord George III, born August 26, 1723, was made Viscount Callingford and Earl of Tyrconnel in 1761. This line became extinct in 1853.

9-2 Alexander, the second son of 8. WILLIAM, born about 1565, was a Dissenter, and removed with his family to Leyden, whence he returned after quiet was restored, and settled in Somersetshire, where his wife died. He left six daughters and a son. Alice (*217*), the eldest, born about 1590, married first Edward Southworth in 1611, and on his death she crossed the water with her two children 1623, to become the second wife of the *Mayflower Pilgrim*, GOVERNOR WILLIAM BRADFORD (*216*). Their marriage was the fourth that was celebrated in the colony. Tradition says that Governor Bradford as a young man paid his attentions to Alice Carpenter, but her family prevented a marriage at that time. Professor Tyler's wife is a descendant from this marriage as follows: Alice Carpenter, Dep.-Gov. William Bradford, Alice Bradford, Elizabeth Adams, Col. William Whiting, Dr. William Whiting, Mason Whiting, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

31. 9-3 WILLIAM CARPENTER of London (third son of 8 WILLIAM, born 1540), was born 1576. In 1638 he left Harwell and went on board the ship Bevis at Southampton, and came to Massachusetts. With him came his son WILLIAM, wife Abigail and four grandchildren of ten years of age or less. He probably returned to England on the same boat in which he came.

32. Capt. WILLIAM[1] CARPENTER, the son mentioned, was born 1605. He settled at Weymouth, and became the progenitor of the "Rehoboth family of Carpenters in America," whose Genealogy was written by A. B. Carpenter. He was admitted freeman at Weymouth, May 13, 1640. He was representative 1641 and 1643, removed to Rehoboth 1645, and was representative from there that year. He was Constable 1641. Gov. Bradford, who married his cousin Alice, manifested great friendship for him, and favored him in many of his measures in Plymouth Court. The legal business of the Town or Colony was largely done by William Carpenter. About 1642, he was appointed Captain by

the General Court. He died at Rehoboth February 7, 1659, his wife ABIGAIL born about 1606, died February 22, 1687. From their son John, born 1628, was doubly descended Caroline E. Carpenter, wife of Wellington Tyler Prof. Tyler's brother (see Carpenter Family, p. 157).

33. WILLIAM[2] CARPENTER (William[1]), one of the "four grandchildren," who came in the Bevis, was born in England, 1631-2. He was elected Town Clerk of Rehoboth, May 13, 1668, and held that office until his death, January 26, 1703, except for the year 1693. He was Deputy to the General Court at Plymouth 1656 and 1668 and deacon of the church the same year. He was one of a committee to settle the boundary between Taunton and the north purchase. He was twice married, first to Prescilla Bennett, October 5, 1651, she died October 20, 1663, and he married (**34**) MIRIAM SEARLES December 10, 1663, she died in Rehoboth May 1, 1722, aged ninety-three (gravestone). Prof. Tyler was doubly descended from this second marriage.

35. DANIEL[3] CARPENTER (William[2] William[1]), of Rehoboth, sixth son of William IV, and third son by his second wife, was born October 8, 1669. He was chosen town clerk on the death of his father 1703, and held the office for three years, and from 1708 to 1730. He was in the expedition of Phips' against Quebec 1690. He married five times, second on March 30, 1704 ELIZABETH BUTTERWORTH (*53*), probably* daughter of JOHN and HANNAH (WHEATON) BUTTERWORTH, who was born January 15, 1682, and died June 13, 1708. Their daughter (**36**) BETHIAH[4], born September 23, 1706, married first Benjamin Lyon, July 23, 1724, who died December 16, 1726, and she married December 12, 1728, her cousin OBADIAH[4] CARPENTER (*38*). She died January 15, 1788, in Foxboro. From them Prof. Tyler was descended: Bethiah Carpenter 2nd, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

37. OBADIAH[3] CARPENTER (William[2] William[1]) of Rehoboth, eighth son of William IV, and fifth by his second wife Mariam Searles, was born March 12, 1677-8, and died October 25, 1749. He married November 6, 1703, DELIVERANCE PRESTON of Dorchester (*44*). Their son (**38**) DEACON OBADIAH[4] was born Feb-

*Savage says "probably," but no doubt is expressed in N. E. Hist. & Geneal. Reg. XLI, p. 192, where she is given as fifth of ten children named.

ruary 16, 1707, and was deacon of the church in Attleboro. He married December 12, 1728, his cousin BETHIAH[4] CARPENTER (*36*), widow of Benjamin Lyon. He died January 6, 1764. He and his wife are buried in the old Attleboro cemetery. Their daughter,

39. BETHIAH[5] CARPENTER II (Obadiah[4] Obadiah[3] William[2] William[1]) was born December 6, 1729, or 1730, married November 30, 1749, REV. PETER[4] THATCHER of Attleboro (*18*). He died September 13, 1785. She died January 27, 1793 in Attleboro. Their oldest child Mercy was Professor Tyler's grandmother.

The PRESTON family, to which the grandmother of Bethiah Carpenter II belonged, is of considerable antiquity and prominence. The founder of the family was Leolphus De Preston, who lived in Scotland at the time of William the Lion, 1165-1214. The English descent of the New England family as given in Cothren's Ancient Woodbury is impossible. See also the Preston Family Genealogy by William B. Preston.

40. WILLIAM[1] PRESTON of Dorchester, says Savage, came in 1635 from Yorkshire to Massachusetts in the "Truelove," aged 34, with his wife Mary, 34, and six children; removed and settled in New Haven, Conn., the history of which town says he married a daughter of Robert Seabrook (born 1566) of Stratford, but she was his second wife. He signed the fundamental agreement of the 4th of June, 1639. He possessed at his death in 1647, land in Giggleswick, in Yorkshire, inherited from his father. His first wife, Daniel's mother, was probably (**41**) Elizabeth, sister of Joseph (*135*), and a daughter of John and Agnes Loomis of Braintree Co. Essex, England (Conn. Mag X 361). John Loomis' will, dated April 14, 1619, was exhibited May 29th, 1619, his son Joseph being the executor. Prof. Tyler was descended also from Joseph Loomis through Mary Loomis, Mary Tudor, Margaret Orton, Hannah Thomson, Mehitabel Bird, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler,

42. DEACON DANIEL[2] PRESTON (William[1]) of Dorchester, Savage says, "came from London in the Elizabeth and Ann, 1635, aged thirteen, son of William, sent in April as the father would

follow in few months, freeman 1665, by wife MARY had Mary, born about 1665, DANIEL, October 7, 1649; was chosen selectman 1675, and often afterwards deacon, and died November 10, or 12, 1707, aged eighty-five."

43. DANIEL[3] PRESTON (Daniel[2] William[1]) of Dorchester, Savage says, "freeman 1690 was ruling elder"; "died March 13, 1726 in 77th year." He married December, 1673 (?) Abigail Jackson (*46*). Their daughter (**44**), DELIVERANCE, born October 7, 1682, died June 12, 1767, married November 6, 1703, OBADIAH[3] CARPENTER, Sr. (*37*). From them Professor Tyler was descended: Obadiah Carpenter, Jr., Bethiah Carpenter, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

The Abigail Jackson above mentioned was grand-daughter of CHRISTOPHER JACKSON of London, who was buried December 5, 1633 (Whitechapel and Stepney register). His son (**45**), DEACON JOHN[1] was baptized in Stepney Parish, London, June 6, 1602. Savage says, "I presume came in the Defence 1635 from London, aged 30; called at the custom house wholesale man in Burchen lane." He brought a good estate with him from England and was the earliest recorded settler at Cambridge 1639, where he remained and died January 30, 1674-5, leaving an estate of £1230. He gave the land on which the first meeting house was erected, 1660. He was an original proprietor and left 863 acres of land. Edward Jackson of Cambridge was a prominent citizen and younger brother of Deacon John. John had two wives, five sons and ten daughters. His second wife, MARGARET, died August 28, 1684, aged sixty (Gravestone). Their daughter (**46**) ABIGAIL was born August 14, 1648 (Hist. of Newtown says 1647), Savage says she "died April 24, 1723, in 75th year." She married December 1673 (?) DANIEL[3] PRESTON, Jr. of Dorchester (43). From them Prof. Tyler was descended: Deliverance Preston, Obadiah Carpenter, Bethiah Carpenter, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

Bethiah Carpenter, mother of Bethiah Carpenter last mentioned, was the daughter of Elizabeth Butterworth, granddaughter of

47. Deacon John[1] Butterworth*, of Rohoboth, and Swansea, Mass., who was born about 1630, and died 1708, propounded for freeman June 3, 1652, received a lot of land June 22, 1658, and was jury man 1662. In 1663 a Baptist church was organized at his house with seven members, and he was for a long time deacon of the society which soon moved to Swansea. This town was incorporated March 5, 1668, and he and four others were to have charge of admitting inhabitants and ordering the affairs of the town. In 1670 and 1677 he was surveyor of highways for Rehoboth. He was Constable in 1685. At the time of his death he was called of Bristol. He had eleven children by his wife Sarah. Their eldest child,

48. Capt. John[2] Butterworth (John[1]) of Rehoboth, was born September 8, 1651, and died March 20, 1731. On the division of his father's estate he received twice the shares of the other children. He married September 4, 1674 (**49**), Hannah, daughter of (**50**) Robert Wheaton and (**51**) Alice Bowen and granddaughter of (**52**) Richard Bowen. Hannah was born September 18, 1654. In 1676 he gave £3, 11s, 5d towards the Indian war. He was a freeman January 6, 1682; June 5, 1690, Ensign for expedition against Canada and afterwards Captain. May 31, 1699, he gave a receipt on behalf of his wife, Hannah, for her part of estate of her father, who died 1696, aged about ninety. They had ten children, the fifth (**53**) Elizabeth[3] Butterworth, born January 15, 1682, married March 30, 1704, Daniel[3] Carpenter of Rehoboth (*35*) as his second wife. From them Professor Tyler was descended: Bethiah Carpenter, Bethiah Carpenter, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

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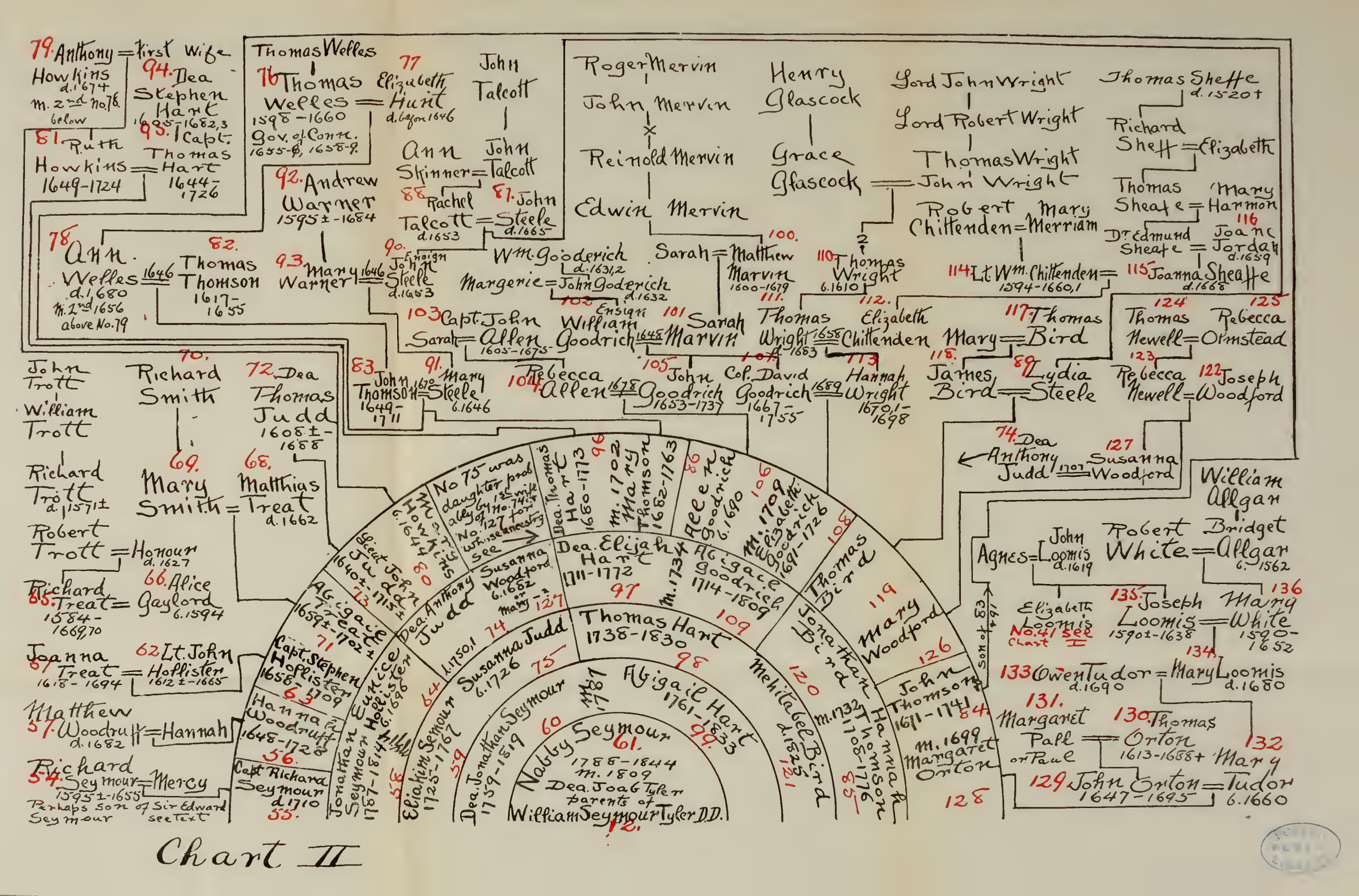
*New Eng. Hist. and Geneal. Reg. Vol. 41, p. 191.


79. Anthony Howkins d.1674 m. 2nd No. 78 below
First Wife
94. Dea Stephen Hart 1605-1682,3
81. Ruth Howkins 1649-1724
93. Capt. Thomas Hart 1644-1726
Thomas Welles
76. Thomas Welles 1598-1660 Gov. of Conn. 1655-6, 1658-9
77 Elizabeth Hunt d. bef. on 1646
John Talcott
Ann Skinner
John Talcott
88 Rachel Talcott d.1653
87. John Steele d.1665-
92. Andrew Warner 1595±-1684
78. Ann Welles d.1680 m. 2nd 1656 above No. 79
1646
82. Thomas Thomson 1617-1655
93. Mary Warner 1646
90. John Steele d.1653
Roger Mervin
John Mervin
Reinold Mervin
Edwin Mervin
Henry Glascock
Grace Glascock
Lord John Wright
Lord Robert Wright
Thomas Wright
John Wright
Robert Chittenden
Mary Merriam
Thomas Sheffe d. 1520+
Richard Sheff
Elizabeth
Thomas Sheafe
Mary Harmon
Dr. Edmund Sheafe
Joane Jordan d.1659
Wm. Gooderich d.1631,2
Margerie
John Goderich d.1632
Sarah
Matthew Marvin 1600-1679
100.
110 Thomas Wright 6.1610
114 Lt. Wm. Chittenden 1594-1660,1
115 Joanna Sheafe d.1668
103 Capt. John Sarah Allen 1605-1675-
Ensign William Goodrich 1648
101 Sarah Marvin
111. Thomas Wright 1658 d. 1683
112. Elizabeth Chittenden
117 Thomas Mary Bird
124 Thomas Newell
125 Rebecca Ormstead
70. John Trott
William Trott
Richard Smith
72. Dea Thomas Judd 1608±-1688
83 John Thomson 1649-1711
91. Mary Steele 6.1646
104 Rebecca Allen 1678
105 John Goodrich 1653-1737
106 Col. David Goodrich 1667-1755
113 Hannah Wright 1670,1-1698
James Bird
89 Lydia Steele
123 Rebecca Newell
122 Joseph Woodford
Richard Trott d.1571±
69. Mary Smith
68. Matthias Treat d.1662
74. Dea Anthony Judd 1707
127 Susanna Woodford
William Allgar
Robert Trott
Honour d.1627
Richard Treat 1584-1669,70
66. Alice Gaylord 6.1594
Agnes
John Loomis d.1619
Robert White
Bridget Allgar 6.1562
Elizabeth Loomis No. 41 See Chart I
135. Joseph Loomis 1590±-1638
136 Mary White 1590-1652
Joanna Treat 1618-1694
62 Lt. John Hollister 1612±-1665
133 Owen Tudor d.1690
Mary Loomis d.1680
Matthew Woodruff d.1682
Hannah
131. Margaret Pall or Paul
130. Thomas Orton 1613-1688+
132 Mary
Richard Seymour 1595±-1655
Mercy
Perhaps son of Sir Edward Seymour
see text
129 John Orton 1647-1695
Tudor 6.1660
No. 75 was daughter prob. by 1st wife of No. 74 & No. 127 for wit. see ancestry
Great John Tudor 1640±-1715±
Dea. Thomas Hart 1680-1773
m. 1702 Mary Thomson 1682-1763
Agee Goodrich 6.1690
m. 1709 Elizabeth Goodrich 1691-1726
Dea. Elijah Hart 1711-1772
m. 1734 Abigail Goodrich 1714-1809
Thomas Bird
Susanna Woodford 6.1682
Dea. Anthony Judd
Thomas Hart 1738-1830
Jonathan Bird
Mary Woodford
Abigail Treat 1659±-1702±
Capt. Stephen Hollister 1658-1709
Hannah Woodruff 1648-1728
Capt. Richard Seymour d.1710
Jonathan Seymour 1707-1814
Eunice Hollister 6.1696
Susanna Judd 6.1726
m. 1732 Thomson 1708-1776
Hannah Thomson 1711-1741
m. 1699 Margaret Orton
Mehitabel Bird d.1825
Eliakim Seymour 1725-1767
Dea. Jonathan Seymour 1759-1819
Abigail Hart 1761-1833
Nabby Seymour 1788-1844 m. 1809 Dea. Joab Tyler parents of William Seymour Tyler D.D.
12.
Chart II

ANCESTRY OF NABBY SEYMOUR, PROFESSOR TYLER'S MOTHER.

The Seymour Line.

54. Richard[1] Seymour, of Hartford, Conn., the progenitor of the Seymours in America, was treated as an original settler in 1639, and allotted his portion of public lands with the original settlers of Hartford, although he did not emigrate with Hooker from Massachusetts in 1636. He was soon made "Chimney Viewer," an office that "corresponded somewhat with the head of the fire department of modern times." He was associated with Deputy Governor Ludlow, Captain Patrick and others in obtaining from the General Court the right to settle that part of the colony lying west of Fairfield, which subsequently became the town of Norwalk—an enterprise requiring wealth and ability. In 1654 he was chosen "Townsman" of Norwalk. His will is dated July 29, 1655, and he died shortly after. He left four sons: Thomas, probably born in England, and John, Zachariah (born 1642) and Richard, probably born in Hartford between 1639 and 1650, when Richard, Sr., moved to Norwalk. Immediately after his death, John Steele of Hartford and Farmington married November 25, 1655, Mercy Seymour, the widow, and took the younger sons with him to Farmington.

Among the choicest possessions of the Seymour family in this country is an old "Bishop's Bible," published in 1584, now in Bridgeport, Conn., in the custody of Hon. Morris W. Seymour. On the back of the title page of the New Testament part is the following:

Richard Seymor
Of Bery Pomery,
Heytor Hund. In Ye Com. Devon
His Booke
Hartford, Ye Collony of Conecticet in Newe
England, Annoque Domini
1640

Above this is a pen and ink drawing of the coat of arms, which was conferred on Edward Seymour, brother of Jane, wife of Henry VIII, and mother of Edward VI. Edward and Jane were children of Sir John Seymour Knt. who died seven months after his daughter became queen. The dukedom of Somerset was first created in 1546, and conferred upon Edward by Henry VIII with the privilege of quartering the royal arms of England with his own. Before this, the Seymour arms were simply Gules wings conjoined in lure Or. The original name St. Maur was corrupted to Seymour about 1300. The motto was "Foy pour Devoir."

In the Connecticut Magazine X, 156, is an interesting article by the above Hon. Morris W. Seymour, giving strong evidence tending to show that Richard Seymour of Hartford, Conn., was the fifth son of Sir Edward Seymour, first Baronet of Berry Pomeroy and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Arthur Champernoun of Dartington, and that he matriculated at Exeter College, Oxford, February 5, 1612-13, aged 17, making the date of his birth 1595-6. Miss Mary K. Talcott thinks Richard was more probably the grandson of Sir Edward. Sir Edward was the grandson of Sir Edward Seymour, the Earl of Hertford; Duke of Somerset, and Lord Protector of England, uncle of Edward VI, above mentioned.

55. Captain Richard[2] Seymour (Richard[1]) of Farmington 1669, youngest son of Richard the progenitor, was one of the 84 proprietors of 1672, townsman in 1685, and in 1686 became the leader of the pioneer settlement of the Great Swamp (Kensington). He was Captain of the Seymour Fort, built for the protection of the settlers. His name is second on the list of petitioners to the General Assembly in October, 1705, for a new "Ministerial Soc. at Great Swamp." He married (**56**) Hannah, daughter of (**57**), Matthew Woodruff, one of the original proprietors of Farmington. So says Savage under title Woodruff, but under titles Seymour and Hawkins, calls her daughter of Anthony Hawkins, but Hannah Hawkins married Jonathan Nichols of Derby and later Samuel Ward. On April 2, 1654, Hannah, the wife of Matthew Woodruff and her daughter Hannah, aged about 5½ years were joined to the church. Matthew died 1682, his will being dated September 6, and proved in De-

cember. In it he mentions *his daughter, Hannah Seymour,* wife of the second Richard. Camp's History of New Britain says, p. 30, that Capt. Seymour gave the lot for the first cemetery in Berlin or New Britain soon after which he was killed by the falling of a tree in 1710, and his body was the first interred there. His wife died September 16, 1728. Their children:

Samuel Seymour, who married, May 10, 1706, Hannah, daughter of Thomas North. He died in 1749.

Hannah Seymour, who married first, November 29, 1692, Joseph Pomeroy of Suffield, Conn., who died in 1712. She married, second, October 23, 1713, Josiah Hale.

Mercy Seymour, baptized January 14, 1682-3; married February, 1711, George Hubbard of Kensington; she died February 8, 1731.

Ebenezer Seymour, baptized February 1, 1684; married, December 27, 1709, Abigail, daughter of Capt. Stephen Hollister of Wethersfield, Conn.

JONATHAN SEYMOUR, baptized April 17, 1687.

58. JONATHAN[3] SEYMOUR (Richard[2] Richard[1]), Capt. Seymour's youngest child, was baptized April 17, 1687. He resided at Kensington, Conn., where he married, December 23, 1714, EUNICE HOLLISTER of Wethersfield (64). After his death in 1725 she married, January 13, 1726, in Wallingford, William Chidister (or Chittister). Jonathan Seymour had five children:

Eunice Seymour, born January 1, 1715, married Joseph King of Suffield.

Jerusha Seymour, born August 23, 1717, married November 13, 1739, James Newell of Farmington, Conn.; she died February 10, 1741.

Martha Seymour, born in 1720, married December 22, 1742, Capt. Solomon Cowles of Farmington; she died February 6, 1812.

Lois Seymour, born 1723, married Thomas Huxley of Suffield, Conn.

ELIAKIM SEYMOUR

59. ELIAKIM[4] SEYMOUR (Jonathan[3] Richard[2] Richard[1]) was

born in Kensington, 1725, and married SUSANNA JUDD (*75*), widow of his cousin Samuel Seymour. By her first marriage she had a daughter who married Elijah Hooker. Eliakim died in Kensington, 1767. They had four children:

Jerusha Seymour, married James Merrill of Farmington, later of Castleton, Vt., had seven sons.

Polly Seymour, married Daniel Green of Granville, N. Y., later of Hartwick, N. Y.

JONATHAN SEYMOUR.

Samuel Seymour, married Polly Comstock.

60. LIEUT. and DEA. JONATHAN[5] SEYMOUR (Eliakim[4] Jonathan[3] Richard[2] Richard[1]) was born in Kensington, August 17, 1759, early enlisted in the Revolutionary War, was in the battle of Saratoga at age of 18; aided in carrying Benedict Arnold from the field where he was wounded; was with the reserves which arrived at Yorktown after the surrender by Cornwallis; on May 17, 1793, appointed Ensign of the Third Company of Militia, in the Fifteenth Regiment by the Commander-in-Chief General Huntington. His last days were passed at Otsego, N. Y., where he and his wife were buried. He died there July 26. 1819. He married in Kensington, February 15, 1787, ABIGAIL HART (*99*). She was born October 27, 1761. They had eight children:

61. NABBY SEYMOUR, born January 31, 1788, died August 23, 1844, married November 16, 1809, DEA. JOAB TYLER (*11*). They were Prof. Tyler's parents.

Ruth (Rutha) Seymour, born August 28, 1789, died March 6, 1875.

John Seymour, born July 27, 1791, died March 27, 1881, married at Harford, Pa., January 5, 1820 Sarah Atherton, daughter of Dea. Moses Thacher and grand-daughter of Rev. Peter Thacher (*18*). Their fifth child, Sarah Maria, born July 3, 1832, married William Blair of Chicago.

Nancy Seymour, born April 24, 1794, died October 11, 1831.

George Seymour, born June 20, 1796, died June 16, 1825.

Hart Seymour, born June 18, 1798, died August 18, 1868.

Mehitable Seymour, born July 22, 1800, died April 17, 1854.

Alonzo Seymour, born January 19, 1805, died March 11, 1861.

HOLLISTER, TREAT, JUDD.

Lieut. Jonathan Seymour was the grandson of Eunice Hollister. Her grandfather was:

62. Lieut. John[1] Hollister, one of the first settlers of Wethersfield, who is said to have been born in England about 1612, and to have come to America about 1642. Savage says, "Weymouth, freeman 10 May 1643 was Representative in March, 1644, in Mass., and November of the same year in Conn. He removed to Wethersfield, where he had been in 1642 when son John was born to him, as is said, strange as his residence seems at that day." The Treat Family says, p. 33, but probably wrongly, "There is reason, however, for thinking that there were two John Hollisters in New England at the same time, one at Weymouth, who afterward returned to England, and the other at Wethersfield." It is generally considered, however, that it was the same John Hollister. The Hollister Family, by L. W. Case, M. D., says, p. 19, that he was "one of the most prominent and influential men of Wethersfield and the Connecticut Colony. His name first appears in the annals of that Colony as juror of the particular court held March 2, 1642. He was admitted freeman in 1643; was a deputy from Wethersfield to the Conn. General Court 1644, 1645, 1650, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1661. Lieutenant in April, 1657.

Rev. John Russell had been a witness against him in a lawsuit, testifying in a way that was severely criticised by Lieut. Hollister. Russell excommunicated him without a hearing, 1656, and refused to give his reasons. Hollister's History of Conn. says, "Had Russell been anxious to test the practical workings of his plan of church government, he could hardly have chosen a more favorable subject than one of Captain Mason's military officers—a gentleman of undoubted probity, an experienced

member of the General Court, and a man not likely to be outdone by Russell in the steadiness of his purposes." "Besides his own natural force of character, Hollister had married a daughter of Richard Treat, Esq., one of the most formidable opponents in the colony." The result of this quarrel was the withdrawal of Russell to Massachusetts, and the founding of Hadley, 1659. Lieutenant Hollister was appointed Collector in Wethersfield, March 14, 1660. He was a large land owner in Wethersfield. He married JOANNA, daughter of HON. RICHARD TREAT, SR., of Wetherfield, and his wife, ALICE GAYLORD. He died April, 1665, between 13th and 20th. His widow died in October, 1694. He left five sons, the youngest,

63. CAPTAIN STEPHEN[2] HOLLISTER (John[1]), of Wethersfield, was born there in 1658. He died in service at Greenbush, near Albany, N. Y., October 2, 1709. He married 1683, ABIGAIL TREAT, of Wethersfield (*71*), and second Elizabeth, widow of Jonathan Reynolds.

64. EUNICE[3] HOLLISTER (Stephen[2] John[1]), his daughter by his first wife, was born 1696. Ebenezer Deming was appointed her guardian May 5, 1712. She married December 23, 1714, JONATHAN[3] SEYMOUR (Richard[2] Richard[1]), of Kensington, Conn. (*58*). From them Professor Tyler was descended; Eliakim Seymour, Jonathan Seymour, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

Eunice Hollister's grandmother was Joanna Treat, whose ancestry, according to the Treat Family, by J. H. Treat, is as follows:

JOHN TROTT, of Staplegrove, near Taunton, whose name appears in the Calendar of the Taunton Manor Rolls, 1458, 1463, 1473 and 1479, was probably the father of

WILLIAM TROTT, whose name occurs in these calendars as of the same parish and hundred of Staplegrove 1503, 1504, 1510, and grandfather of

RICHARD TROTT, who died about 1571. The latter married JOANNA, perhaps, the Joanna Trott buried at Otterford, August

*The Treat family, p. 24, says "The tradition that Alice was a second wife and that the name of the first wife was Joanna, who was the mother of Mr. Treat's children, has proven upon investigation to be unfounded." This refutes Savage, etc.

14, 1577. In the Taunton Manor Calendar we find his name in Staplegrove, 1510; Poundesford, 1534, and Otterford, 1527, 1540. The records show five children, the third,

ROBERT TROTT, was buried in Pitminster, February 16, 1599. His wife, HONORA or HONOUR, was buried there September 17, 1627. The records disclose six of his children, the last,

65. RICHARD[1] TREAT, baptised August 28, 1584, in Pitminster, Somerset, married there April 27, 1615 (**66**) ALICE* GAYLORD, who was baptised there May 10, 1594. She was the daughter of HUGH GAYLORD, who was buried there October 21, 1614. Richard was baptised Trott, married Trett, his children were baptised Trott and Tratt, and he was called Treat when he died. He came to New England with his family in 1635, and settled in Watertown, but removed to Wethersfield, Conn., 1637, of which he was a leading citizen. He was juror and Grand Juror 1643, was chosen Deputy from Wethersfield to the Connecticut General Court, April, 1644, and annually re-elected fourteen years, 1644-57. He was elected Assistant or Magistrate eight times, from March, 1657-8 to 1664. He was Townsman 1660. March 14, 1660-1 the General Court applied for a charter for their colony, which was granted April 23, 1662. It was very liberal. It reads: "Charles the Second by the Grace of God King," etc., * * *, "and whereas we have byn informed by the humble peticon of our Trusty and well beloved John Winthrop, John Mason, Samuel Willis, Henry Clerke, Matthew Allen, John Tappan, Nathan Gold, Richard Treate, Richard Lord, Henry Woolicott, John Talcott, Daniel Clerke, John Ogden, Thomas Wells, Obedias Brewen, John Clerk, Anthony Haukins, John Deming and Matthew Camfield, being Persons Principally interested in our Colony or Plantacon of Connecticut in New England * * *" (C. C. R. 2: 3-11). Among these patentees appear Richard Treat and two of his sons-in-law, Deming and Camfield. It is also interesting to note that three of them, TREAT, WELLS and HAUKINS were Prof. Tyler's ancestors, while Capt. MASON was an ancestor of Professor Tyler's wife, Amelia Ogden Whiting. Richard Treat was "a man of considerable wealth and an extensive land owner." He was a member of Governor Winthrop's Council, December 17, 1663, and July 1, 1664. He died 1669-1670. (See also Stiles Hist., Wethersfield, I, 307, II, 711). His

son, Robert Treat, born at Pitminster, 1622, was Colonial Governor of Connecticut (1683-1689).

67. JOANNA[2] TREAT (Richard[1]), fifth child of Richard and Alice (Gaylord) Treat, and sister of Governor Treat, was baptised May 24, 1618, married LIEUTENANT JOHN[1] HOLLISTER, of Wethersfield (*62*). She died October, 1694 (or 5). From them Professor Tyler was descended; Stephen Hollister, Eunice Hollister, Eliakim Seymour, Jonathan Seymour, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

68. MATTHIAS TREAT, from whom Professor Tyler is also descended through the Hollister family, one of the first settlers of Wethersfield and probably a nephew or near relative of Richard Treat, was first at Middletown and at Wethersfield 1645, where he died July 8, 1662. He married there about 1648 (**69**), MARY, daughter of (**70**) RICHARD SMITH, SR., of the same. Richard lived on the old Samuel Boardman place, Wethersfield; was also one of the first settlers, and was involved in the controversy between Hollister and Russell before mentioned, but was too old to remove to Hadley, in 1659. (See Treat Family; also Stiles Hist., Wethersfield, I, 299; II, 717; also Upper Houses Middletown.)

71. ABIGAIL[2] TREAT (Mathias[1]), born about 1659, died about 1702, married 1683, CAPTAIN STEPHEN[2] HOLLISTER, of Wethersfield (*63*). From them Professor Tyler was descended: Eunice Hollister, Eliakim Seymour, Jonathan Seymour, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

Nabby Seymour's grandmother was Susanna Judd, whose ancestry was as follows:

72. THOMAS[1] JUDD* came from England perhaps Essex County 1633 or 4, and settled at Cambridge, removed to Hartford 1636, of which place he was an original proprietor. Savage II, 574. He was also one of the proprietors of Farmington 1644. Farmington first sent as deputies to the General Court, Stephen Hart and Thomas Judd, May, 1647. Thomas Judd was subsequently a deputy eighteen times up to 1679. He was one of the founders of the Farmington church October 13, 1652, Stephen Hart being the first deacon, Thomas Judd the second. Ander-

*See Thomas Judd and his descendants by Sylvester Judd.

son's Hist. of Waterbury I, 122, discusses the question of whether Stephen Hart may not have to give place to Thomas Judd as a first settler. Thomas Judd had six sons, "every one of whom had some part in the settlement of Waterbury." "The wife of Thomas Judd died in Farmington about 1678," for Thomas Mason of Northampton died that year, "leaving widow Clemence with good estate and no children." December 2, 1679, Thomas Judd married this widow and lived with her on Pleasant Street. He was a selectman of Northampton, 1682. He died November 12, 1688, about eighty years of age. Administrators of his estate were appointed once or twice after 1708, and large tracts of land were distributed to his children and grandchildren several times between then and 1730. His third son,

73. LIEUT. JOHN[2] JUDD (THOMAS[1]) of Farmington, born about 1640, married MARY HOWKINS (*80*). She was born at Windsor July 16, 1644. He "was a deputy to the General Court from Farmington, many times, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1697, 1698, 1703, 1710, and was often in public business. He was appointed ensign of the Farmington train band, May, 1695 and after 1698 was called lieutenant, but his appointment has not been found. He died at Farmington about 1715. Their eldest child, Elizabeth, was born 1670, their third child was

74. DEA. ANTHONY[3] JUDD (JOHN[2] THOMAS[1]), "lived in Kensington Society, Farmington, which included what was afterwards the parish of New Britain. He was one of the 'seven pillars' of Kensington church, when it was organized December 10, 1712, and was a deacon" of the church 1714. He and Captain Richard Seymour were among the petitioners for the settlement of the "great Swamp" Farmington, 1705. He was a man of influence and represented Farmington in the General Court 1717, 1719, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1739, 1740, 1741. His will is dated January, 1750, and the inventory of his estate dated November 26, 1751, amounted to £5360. He married June 26, 1707, SUSANNA WOODFORD of Farmington (*127*). She was baptised December 3, 1682. She died and he married a second wife, Mary. He had eight children born between 1708 and 1726, the youngest, (**75**) SUSANNA JUDD, born September 8, 1726, married first Samuel Seymour and on his death, his cousin ELIAKIM[4] SEYMOUR of Kensington (*59*). From the latter mar-

riage, Professor Tyler was descended. Jonathan Seymour, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

WELLES, HOWKINS, THOMSON.

Professor Tyler was descended by two different lines from each of these families.

76. THOMAS WELLES,* Governor of Connecticut (1655-6, 1658-9), was born in London, England, about 1598, son of THOMAS WELLES, a wealthy man and zealous Puritan, and a descendant of Robert de Welles of Rayne Hall, Essex, whose family was of Norman origin. Thomas, the Colonist, is said to have been related to Lord Say and Seal, and to have been his private secretary; further, it is said, that having been presented for recusancy, he was obliged to emigrate. He and his brother Hugh, arrived at Boston in the Susan and Ellen, in 1630, and after living at Watertown, became original proprietors of Hartford, whence Thomas removed to Wethersfield. He was a member of the first court of magistrates, elected March 28, 1637, and was annually re-elected until May 18, 1654, when he was chosen deputy governor and was moderator of the General Court, Gov. Hopkins being in England. In 1655, Welles was elected Governor, in 1657 again served as deputy governor, in 1658-9 was governor, and then returned to the office of deputy governor. He was the first treasurer of the colony, elected in 1639, was its secretary 1640-49, and drafted many of its most important laws and papers, and was a commissioner of the United Colonists in 1649 and in 1654. He married first in England (**77**) ELIZABETH HUNT, who died before 1646. He died at Wethersfield January 14, 1660, and was buried at Hartford.

78. ANN WELLES, second daughter and fifth child of Gov. Thomas and Elizabeth (Hunt) Welles, was twice married, first on April 14, 1646, to THOMAS THOMSON (82), who died April 25, 1655. She married second ANTHONY HOWKINS (79) as his second wife. Professor Tyler was descended from Ann Welles and her first husband Thomas Thomson, and twice from Ann Welles and her second husband Anthony Howkins.

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*Nat. Cyc. Am. Biog. X, 320.

HOWKINS.

79. ANTHONY HOWKINS of Windsor, was one of the original patentees of the royal charter of Connecticut, April 29, 1662. He was a Deputy from Farmington to the General Court of Connecticut, 1660-1667, and Assistant, 1668-1673. (See Savage.) His daughters, MARY, born July 16, 1644, and RUTH, October 24, 1649, were by his first wife. Stiles Ancient Windsor confuses him with Anthony Hoskins and makes this first wife Isabel Brown. The first wife died in Windsor, July 12, 1655. In 1656 Anthony Howkins removed to Farmington, and married July 16, 1656 Ann, widow of Thomas Thomson, and daughter of Governor Thomas Welles, and had by her who died in 1680, HANNAH, born 1662, whom Savage wrongfully makes the wife of Capt. Richard[2] Seymour. Anthony Howkins died in 1674, and the name ceased with the death of his only son, John. (Savage II, 382.)

80. MARY HAWKINS married JOHN[2] JUDD (*73*), and from them Professor Tyler was descended: Anthony Judd, Susanna Judd, Jonathan Seymour, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

81. RUTH married CAPTAIN THOMAS[2] HART of Farmington (*94*). From them Professor Tyler was descended: Thomas Hart, Elijah Hart, Thomas Hart, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

HANNAH HAWKINS, according to Savage, married CAPTAIN RICHARD SEYMOUR, JR. (*55 q. v.*)

THOMSON.

82. THOMAS[1] THOMSON of Farmington, Savage says, probably came to this country in the Abigail aged 18, embarking at London, July 1, 1635. He was probably a brother of Samuel Thompson, "citizen and stationer of London," who owned estates in Neene Salop Co. and in Knighton, Worcester Co., who lost considerable property in the great London fire and whose will is printed in the New Eng. Geneal. Reg., Vol. 49, p. 395. In Farmington the name was spelled without the *p* like the famous

poet's. The *p* was added by descendants in Avon, and the name is so spelled in the histories of Windsor, Woodbury, New Britain, etc. On April 14, 1646, Thomas married at Hartford ANN, daughter of Gov. THOMAS and ELIZABETH (HUNT) WELLES (78). In 1648 he moved to Farmington, where his last four children were born, and where, on October 13, 1652, he became one of the seven founders or "pillars of the church." He represented Farmington in the General Court, was Constable and may have held higher offices. He died April 25, 1655. Their eldest son,

83. JOHN[2] THOMSON (THOMAS[1]) of Farmington, was born there 1649, freeman 1670, and died there November 21, 1711. (Farmington Records, Vol. 2, p. 141.) He married October 24, 1670 (Farm. Rec., Vol. 1, p. 5), MARY, daughter of JOHN, JR., and MARY (WARNER) STEELE (*90*). Professor Tyler is descended from their son John[3] and their daughter Mary.[3] Their son

84. JOHN[3] THOMSON (JOHN[2] THOMAS[1]) of Farmington, born there December 29, 1671, died August 9, 1741, married November 2, 1699, MARGARET ORTON (*127*) (Farm. Rec., Vol. 2, p. 145), by whom he had ten children. (See letter of Julius Gay of Farmington.) He married 2d June 18, 1724, Ruth, daughter of Lieut. John and Ruth (Judd) Steele. (**85**) HANNAH, his fifth child by his first wife, Margaret Orton, was born October 6, 1708, died October 17, 1776, married April 19, 1732, JONATHAN[4] BIRD (*120*). From them Professor Tyler was descended: Mehitabel Bird, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler. Hannah Thomson married 2d Capt. Daniel Webster.

86. MARY[3] THOMSON (JOHN[2] THOMAS[1]) was baptised, Savage says, at Farmington, October 1, 1682, died October, 1763, (aged 83, says the Hart genealogy, not over 100 as Savage says), married December 17, 1702, DEA. THOMAS[3] HART (*96*). The Hart Genealogy says she and her husband were among the ten founders of the first church at Kensington, December 10, 1712. From them Professor Tyler was descended: Elijah Hart, Thomas Hart, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

STEELE, TALCOTT, SKINNER, WARNER.

Professor Tyler was descended by three different lines from the Steele family.

87. JOHN[1] STEELE, according to Farmer, was at Dorchester, 1630. By family tradition, Savage says, he and his brother George came from Essex County, England. He was one of the *proprietors* of Newtown (Cambridge), 1632, and from which he was elected a representative in 1635; "Cambridge being designated to be the Capital of the Colony, as it was soon after the seat of the University." Barber's Historical Collections, p. 31, says "The first English settlement in Hartford was commenced in 1635 by John Steel and his associates from Newtown (now Cambridge) in Massachusetts. The main body of the first settlers with Mr. Hooker at their head, did not arrive till the following year," when Mr. Hooker with about one hundred men, women and children, went through the trackless wilderness from Cambridge to Hartford. Dr. Trumball says, "This adventure was the more remarkable as many of this company were persons of figure, who had lived in England in honor, affluence and delicacy, and were entire strangers to fatigue and danger." Professor Andrews, in his Study of The River Towns of Conn. (Johns Hopkins Studies, VII, VII, 27) says of the early settlement of Connecticut, "It was the outcome of a second sifting from the complications of Government in England. Its founders were twice purged, and in their revolt from the already purified government of Massachusetts, they evidenced how thoroughly democratic their principles must have been to have found themselves out of harmony with the latter's policy." Of Professor Tyler's male ancestors we find thirteen were early at Hartford (eight as original proprietors), eleven at Wethersfield, and twenty at Farmington, almost all prominent members of these communities. Of Mrs. Tyler's ancestors, eight were early at Hartford, among them the colonial father, Major William Whiting, and that father of American democracy, Rev. Thomas Hooker, while the pioneer settlement at Windsor was led and represented by the Rev. John Warham and Maj. John Mason and Professor Tyler's ancestor, Anthony Howkins.

On March 3, 1635-6, Massachusetts commissioned eight persons to act as commissioners to govern the new colony of Connecticut. Among these eight were William Swaine (*293*), and John Steele (Col. Rec. I, 170). The latter was Deputy from Cambridge to the General Court of Massachusetts, 1634, 1635; Magistrate of Connecticut, 1636, 1637; representative to the General Court from Hartford, 1637-1645, from Farmington, 1646-1658, and was town clerk of Hartford until he removed to Farmington, 1645. The Steele Family, by D. S. Durrie, says, "During 23 years elected to the principal Colony Court, he was present at 88 at least of its sessions, and engaged in its legislation and judicial decisions and for four years its Secretary and Recorder. For nearly 20 years he was also recorder of the town of Hartford." At the time of the organization of Farmington and its admission as a town by the court, the record (Dec. 1, 1645) reads: "And Mr. Steele is entreated for the present to be recorder there, untill the Towne haue one fitt among theselues." (Col. Records, I, 1, 134, &c.) John Steele married at Felsted near Braintree, Essex Co., Eng. (**88**) Rachel Talcott, sister of the Worshipful John Talcott, Colonial Treasurer of Connecticut, daughter of John and Ann (Skinner) Talcott of Braintree and granddaughter of John Talcott of Talchester Co., Essex. She died in 1653, and after the death of Richard Seymour, in 1655, he became guardian of Richard's three minor children, married the widow, Mercy Seymour, and the family lived in Farmington until his death in 1665.

89. Lydia[2] Steele (John[1]) married March 31, 1657, James[2] Bird (*118*), and from them Professor Tyler was descended: Thomas Bird, Jonathan Bird, Mehitabel Bird, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

90. Ensign John[2] Steele (John[1]) of Farmington, was born in England, married January 22, 1646, Mary or Mercy, daughter of Andrew Warner (*93*). He was Ensign of the militia, 1651, but died in 1653. His widow married William Hills.

91. Mary[3] Steele (John[2] John[1]), born November 20, 1646, married October 24, 1670, John Thomson of Farmington (*83*), who was born in 1649. From them Professor Tyler was doubly descended as follows: Mary Thomson, Elijah Hart, Thomas Hart, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler. Also as

follows: John Thomson, Hannah Thomson, Mehitabel Bird, Abigail Hart, etc.

92. ANDREW WARNER was at Cambridge, 1632, removed to Hartford as an original proprietor. He became one of the first settlers of Hadley in 1659, and was living there to take the oath of allegiance February 8, 1679. He died December 18, 1684, or possibly the month following, aged almost ninety. His second wife, Esther, widow of Thomas Selden, died in 1693. His daughter (**93**) MARY, probably born in England, married January 22, 1646, ENSIGN JOHN STEELE, JR., then of Hartford (*90*). From them Professor Tyler was descended as follows: Mary Steele, Mary Thompson, Elijah Hart, Thomas Hart, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

ANCESTRY OF ABIGAIL HART, PROFESSOR TYLER'S MOTHER'S MOTHER.

THE HART LINE.

94. DEA. STEPHEN[1] HART was born at Braintree, England, about 1605. (See Stephen Hart and his descendants, by Alfred Andrews.) About 1632 he was at (Newtown) Cambridge, Mass., one of the fifty-four original settlers. He was a deacon of Rev. Thomas Hooker's church there, and went with him in 1635 to Hartford, Conn., where he was an original proprietor, 1639, and where he continued as deacon. It is said Hartford derives its name from a crossing of the Connecticut river he discovered, known as Hart's Ford. As early as 1640, he and his friends negotiated the purchase of Farmington from the Tunxis Indians, and that town was incorporated 1645. Of the ten most prominent settlers there, Professor Tyler is descended from four—John Steele, Stephen Hart, Thomas Thomson and Thomas Judd. Mr. Hart was one of the "seven pillars" of the church at Farmington, organized in 1652 under Roger Newton, and was chosen their first deacon. Among the other "pillars" of the church were Thomas Thomson and Thomas Judd, also ancestors of Professor Tyler. But Mr. Hart seems to have been the leader in the Farmington settlement, and his purchase about three miles north of Farmington village is still known as Hart's Farm. He is named as one of the original eighty-four pro-

prietors, 1672. In 1647 Mr. Hart was one of the first representatives at the General Court, and continued such with one exception, fifteen sessions until 1655, and once in 1660. He died in March, 1682-3.

95. Capt. Thomas[2] Hart (Stephen[1]) of Farmington, third son and youngest child of Deacon Stephen Hart by his first wife, was born 1644. He was confirmed ensign of the Farmington train-band by the General Court 1678, lieutenant 1693, and Captain 1695. He was also deputy to the General Court from Farmington, 1690, 1692, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1702, 1704, 1705, 1706, and was speaker of the general court in 1700, 1704, 1705, 1706 and 1709. He was appointed commissioner for Farmington by the General Court in 1692, 1693, 1694, 1965, 1697, and Justice for Hartford County 1698, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706. He was a member of the council in 1697. In October, 1702, he was appointed one of the Commissioners to settle the boundary line between Connecticut and Rhode Island. About 1665, Mr. Hart married Ruth (*81*), daughter of Anthony Howkins, an original patentee named in the royal charter of Connecticut, and a distinguished man in Farmington. She was born October 24, 1649, at Windsor, Conn. She died October 9, 1724. He died August 27, 1726, leaving a large estate of about two thousand acres. He was buried with military honours.

96. Dea. Thomas[3] Hart (Thomas[2] Stephen[1]) of Kensington, Conn., the second son, was born at Farmington April, 1680. He was the most influential man in Kensington, and was representative from Farmington to the General Court 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745 and 1747. He was also Justice of the Peace. He and his wife were among the ten original members of the Kensington Church, organized December 10, 1712, and he was chosen deacon January 27, 1718-19. He married December 17, 1702, Mary Thomson of Farmington (*86*). She died October, 1763, aged eighty-three, and on January 11, 1764, he married Mrs. Elizabeth (Galpin) Norton, of Stratford, widow of Isaac of Berlin. He was eighty-four, his bride seventy-nine. She died March 28, 1771. He died January 29, 1773, aged ninety-three (wanting three months, the record says).

97. Dea. Elijah[4] Hart (Thomas[3] Thomas[2] Stephen[1]) of New Britain, Conn., the third son, was born at Kensington, June

18, 1711, married December 26, 1734, ABIGAIL[4] GOODRICH (*109*), who was born December 14, 1714. He located in New Britain, building in the "Hart Quarter," near the site of what is known as the State House. He was made deacon of the first church soon after its organization, April 19, 1758, he and his wife having been constituent members. He died August 3, 1772, in consequence of a fall while carrying fence timber. She died at Simsbury, January 21, 1809, aged ninety-five. Their second son,

98. THOMAS HART of New Britain, was born at Kensington, January 12, 1738, and married February 2, 1758, MEHITABEL BIRD of Farmington (*121*). She was born there July 15, 1737 (or 8). He was a farmer and shoemaker, and lived on West Main Street, New Britain, in the house occupied by Henry K. Smith in 1873. He died January 7, 1830, aged ninety-three, she died March 18, 1825, aged eighty-seven. Their second daughter,

99. ABIGAIL[6] HART of New Britain, was born there October 27, 1761, and married February 15, 1787, DEA. JONATHAN[5] SEYMOUR of Kensington (*60*). They moved west, to Otsego, N. Y., and she died at Harford, Penn., January 1, 1833. They were Professor Tyler's grandparents.

MARVIN, GOODRICH, ALLEN.

Abigail Hart's father's mother was Abigail Goodrich, whose ancestors were among the original proprietors and earliest settlers of Hartford, Wethersfield and Norwalk.

100. MATTHEW MARVIN, an original proprietor of Hartford, was among the twelve earliest settlers whose names are known. He and his brother Reinold, were the first of that name in America. Mathew, the youngest son of EDWARD[5] and MARGARET MARVIN, was baptised at St. Mary's Church, Great Bently, Essex, March 26, 1600. EDWARD[5] MARVIN, the proprietor of Wrabness Hall, and the owner of considerable estates, was born 1550 or earlier and died November 13-4, 1615. His widow, MARGARET, was buried May 28, 1633. He was the son of REINOLD[4] MARVIN of "Ramsey, yeoman," whose widow JOHAN was sole executrix of his will, dated December 22, 1554. The Marvin Genealogy says Reinold[4] was grandson of JOHN[2], whose father ROGER[1] MERVYN of St. Stephen's Parish, Ipswich, was born as

early at 1430 and whose will was dated and proved September 10, 1475. MATTHEW MARVYN, the settler, is mentioned at St. Mary's as "Sydeman" 1621, overseer 1627, senior warden 1628. In 1635 he sailed from London with his family in the Increase. He was surveyor of highways in Hartford 1639, 1647. On June 19, 1650, he signed the agreement for the settlement of Norwalk, became an original proprietor, settled there 1653, and was one of the first representatives 1654. His name is third among the grantees from the Indians. His first wife, Elizabeth, born about 1604, died 1640-7. His will was dated December 20, 1678, and the inventory, July 12, 1680. His fourth child by his first wife was

101. SARAH MARVIN, who was christened December 27, 1631, in St. Mary's, Great Bently, Co. Essex, and was three years old when she came to this country. She died near the close of 1701 at Stratford. She married (first) October 4, 1648 (Hartford Records), in Hartford (**102**), Ensign William Goodrich, who, according to the Goodrich Family by L. W. Case, M. D., was the son of JOHN GODERICH of Burie St. Edmond, Suffolk clothier, who was buried April 21, 1632, and whose will dated April 14, 1632, bequeaths estates in Hesset or Hegesett. John's wife was Margerie, and his father was WILLIAM GOODERICH of Hesett in Suffolk, yeoman, whose will made April 4, 1631, was proved in the Archdeaconry Court of Sudbury, February 2, 1631-2. Ensign William Goodrich was one of the first settlers of Wethersfield. (Goodrich Family, Stiles Wethersfield II, 372.) He was appointed with Mr. Robbins constable for Wethersfield at the court of March 7, 1649, (Hartford Prob. Rec. II, 2), deputy from Wethersfield to the General Court five sessions (May, 1662-October, 1666), was a grand Juror May, 1662, commissioned Ensign of Wethersfield Train Band by the General Court May 11, 1665 (Col. Rec. II, 17), and is so styled on all public records until his death in 1676. The inventory of his estate, taken November 14, 1676, amounted to £915. His wife married again and died at Stratford at the close of 1702. Professor Tyler was descended both from their second son JOHN, and their fifth son DAVID.

103. CAPTAIN JOHN[1] ALLEN "mariner," of Charlestown, Mass., came in the Abigail, 1635, aged 30 with wife Ann, aged 30,

from Kent, England. Robert's Hist. of the Anc. & Hon. Artillery Co. of Mass. I, 85, says he was a member of the Company in 1639. In 1640 he had a wife Sarah. In 1657 he was the richest man in town, was representative from 1668 to 1674 inclusive, and in 1668 was Captain of the Charlestown company. For services rendered to the Colony (1639), he was granted in 1668, one thousand acres of land by the General Court, and the same year was appointed commissioner on import duties. His name appears on the Harvard College list of benefactors (1639). He died March 27, 1675. (New Eng. Geneal. Reg. VII, 206.) His daughter (**104**), REBECCA[2] by his second wife SARAH, was married at Charlestown, by Mr. Danforth on March 28, 1678, to (**105**), JOHN[2] GOODRICH of Wethersfield, son of *100* and *101*, who was born May 10, 1653 and died 1737. Their third son and seventh child (**106**), ALLEN[3] GOODRICH, born November 13, 1690, married December 27, 1709, his counsin, ELIZABETH[3] GOODRICH (*108*).

107. COL. DAVID[2] GOODRICH of Wethersfield (said fifth son of *101* and *102*), was born May 4, 1667. "Sgt." David was appointed May, 1704, as Lieut. of the Hartford Co. Militia, ordered to march to the relief of Hampshire County, Mass., then threatened by Indians; and in December of the same year had another campaign. In that of 1709 he served as Capt., Adjt. and Regimental Qr. Master; in February, 1712, was on duty as Capt. in Hampshire County, and again in August, 1723, and in October of the latter year was a member of the Colonial Committee of War, and reappointed (with rank of Colonel) in 1725. With but few intervals he represented Wethersfield as deputy to the General Court from 1716 to 1739; serving also in various Committees. In November, 1724, he became a member of the Governor's Council, continuing to serve as such afterwards, and during most of his life was Justice of the Peace, and many years a Justice of the Quorum. He resided at Wethersfield, where he died January 23, 1755. Another record says January 28, and the Marvin Genealogy June 23. He married first March 7, 1689, HANNAH WRIGHT, of Wethersfield (*113*), who was born March 10, 1670-1, and died April 27, 1698. Their eldest daughter (**108**), ELIZABETH[3], born November 19, 1691, married December 29, 1709, her cousin, ALLEN[3] GOODRICH (*106*). He was born No-

vember 13, 1690. They settled at Wethersfield, but afterwards removed to Farmington, where she died August 25, 1726. Their second daughter* (**109**) ABIGAIL[4] GOODRICH, born December 13, 1714, married December 26, 1734, DEA. ELIJAH[4] HART of New Britain (97). From them Professor Tyler was descended as follows: Thomas Hart, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

WRIGHT.

Elizabeth Goodrich's mother, Hannah Wright, was descended as follows:

110. THOMAS WRIGHT, SR., the Wethersfield settler, was baptised in England, November 19, 1610. Stiles' Anc. Wethersfield, II, 850 (after refering to various authorities which somewhat conflict q. v.) gives a rather doubtful English ancestry of Thomas as follows:

1. JOHN WRIGHT, ESQ., LORD of Kelvedon Manor, Essex Co., Eng., 1538, died October 5, 1551. His grandson by his son, Lord Robert (or as one account gives it, his son), 3. THOMAS WRIGHT, ESQ., of Brook Hall, So. Weald, Essex Co., Lord of the Manor of Great and Little Reapers, was buried October 21, 1607. His son, 4. JOHN WRIGHT, ESQ., ditto, was baptised September 13, 1577, and buried May 30, 1640, married Grace Glascock (dau. of Henry) of High Easter Parsonage, Essex Co. His son was 5. (**110**) THOMAS WRIGHT, SR., the Wethersfield settler, who came first probably to Watertown, Mass., and was of the Mass. Court of Assistants before the Colonial Government was established at Boston. He removed to Wethersfield probably about 1639. He was recognized as a man of influence and high standing. He owned an island in the Connecticut River, called by the Indians Mannahannock ("Great Laughing Place"), part of which was still owned by his descendants in 1900. He was deputy to the general court of Connecticut 1643, selectman 1658, Commissioner on town lines, etc. He and Enoch Buck were constables 1668-9. He seems to have been prominent in

* By a self evident mistake in Stiles' Wethersfield II, 375, Abigail is made daughter of Allen by a second marriage, although she was born 13 years before first wife Elizabeth died.

the church fight which led to the removal to Hadley. Senator Elijah Boardman, grandfather of Mrs. M. W. Tyler, was fourth in the descent from his son, Ensign Samuel as follows: Hannah Wright, Daniel Boardman, Sherman Boardman, Elijah Boardman, Caroline M. Boardman, Eliza M. (Schroeder) Tyler. His eldest son,

111. THOMAS[2] WRIGHT, JR., was made Freeman at Wethersfield, 1654, constable 1662, bell-ringer, etc., 1666, and died August 23, 1683. He married May, 1658 (W. F. J. Boardman, also Weth. Recs. II, p. 171, and Talcott Gen. Notes, p. 729, say June 16, 1657), (**112**) ELIZABETH, daughter of LIEUT. WILLIAM and JOANNA (SHEAFFE) CHITTENDEN of Guilford, Conn., and granddaughter of Robert and Mary (Merriam) Chittenden. Savage thinks this marriage may have been that of another Thomas Wright who was of Guilford. Elizabeth died February 17, 1675, aged 38.

113. HANNAH[3] WRIGHT (THOMAS[2] THOMAS[1]) born March 10, 1670-1; died April 27, 1698; married March 7, 1689 CAPT. DAVID GOODRICH (*107*). From them Professor Tyler was decended; Elizabeth Goodrich, Abagail Goodrich, Thomas Hart, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

114. LIEUT. WILLIAM CHITTENDEN (Hannah's mother's father) was baptised in Marden near Cranbrooke Co. Kent, March, 1594 (see Chittenden Genealogy). He was the principal military man in the plantation of Guilford; was appointed Lieutenant of Artillery of New Haven Colony 1653; was deputy from Guilford to the New Haven General Court 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659. He died February 1660-1.

115. JOANNA SHEAFFE, his wife, daughter of DR. EDMUND SHEAFFE and (**116**) JOANNA JORDAN of Cranbrooke Co. Kent, died in Guilford, Conn., August 16, 1668. Dr. Sheaffe's widow emigrated to America and died at Guilford August 1, 1659. The N. E. Hist. Gen. Reg. 51, 208-13 gives the Sheaffe genealogy; 1. Thomas[1] Sheffe of Cransbrook Co. Kent, will dated 1520. 2. Richard[2] Sheff b. ab. 1510, d. 1557, m. ab. 1534 Elizabeth, who d. 1564. 3. Thomas[3] Sheafe b. ab. 1535, m. ab. 1559 Mary Harman b. ab. 1536. He d. 1604. 4. Edmund[4] Sheafe bapt. 1559-60, m. (I) Elizabeth Taylor who d. 1598, (II) Joane Jordan. He d. 1626. 5. Joanna[5] m. (*1*) William Chittenden, (*2*) Abraham Cruttenden, d. August 16, 1668.

BIRD.

Abigail Hart's mother was Mehitabel Bird, whose ancestors were also among the earliest settlers of Wethersfield and Farmington.

117. THOMAS[1] BIRD, located in Wethersfield Lane in Hartford as early as 1645, (1644 says Bird Family). He resided at Windsor and Hartford where he died 1653 (d. 1660 says B. Fam.). His widow, MARY died January 22, 1729-30, at a very old age. Their "two sons, Joseph and James, and two daughters, all moved to Farmington, and there all had families." Their son,

118. JAMES[2] BIRD, was admitted freeman at Hartford, May 21, 1657, married March 31, 1657, LYDIA STEELE (*89*). They removed to Farmington. He died 1708. Their son,

119. THOMAS[3] BIRD, removed to Northington 1690. He married July 3, 1693, MARY WOODFORD of Farmington (*126*), who died November 9, 1723. He married a second wife, Sarah, about 1725. She died March 31, 1737.

120. JONATHAN[4] BIRD of Northington and Kensington, was born December 28, 1699, and died at Kensington 1748. He married April 19, 1732, Hannah Thomson (*85*), who was born October 6, 1708, and died October 17, 1776. Their daughter,

121. MEHITABEL[5] BIRD, born July 15, 1737 (or 8), married February 2, 1758, THOMAS[5] HART of New Britain (*98*). She was admitted to the church there January 9, 1785, "she was well adapted to the age in which she lived, industrious, economical and self-sacrificing, Christian habits and deportment. She died March 18, 1725, aged eighty-seven." Their daughter ABIGAIL (*99*) was Professor Tyler's mother's mother.

WOODFORD, NEWELL.

Mehibtabel Bird's grandmother Mary Woodford, was the daughter of

122. JOSEPH WOODFORD of Farmington, and his wife (**123**) REBECCA, daughter of THOMAS and REBECCA (OLMSTEAD) NEWELL of the same place. Joseph died in 1701. He is supposed by

some without authority (see Am. Anc. VIII, 209), to be the son of THOMAS WOODFORD of Hartford, who was at Roxbury in 1632, coming from London in the William and Francis, embarking March 7, arriving June 5, with Edward Windslow, and married Mary, daughter of Robert and Susanna Blott of Charlestown. (See Savage IV, 639, also I, 205.)

124. THOMAS NEWELL (or Navell), of Farmington, 1652, married (**125**) Rebecca Olmstead, sister of John and Richard. Thomas Newell's estate was divided among his nine children in 1689. Rebecca Woodford aged 46 then being the oldest. Of the daughters of Joseph and Rebecca (Newell) Woodford:

126. MARY, married 1693, THOMAS BIRD (*119*). From them Professor Tyler was descended: Jonathan Bird, Mehitabel Bird, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler;

127. SUSANNA, baptised December 3, 1682, married June 26, 1707 DEACON ANTHONY[3] JUDD of New Britain (*74*). From him Professor Tyler was descended: Susanna Judd, Jonathan Seymour, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.

ORTON, TUDOR, LOOMIS.

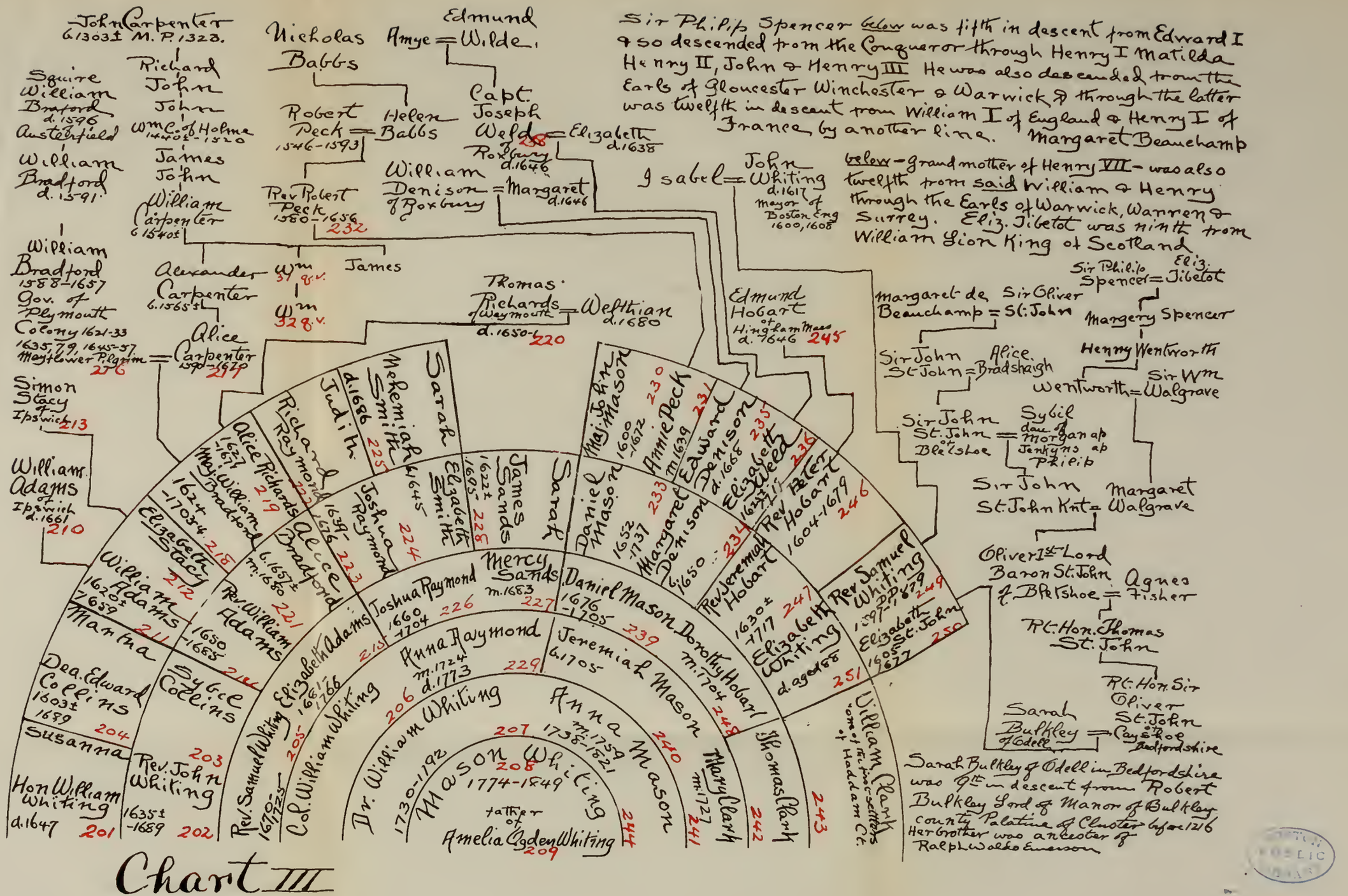
128. MARGARET ORTON, wife of John[3] Thomson (John[2] Thomas[1]) (*84*), and mother of Mrs. Jonathan Bird (*85*, *120*), was the daughter of John[2] and Mary (Tudor) Orton of Farmington. **129.** John[2] Orton was the only son of (**130**) Thomas[1] Orton, who was an early settler of Windsor, Conn., where, Savage says, he married June 16, 1641 (**131**) Margaret Pall or Paul. **130.** Thomas[1] served repeatedly on juries, grand and petit, at Hartford, and in 1655 moved to Farmington, where he was one of the wealthiest of the 84 proprietors, and in 1684 was deputy to the General Court. He was born about 1613 as he was 75 in 1688, when he divided his property among his children. His only son John[2] Orton was born February 17, 1647-8, and died about January, 1695-6. The Orton Genealogy by Edward Orton, LL.D., among other mistakes, gives John[2] Orton three wives, with Margaret's mother as the first.

132. Mary Tudor was mother of Margaret Orton (Hartford Probate Records V. 221, Farmington Land Records II 171, III 390), and as widow married July 5, 1699, John Judson

(Cothren's Woodbury III 177), not Isaac Judson, as the Loomis Genealogy says. The latter says she was born March 6, 1660. She was the daughter of OWEN TUDOR and MARY LOOMIS. **133.** Owen Tudor, according to Stiles Windsor II 767, came from Wales to Windsor in 1649, and on November 13, 1651, married (**134**) MARY LOOMIS, widow of John Skinner, and daughter of JOSEPH LOOMIS, Sr., of Windsor. Owen's wife (*134*) died Aug. 19, 1680, and Owen died at Windsor October 30, 1690.

135. JOSEPH LOOMIS, Margaret Orton's mother's father, was a woolen draper of Braintree, Essex Co., England, born about 1590, the only son of John Loomis, whose will, dated April 14, 1619, was exhibited May 29, 1619, Joseph being the executor and the widow's name being Agnes. Most of the family came to America, according to the Connecticut Magazine X 361, among them the children of John's daughter Elizabeth Loomis (*41*), first wife of William Preston (*40*) and mother of Dea. Daniel[2] Preston, from whom Professor Tyler was also descended: Daniel [3] Preston, Deliverance[4] Preston, Dea. Obadiah Carpenter, Bethiah Carpenter, Mercy Thacher, Joab Tyler, William S. Tyler.

135. JOSEPH LOOMIS, married in Messing, Co. Essex, June 30, 1614 (**136**) MARY WHITE, baptized August 24, 1590, daughter of Robert White of Messing and Bridget Allgar, his wife, who was baptized March 11, 1562, in Shalford, daughter of William Allgar.—Joseph Loomis sailed from London April 11, 1638, in the *Susan & Ellen*, arriving at Boston July 17, 1638, moved to Windsor 1639. His wife died August 23, 1652, and he died November 25, 1658. From them Professor Tyler was descended: Mary Loomis, Mary Tudor, Margaret Orton, Hannah Thomson, Mehitabil Bird, Abigail Hart, Nabby Seymour, William S. Tyler.



Sir Philip Spencer below was fifth in descent from Edward I & so descended from the Conqueror through Henry I Matilda Henry II, John & Henry III He was also descended from the Earls of Gloucester Winchester & Warwick & through the latter was twelfth in descent from William I of England & Henry I of France, by another line. Margaret Beauchamp below - grandmother of Henry VIII - was also twelfth from said William & Henry through the Earls of Warwick, Warren & Surrey. Eliz. Jibetot was ninth from William Lion King of Scotland

ANCESTRY OF AMELIA OGDEN WHITING, WIFE OF PROFESSOR WILLIAM S. TYLER.

The Whiting Line.

The family name of Whiting seems to have retained substantially the same pronunciation although it has been spelled with not less than sixteen variations in the early English records between 1085 and 1630. The family seems to have many distinguished members among these early records. There were several early immigrants to America in addition to James Whiton of Hingham, 1648, and Matthew his brother and Thomas Whiton, who came in "The Elizabeth and Ann" from London 1635, many of whose descendants in the fourth and fifth generation went back to the Whiting spelling. James Whitinge, who came over to "Elizabeth Cittie" Virginia in "The George," 1617, aged 9 years, was the progenitor of the Virginia family. Several of this family intermarried with Gen. Washington's family. Nathaniel Whiting of Dedham, Mass., who married Hannah Dwight, November 4, 1643, is the ancestor of most of that name originating in Dedham, Wrentham, Hingham, Plymouth, etc. Rev. Samuel Whiting, D.D., of Lynn, Mass., 1636, an ancestor of Mrs. Tyler through the Mason family, will be mentioned later. No relationship has been discovered between any of these and Mrs. Tyler's ancestor, Col. William Whiting. Rev. Samuel Whiting's family belonged for several generations to Boston, Lincolnshire, England. Col. William Whiting, and Nathaniel Whiting, according to Mr. Hunter (3 Mass. Hist. Coll. X., 71), belonged to Boxford in the County of Suffolk.

201. Major William[1] Whiting was an original proprietor of Hartford 1636. His home lot in 1639 was on the east side of the street, now, Governor Street. Trumbull's Mem. Hist. Hartford I, 269, says, "In 1633 'the Bristol men had sold their interest in Piscataqua to the Lords Say and Brook, George Wyllys and William Whiting who continued Thomas Wiggin their agent.' Mr. Whiting retained his interest in Piscataqua until his death and was one of the most efficient promoters of the

trade and commerce of Hartford." Savage calls him "a wealthy merchant, who had been engaged in a patent for lands at Swamscot with Lord Say and Lord Brooke." He was one of the committee who for the first time sat with the court of magistrates in 1637, was Treasurer of the Colony 1641-1647, was chosen Magistrate 1642 and continued in the office until his death in 1647; Commissioner of the United Colonies for Connecticut 1646. In 1638 he was allowed to trade with the Indians and was appointed with Major Mason and others to erect fortifications in 1642, and the same year was appointed with Mason to collect tribute of the Indians on Long Island and on the Main. He was also commissioned by the General Court with Mr. Hill to proceed to Fort Amsterdam and treat with the Dutch concerning the difficulties between the two settlements. (Smith's Hist. New York I, 6.) He had a trading house at the Delaware river, and also at Westfield, and had dealings with Virginia and Piscataqua. Several of his letters written in 1637, now in the state archives, are sealed with his arms which are a variation of the Boston Lincolnshire Whitings. (See form given in Memorial History of Hartford.) The last addition to his will was made July 24, 1647, and he probably died soon after. The inventory of his estate amounted to £2854. He left a widow Susanna, and six children. William, a London merchant: JOHN; Samuel; Sarah; Mary and Joseph. The latter was for 39 years (1679-1718) Treasurer of the Colony, and was succeeded by his brother John's son John from 1718-1750.

202. REV. JOHN[2] WHITING, son of Major William and Susanna, was born about 1635, graduated at Harvard 1653, joined the church in Cambridge, and in 1657 became assistant to Rev. Edward Norris at Salem. In 1660 he removed to Hartford, was ordained pastor of the First Church (Mr. Hooker's). His rigid views of church discipline led (1669) to a division, and he formed (February 12, 1670), a new church called the South Church at Hartford, where he labored twenty years, until his death, September 8, 1689. Cotton Mather speaks of him in his Magnalia as among those who "will never be forgotten, till Connecticut Colony do forget itself and all religion." He was chaplain of the Hartford forces in King Philip's War. Rev. John Whiting was twice married (1) to (**203**) SYBIL[2], daughter

of (**204**) DEA. EDWARD[1] and MARTHA COLLINS. Deacon Collins was of Cambridge, 1638, where he was admitted freeman May 13, 1640; was a representative 1654 to 1670 except 1661; lived for many years on the plantation of Gov. Cradock at Medford, and at last purchased it; sold 1600 acres to Richard Russell, and other parts to others; Deacon Collins died at Charlestown, April 9, 1689, aged 86. Mr. Whiting married (2) in 1673 Phoebe, daughter of Thomas Gregson of New Haven, who was born 1643 and died September 19, 1730.

Children by first wife,	born	by second wife.	born
1. Cybil	1655	8. Thomas (infant)	1674
2. John (infant)	1657	9. Mary	1676
3. William	1659	10. Elizabeth	1678
4. Martha	1662	11. Joseph	1680
5. Sarah	1664	12. Nathaniel (infant)	1683
6. Abigail	1666	13. Thomas (infant)	1686
7. SAMUEL	1670	14. John	1688

205. REV. SAMUEL[3] WHITING (John[2] William[1]) of Windham, Conn., was born at Hartford, April 22, 1670, and died at Enfield, Conn., September 27, 1725. He studied for the ministry under Rev. James Fitch of Norwich, there being no college in Connecticut. In 1692 he was called to be the first minister at Windham. As an inducement he was promised £50 anuually, and a dwelling to be eighteen feet square and two stories high! He was ordained at Windham December 4, 1700, and his salary increased to £100 with a supply of fuel. He married September 14, 1696 ELIZABETH ADAMS of Dedham, Mass. (*215*). They had thirteen children:

Born

Anne Whiting, January 2, 1698, m. Joseph Fitch.
Samuel Whiting, February 20, 1700, lost at sea 1718.
Elizabeth Whiting, February 11, 1702, died September, 1730, unmarried.
WILLIAM WHITING, January 22, 1704, lived in Norwich.
Joseph Whiting, February 17, 1705, died unmarried.

John Whiting, February 20, 1706, lived in Windham.
Sybil Whiting, May 6, 1708, m. John Backus, Jr.
Martha Whiting, March 12, 1710, died June 29, 1719.
Mary Whiting, November 24, 1712, m. Rev. Thomas Clap, President of Yale College.
Eliphalet Whiting, April 8, 1715, died August 9, 1736, unmarried.
Elisha Whiting, January 17, 1717.
Samuel Whiting, May 15, 1720.
Nathan Whiting, May 4, 1724.

206. Col. William[4] Whiting (Samuel[3] John[2] William[1]) of Bozrah, a part of Norwich, Conn., the eldest surviving son, served with distinction in the French War. He "gained much applause" for his gallant conduct at Louisburg and was made Captain in the regular British service. In the battle of September 8, 1755, at the head of Lake George, under Sir William Johnson, Lieut. Col. Whiting added to his fame "as an officer of great merit." He was Captain of the Sixth Company, or Trainband in Norwich, May, 1739. Captain of a company raised to serve in the expedition against Louisburg, March, 1745. Captain of a Company of Foot in the Expedition against Canada, 1746. Major of the Fourth Regiment raised for the expedition against Crown Point, August, 1755. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment raised for the Expedition against Crown Point, March, 1756. [Colonial Records of Conn.] His eldest son John, who was with him, was murdered by the Indians. Col. Whiting married twice: first in 1724, Anna Raymond of Block Island (*229*). She died November, 1773; second, widow Alithia Woodworth. Col. Whiting's children were:

	Born	
John Whiting,	1725	
Samuel Whiting,	1727	m. Sarah Dyer
Caleb Whiting,	1829	
William Whiting,	1730	
Anna Whiting,	1738	m. James Dyer

207. Dr. William[5] Whiting (William[4] Samuel[3] John[2] William[1]) of Great Barrington, Mass., the youngest son of Col.

William and Anna (Raymond) Whiting, was born April 8, 1730. He studied medecine under Dr. John Bulkley, and became "an eminent physician." In 1765 he removed from Hartford to Great Barrington, where he was the leader of his profession. He always took an active and prominent part in public life. In 1774 he represented four towns at the General Court which resolved itself into a Provincial Congress. In February, 1775, he represented Egremont and Alford in the Procincial Congress of Deputies at Cambridge. He was "empowered and directed to collect all the Province Arms which are in the county of Berkshire." In May, 1775, at the Provincial Congress, at Watertown, he represented Sheffield, Great Barrington, Egremont and Alford, and was charged with furnishing medicines for the army. He was a surgeon of Col. Miles Powell's regiment in which twenty men from Great Barrington under Capt. Roswell Downing enlisted from July 19 to August 23, 1779. Dr. Whiting was also appointed by the Massachusetts House of Representatives August 23, 1775, chairman of a committee for the manufacture of saltpetre. Several valuable letters from Robert Treat Paine to Dr. Whiting on this subject are still preserved. "The manufacture of saltpetre and gunpowder was of *great importance* to the colonies. They could obtain none from any foreign country, and their parent state had prohibited its exportation to America." Mr. Paine's letter of November 6, 1775, says, "It is my opinion, that, unless we exert ourselves in this matter, and have some tolerable success, *it is very uncertain whether everything else we can do will avail us much.*" On October 6, Dr. Whiting, who was actively aided in his work by his wife, reported to his committee that he had obtained the happiest results. His report is entered in full on the minutes, and he was afterward requested to publish further discoveries. Dr. Whiting was appointed Justice of the Peace for Berkshire County. His commission appears to have been originally signed September 6, 1775, but subsequently "George the Third," etc., were erased and "The Government and People of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" was written over them, and the date is changed to July 8, 1776. The law courts previous to this time had been "suspended by popular violence." During a period of five years Dr. Whiting was "the only Justice of the Peace who ventured to

officiate in the county." In 1780 on the adoption of the new state constitution, he was commissioned "a Justice of the Peace and of the Quorum," and contrary to his wishes (1781-1787) "First Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Berkshire County." In 1778 he wrote an Address to the Inhabitants of Berkshire County on the then infatuation for conventions and committees. At the time of Shay's Rebellion, 1786, he wrote an "Essay for the Times," the manuscript being still in the possession of the family. Dr. Whiting married in 1759 ANNA MASON (*244*). Dr. Whiting died December 8, 1792. His wife died November 13, 1821. Their children were:

Samuel Whiting, born August 14, 1762, m. 1803 Sarah Betts, died January 29, 1832.
William Whiting, born November 7, 1764, m. Ann Ransom.
Mary Anna Whiting, born October 9, 1767, m. Hon. Elijah Boardman. They were grandparents of Mrs. Mason W. Tyler.
Abraham Whiting, born September, 1769, m. 1793 Currence Wheeler.
Elizabeth Whiting, born January 15, 1772.
MASON WHITING, born May 8, 1774.
Fanny Whiting, born December 1, 1788, m. Frederick Abbott.

Of these children, the first two were born at Hartford, the other five at Great Barrington.

208. MASON[6] WHITING (William[5] William[4] Samuel[3] John[2] William[1]), of Binghamton, N. Y., the youngest son, was educated at Greenfield, Conn., by Dr. Timothy Dwight, soon afterwards President of Yale College. Next he studied law at Stockbridge, Mass., under Barnabas Bidwell. Mr. Whiting was admitted to the bar in 1794. His father was one of the original subscribers to the first American edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, the name Mr. William Whiting, Gent., Salesbury, Connecticut, appearing in the list of subscribers published in Volume IV of that edition. On Dr. Whiting's death, 1792, his copy of this edition was given to Mason, and is now in the possession of Cornelius B. Tyler. Mason Whiting practiced law in

Lanesborough and Great Barrington from 1794 to 1801. He married April 26, 1800, Mary Edwards (*260*). The following year he removed to Broom County, N. Y., and was one of the first settlers of *Chenango Point,* afterward incorporated by the name of *Binghamton.* In 1815 he was a member of the State Legislature; he was also District Attorney of the county. He died January 11, 1849. His wife died January 23, 1873. Their children were:

Mary Elizabeth Whiting, born April 21, 1801, m. John T. Doubleday.

William Edwards Whiting, born September 11, 1803, m. Ann Lyell Post.

Caroline Whiting, born September 1, 1805, m. Richard Mather.

Rhoda Ann Whiting, born April 19, 1807, m. Ralph Lester.

Frances Avery Whiting, born August 29, 1711, m. Henry Mather.

Mason Whiting, born January 18, 1813, m. Eliza Vandewater.

Catherine Spencer Whiting, born September 22, 1814, m. Uriah M. Stowers.

209. Amelia Ogden Whiting, born March 4, 1819, married September 4, 1839, the subject of this memoir, Prof. W. S. Tyler. She died August 4, 1904.

ADAMS, BRADFORD, RICHARDS.

Colonel William Whiting's mother, Elizabeth Adams, was descended as follows:

210. William[1] Adams, who was probably born in England before 1600, was at Cambridge 1635, or earlier, and was freeman May 22, 1639. He removed 1642 or earlier to Ipswich. He died 1661. His son,

211. William[2] Adams II, may have come in the "Elizabeth and Ann" from London, 1635, aged 15. He married (**212**) Elizabeth, daughter of (**213**) Simon Stacy of Ipswich. He died January, 1659. His son,

214. Rev. William[3] Adams, III, born May 27, 1650, graduated from Harvard College 1671, "the earliest graduate of this copious name." He became the second minister at Dedham, Mass., ordained December 3, 1673. He married twice, the second time, March 29, 1680, Alice, daughter of Deputy Gov. William and Alice (Richards) Bradford (*221*). On May 27, 1685, he preached the General Election sermon at Boston. He died August 17 following. At his funeral prayers were publicly offered 'for the first time in New England on such an occasion." Their daughter,

215. Elizabeth[4] Adams, born at Dedham, February 21, 1681, married September 14, 1696, Rev. Samuel[3] Whiting (*205*). He died in 1725, and she married Rev. Mr. Niles, after whose death she removed to New Haven, where she died December 21, 1766. It was her patriotic boast that she had "at one time sixteen sons and grandsons commissioned officers in the French War." From her Mrs. Tyler was descended: Col. William Whiting, Dr. William Whiting, Mason Whiting, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

Elizabeth (Adams) Whiting's mother, Alice Bradford, was granddaughter of:

216. William[1] Bradford, the Mayflower Pilgrim and Governor of Plymouth Colony (1621-33, 1635, 37, 39, 1645-57). He was born at Austerfield, Yorkshire, England, March 1588. He was the third generation of that name. Squire William Bradford in 1575 was one of two persons of property in Austerfield. Squire Bradford died in 1596, his son, William II, having died in 1591, so that on the death of his grandfather the future Governor came into a good patrimony. He was in Holland at Amsterdam and Leyden about ten years, and joined with Pastor Robinson in his plan of removing the English Church at Leyden to America. On July 22, 1620, he embarked for England and September 5, sailed from Southampton on board the Mayflower, which, after putting into Plymouth Harbor to escape a storm, eventually reached the harbor of Cape Cod. Here he lost his first wife, Dorothy May, who fell into the sea and was drowned, December 7, 1620. She was born May 19, 1590, and was married November 30, 1613. The first governor of the

colony, Carver, died April 5, 1621, and Mr. Bradford was elected in his place, a position he held continuously till his death, except when he refused to serve. He was very successful in his dealings with the Indians. He was well educated, knew something of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and was well informed in history and philosophy. He was an able writer. His most important work was his History of Plymouth Plantation, covering the period from 1602 to 1647. This manuscript was stolen from the old South Church in Boston in 1775, and carried to England by the British soldiers. The manuscript was returned to Massachusetts in 1897. In pleading to obtain this return, Senator Hoar said to the Lord Bishop of London: "If there were in existence in England a history of King Alfred's reign for thirty years, written by his own hand, it would not be more precious in the eyes of Englishmen than this manuscript is to us."

Governor Bradford married for his second wife, August 14, 1623 (**217**) ALICE,[1] widow of Edward Southworth, and daughter of ALEXANDER CARPENTER, a dissenter, who moved with his family to Leyden, and after quiet was restored, settled in Somersetshire. She was born about 1590, and after the death of her first husband, came to Plymouth in the ship "Ann," arriving at Weymouth in June, 1623. Bradford had known her in early life, but the tradition is that they were prevented from marrying by her family. He wrote her after the death of his first wife, and she crossed the ocean to marry him. The ancestry of Alice Carpenter for nine generations is given with that of her cousin William Carpenter (*30*). Governor Bradford died at Plymouth, May 9, 1657. She died 1670. They had three children, William,[2] Mercy[2] and Joseph[2]. William[2] had fifteen children, Joseph,[2] seven.

218. WILLIAM[2] BRADFORD, IV, the son of Gov. William and Alice (Carpenter) Bradford, was born at Plymouth, June 17, 1624, and died February 20, 1703-4. He was Deputy Governor of Plymouth Colony 1682, 1686, 1689, 1692. Assistant to the Governor and Commissioner of the United Colonies, and Major in the Colonial army. He commanded the Plymouth forces at the Great Swamp fight. He married first 1652, (**219**) ALICE, daughter of THOMAS[1] and WELTHIAN RICHARDS. She was born 1627, and died December 12, 1671.

220. THOMAS[1] RICHARDS was at Dorchester 1630, removed to Weymouth, where he was freeman, May 13, 1640. His will is dated at Hull, December 16, 1650, and proved January 28, following. His widow Welthian, made her will July, 1679, proved November following. One of their daughters, Mary Richards, was the first wife of Gov. Thomas Hinckley (*27*).

221. ALICE[3] BRADFORD, eldest daughter of Dep. Gov. William[2] and Alice (Richards) Bradford of Plymouth, born about 1657 or 8, married first March 29, 1680, REV. WILLIAM[3] ADAMS of Dedham (*214*). From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Elizabeth Adams, Col. William Whiting, Dr. William Whiting, Mason Whiting, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

RAYMOND, SMITH, SANDS.

Dr. William Whiting's mother, Anna Raymond was descended as follows:

222. RICHARD[1] RAYMOND was made freeman at Salem, May 14, 1634, where his son Joshua was baptized March 3, 1639. His wife's name was JUDITH. He removed to Norwalk, October 20, 1662, and from there to Saybrook, 1664. He died there 1692 aged about 90. He was a mariner and owner and captain of the ship "Hopewell." He "did a coasting trade along the sound and East River as far south as Manhattan Island." His son,

223. JOSHUA[2] RAYMOND (Richard) was of New London 1658, and died 1676. He married December 10, 1659 (**224**) ELIZABETH, daughter of (**225**) NEHEMIAH and SARAH SMITH. She was born 1645, baptized February 22, 1646. Nehemiah Smith was keeper of the sheep of the town of New Haven 1644-9, and removed soon afterwards to New London, and about 1660 to Norwich, where he was freeman 1669. He died 1686, leaving widow Ann, his second wife.

226. JOSHUA[3] RAYMOND (Joshua[2] Richard[1]) of New London and Block Island, son of Joshua and Elizabeth (Smith) Raymond, was born at New London, September 18, 1660, and died at Block Island 1704. In 1688, he was on the Grand Jury at Newport, and in 1696 he was deputy from New Shoreham (Block Island) to the General Assembly at Newport. He married April 29, 1683, (**227**) MERCY,[2] daughter of JAMES[1] and SARAH SANDS

of Block Island. After his death, she with John Merritt purchased 600 acres of land in the second or north parish of New London, now Montville. In 1722, they gave in trust two acres of land on "Raymond Hill" for a church, etc. It is of Widow Mercy Raymond that Caulkins in his history of New London tells a story containing a mixture of truth and fable. This wealthy widow had a plantation on Fisher's Island, from which the notorious pirate Captain Kidd took the supplies he needed and then to remunerate her, poured money into her apron *until the string broke.* **228**. James Sands, her father, was born, it is said 1622, in Reading, Berkshire, England, perhaps was of Taunton, 1658, but was among the first settlers of Block Island before 1672. Tradition says he was at Portsmouth, R. I., 1643. He died March 13, 1695.

229. Anna Raymond, daughter of Joshua and Mercy (Sands) Raymond of Block Island, married 1724 Col. William[4] Whiting (*206*). From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Dr. William Whiting, Mason Whiting, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

ANCESTRY OF ANNA MASON, MRS. TYLER'S FATHER'S MOTHER.

The Mason Line.

230. Maj. John[1] Mason of Windsor, Saybrook and Norwich, Conn., was born in England in 1600. He served in the Netherlands, probably as "lieutenant." He came to Mass. 1630. In 1632-3, he and Capt. Gallup were appointed by the Mass. magistrates to suppress the rapine and plunder of Bull's band of pirates on the coast. They granted him (1633) ten pounds for this service. He is then spoken of as lieutenant, but in November is called Captain. He settled at Dorchester and was admitted freeman 1634-5 and represented this town at the General Court 1635 and 1636. With the party of Rev. John Warham (*266*), he became one of the first settlers of Windsor, 1636, this being the first town in Connecticut in which any English settlement was made.

In 1637 the Pequot Indians slaughtered some Wethersfield whites, and planned the extermination of the colonists. The Court resolved to adopt, for the first time, an offensive warfare.

Capt. Mason was commissioned to chastise the savages. Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield together furnished him ninety men. In addition to these there were seventy Mohegans, led by Uncas, and later through Mason's skill, they were joined by two or three hundred Narragansetts, but the Indians had a terror of the warlike Pequots, and only joined in the fight after they saw the way in which "the big white man" led the attack. The Pequots were located at the mouth of the Pequot (Thames) River. Out of nearly seven hundred Pequots, only seven escaped alive. The result was forty years of peace.

Mason moved from Windsor to Saybrook in 1647 and to Norwich in 1659. After the Pequot War, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the military forces of Connecticut Colony, a position he held until his death at Norwich, January 30, 1672. Mason was Deputy Governor of Connecticut 1659 to 1667, magistrate 1637, 1659, 1669, 1671; commissioner to the Congress of the United Colonies 1647, 1654 to 1657 and 1661, and Chief Judge of the County Court 1664 to 1670. He was a patentee named in the Royal Charter of Connecticut 1662. At the request of the General Court he wrote a detailed account of the "Pequot War," which was published by Increase Mather in his "Relation of Trouble by the Indians" (1677), and was republished in Boston 1736.

John Mason married July, 1639 (**231**) ANNE PECK, daughter of Rev. Robert and Anne Peck. **232.** REV. ROBERT PECK, born in Beccles, Co. Suffolk, 1580, graduated Magdalen College, Cambridge, B. A., 1599; M. A. 1602; rector of the church in Hingham Co. Norfolk from 1605 to 1638, when he came to New England and was ordained Teacher of the church in Hingham, Mass. 1638. He went back to England 1641 and died there 1656. (Hist. of Hingham, Mass. III 65, 107.) His will mentions his daughter, wife of Capt. John Mason and their children. (Waters' Gleanings 93, 94.) His father, Robert Peck of Beccles, Co. Suffolk, born 1546, died 1593, married Helen, daughter of Nicholas Babbs of Guilford, Co. Surrey.

233. DANIEL[2] MASON, the youngest son of John and Anne (Peck) Mason, was born at Stonington, Conn., April 1652, and died there January 28, 1737. He lived at Lebanon and Norwich, at which latter place (March 1679), he was appointed.

schoolmaster for nine months. He was Quartermaster of the New London County Troops 1673. **234.** MARGARET DENISON, his wife, born December 15, baptized December 19, 1650, at Roxbury, was the daughter of (**235**) EDWARD DENISON and (**236**) ELIZABETH WELD of Roxbury. Edward Denison was born in England. He was among the friends of John Wheelwright (*1637*) who were disarmed for maintaining the right of private judgment. (Bancroft's Hist. of the U. S., I, 260-62.) He was a representative, 1652 and 1655, and was always dignified by the name of MR. He died April 26, 1668.

237. WILLIAM DENISON of Roxbury, his father, came with his wife MARGARET and son, Edward, in 1631, and was perhaps in "The Lyon" with the Apostle Eliot in the record of which church he stands third in the list of freemen, July 3, 1632; was a representative 1535, and in 1637 was disarmed for taking sides with Wheelwright. His wife died February 3, 1646, called by Eliot in the church record "old mother Denison."

Daniel[2] Mason's wife's mother, ELIZABETH WELD (*236*), was born in England about 1625, and died in Roxbury, February 5, 1717. The Welde or Wilde family was of prominence, and eighteen pages are devoted to them by Savage in the Gen. Dictionary. Rev. Thomas and JOSEPH, children of EDMUND and AMYE WILDE, came in the "William and Frances," June 5, 1632, landing at Boston, and were among the founders of Roxbury. Rev. Thomas preceded as Minister of the first church, the Apostle Eliot, who was subsequently associated with him. Elizabeth was the daughter of JOSEPH and ELIZABETH WELD. **238.** Joseph Weld of Roxbury was a representative 1637, 1638, 1641, 1643, 1644, was a Captain of the Military Company in Roxbury, Ensign of the Ancient and Honorable Artilley Company 1638, a man of high reputation, and good estate. His wife, Elizabeth died October 1, 1638. He was buried October 7, 1646.

239. DANIEL[3] MASON (Daniel[2] John[1]) of Lebanon, was born at Roxbury, where Mrs. Mason was sent during the Indian Wars. He was baptized by Eliot, April 9, 1676. He married April 9, 1704, DOROTHY HOBART (*248*). He died 1705. She died 1732. Their only child,

240. JEREMIAH[4] MASON (Daniel[3] Daniel[2] John[1]) of Franklin (Norwich) Connecticut, was born March 4, 1705, and married

May 24, 1727 (**241**) MARY,[3] "a daughter of (**242**) THOMAS[2] CLARK, whose father (**243**) WILLIAM[1] CLARK, was one of the first settlers of Haddam," Conn.

244. ANNA[5] MASON, third daughter of Jeremiah and Mary (Clark) Mason, was born March 4, 1738, and died November 13, 1821. She married 1759, DR. WILLIAM[5] WHITING (*207*), and become the grandmother of Mrs. W. S. Tyler.

HOBART, WHITING, ST. JOHN.

Dorothy Hobart, Anna Mason's grandmother, was descended as follows:

245. EDMUND HOBART, says Savage, was at Charlestown 1633, constable 1634, removed to Hingham 1635, which town he represented four years, 1639-1642. He died March 8, 1646. His son,

246. REV. PETER HOBART, the first minister at Hingham, Mass., was born at Hingham, England, 1604. He took his A.B. at the University of Cambridge 1625-6 and his A.M. in 1629. He wrote his name Hubberd, was of Magdelen College, had preached at divers places and last at Haverhill in Suffolk before coming hither. He arrived at Charlestown in New England with his wife and four children, June 8, 1635. He died at Hingham, Mass., January 20, 1679. His son,

247. REV. JEREMIAH HOBART of Topsfield, was born in England about 1630; graduated at Harvard College, 1650, and was ordained at Topsfield, October 2, 1672, went to Hemstead, L. I., and was there settled 1682, was reinstalled at Haddam, Conn., November 14, 1700, and died there March, 1717. He married ELIZABETH, daughter of REV. SAMUEL WHITING, D.D., and ELIZABETH ST. JOHN (*251*). Their daughter,

248. DOROTHY HOBART, married April 9, 1704, DANIEL MASON (*239*). From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Jeremiah Mason; Anna Mason; Mason Whiting, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

Dorothy Hobart's mother was Elizabeth Whiting, whose family came from Boston, Eng.

JOHN WHITING was Mayor of Boston in 1600 and 1608. He

died October, 1617, leaving a portion of his estate to his wife, Isabel. He makes a bequest to his pastor, Rev. John Cotton. His second son,

249. Rev. Samuel[1] Whiting, D.D., was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, November 20, 1597. He entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, March 27, 1613, and took his A.B. 1616, and his A.M. 1620. He subsequently received the degree of D.D. He was twice married—the second time at Boston, England, August 6, 1629, (**250**) Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir Oliver St. John of Cayshoe Knt., Devonshire, England. She was born 1605, and died March 3, 1677. He died December 11, 1679. They emigrated to Boston, Mass., May 26, 1636. He became the pastor of the first church at Lynn, Mass., November 8, 1636, where he remained 43 years. He was appointed overseer of Harvard College 1654. He gave to all his four sons a college education. Their youngest daughter,

251. Elizabeth[2] Whiting, married Rev. Jeremiah[3] Hobart (*247*). She died at Hartford, Conn., aged eighty-eight From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Dorothy Hobart, Jeremiah Mason; Anna Mason, Mason Whiting, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

Elizabeth Whiting's mother, Elizabeth St. John, was a woman of strong character. Her brother, Oliver St. John, was Lord Chief Justice of England under Cromwell, of whom Campbell says in his lives of the Chief Justices, II, 80, "With the exception of Oliver Cromwell, he had more influence on the events which marked the great constitutonal struggle of the 17th century than any leader who appeared on the side of Parliament. He was the first Englishman who ever seriously planned the establishment of a Republican form of government in this country."

Elizabeth St. John's mother was Sarah Bulkley of Odell in Bedfordshire, ninth in descent from Robert Bulkley, one of the English Barons who, in the reign of King John (who died in 1216) was Lord of the Manor of Bulkley in the county Palatine of Cluster. She was sister of Rev. Edward Bulkley, D.D., of Odell, whose son Rev. Peter was first minister of Concord, Mass., and ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Elizabeth St. John's father, the Rt. Hon. Sir Oliver St.

JOHN KNT., M.P., was son of RT. HON. THOMAS ST. JOHN, son of OLIVER, FIRST LORD BARON ST. JOHN of Bletshoe, whose grandfather was first cousin of King Henry VII, and who was tenth in descent from King Edward I, seventeenth in descent from WILLIAM DE ST. JOHN, who took part in the Norman Conquest, sixteenth in descent from WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and King Henry I. of France, twenty-third from ALFRED THE GREAT, and twenty-fifth from Charlemagne. A chart showing the ancestry of Elizabeth St. John is given in the "Memoirs of Rev. Samuel Whiting, D.D., and his wife Elizabeth St. John."

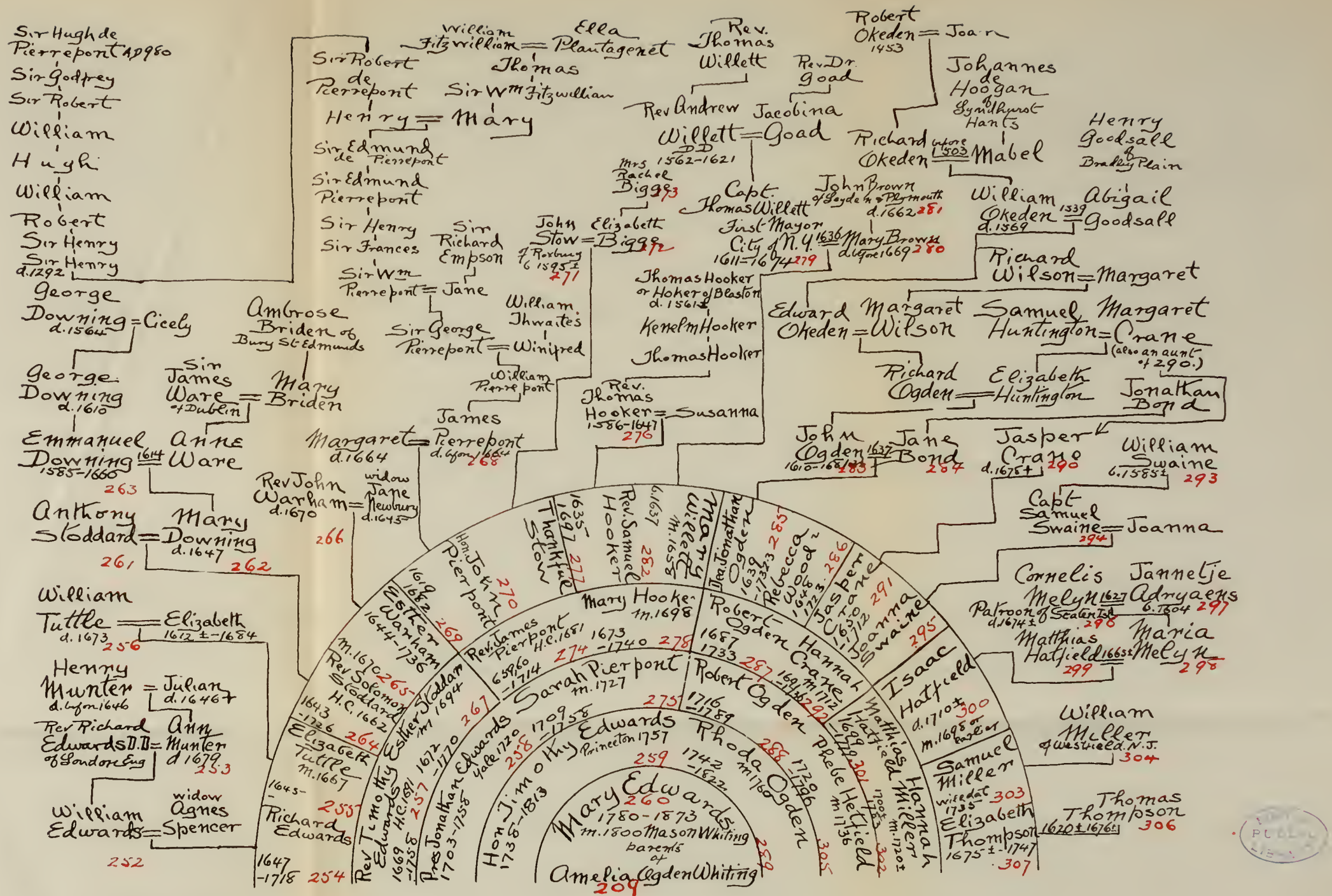

Sir Hugh de Pierrepont AD 980
Sir Godfrey
Sir Robert
William
Hugh
William
Robert
Sir Henry
Sir Henry
d.1292
Sir Robert de Pierrepont
Henry = Mary
Sir Edmund de Pierrepont
Sir Edmund Pierrepont
Sir Henry
Sir Frances
Sir Wm Pierrepont = Jane
Sir George Pierrepont = Winifred
William Pierrepont
James Pierrepont d. bfore 1664 268
William Fitzwilliam = Ella Plantagenet
Thomas
Sir Wm Fitzwillian
Sir Richard Empson
William Thwaites
George Downing d.1564 = Cicely
George Downing d.1610
Emmanuel Downing 1585-1660 263
Sir James Ware of Dublin = Mary Briden
Anne Ware 1614
Ambrose Briden of Bury St Edmunds
Margaret d.1664
Rev John Warham d.1670 266
widow Jane Newbury d.1645
Anthony Stoddard = Mary Downing d.1647
261 262
William Tuttle d.1673 = Elizabeth 1612 ± -1684
256
Henry Munter d. bfore 1646 = Julian d.1646?
Rev Richard Edwards D.D. of London Eng = Ann Munter d.1679
253
William Edwards = widow Agnes Spencer
252
Rev. Thomas Willett
Rev Andrew Willett DD 1562-1621 = Jacobina Goad
Rev. Dr Goad
Mrs Rachel Bigge 273
Capt. Thomas Willett First Mayor City of N.Y. 1611-1674 279
John Stow of Roxbury 1595 ± 271 = Elizabeth Bigge 272
Thomas Hooker or Hoker of Beaston d. 1561
Kenelm Hooker
Thomas Hooker
Rev. Thomas Hooker 1586-1641 276 = Susanna
Robert Okeden 1453 = Joan
Johannes de Hoogan of Gyndhurst Hants
Richard Okeden bfore 1503 = Mabel
John Brown of Bayden & Plymouth d.1662 281
Mary Brown d. bfore 1669 280
William Okeden 1539 d.1569 = Abigail Goodsall
Henry Goodsall of Bradley Plain
Richard Wilson = Margaret
Edward Okeden = Wilson
Samuel Huntington = Margaret Crane
(also an aunt of 290.)
Richard Ogden = Elizabeth Huntington
Jonathan Bond
John Ogden 1610-1681 283 = Jane Bond 284
Jasper Crane d.1675 ± 290
William Swaine d.1585 ± 293
Capt Samuel Swaine = Joanna 294
Cornelis Melyn 1627 = Janneltje Adryaens d.1674 ± 297
Patroon of Staten Isl 298
Matthias Hatfield 1665 ± 299 = Maria Melyn 298
William Miller of Westfield N.J. 304
Samuel Miller 303
Elizabeth Thompson 1675 ± -1747 307
Thomas Thompson 1620 ± 1676 ± 306
Isaac Hatfield d.1710 ± 300 m.1695 or before
Hannah Miller m.1720 ±
Matthias Hatfield 1699-1779 301 1700 ± 1783 302
Phebe Hetfield m.1736
Robert Ogden 1687-1733 287 = Hannah Crane m.1712 1691-1762 292
Rebecca 1693-1723 285
Jasper Crane 1686-1754 291 = Joanna Swaine 295
Rev. James Pierpont H.C.1681 1673-1740 278
Mary Hooker m.1698
Sarah Pierpont m.1727
Robert Ogden 1716-1789 286
Rhoda Ogden 1742-1822 m.1760
Jonathan Ogden 1639-1723 255
Mary Wilmerty m.1655 ± d.1637
Rev. Samuel Hooker 282
Thomas Stow 1635-1697 277
Hon. John Pierpont 1619-1682 270
Esther Warham 1644-1730 269
Rev Solomon Stoddard H.C.1662 m.1670 265
Esther Stoddard m.1694
Elizabeth Tuttle m.1667 1643-1726 264
Richard Edwards 1647-1718 254
Rev Timothy Edwards H.C.1691 1669-1758 257
Pres Jonathan Edwards Yale 1720 1703-1758 258
Hon Jimothy Edwards Princeton 1757 1736-1813
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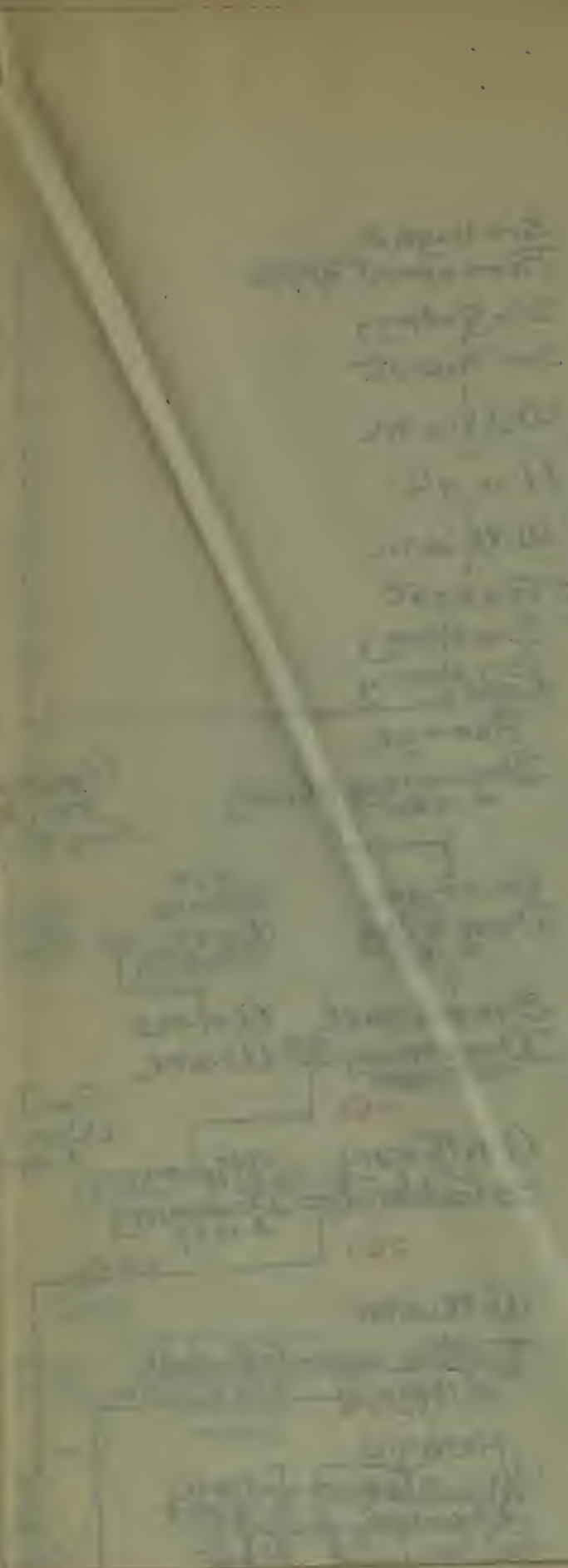
Chart IV



ANCESTRY OF MARY EDWARDS, MRS. TYLER'S MOTHER.

The Edwards Line.

252. William Edwards was one of the first settlers of Hartford, Conn., where he appears as a land owner 1646. He was the son of Rev. Richard Edwards, D.D., of London, England, by his wife (**253**) Ann, daughter of Henry and Julian Munter, of Buttalls, Algate Parish, London. The genealogy is made out from the will of Julian Munter, Eastsmithfield, Co. Middlesex, widow, dated January 8, 1646, which mentions grandson William Edwards, son of Richard Edwards decd. granddaughter Abigail Cole, daughter of James Cole, daughter Ann Cole, mother of Abigail, etc. (Aspinwall's Notarial Records; N. E. Hist. Gen. Register 58, 202.) It is a family tradition that William Edwards of Hartford, was brought to New England by his mother Ann, wife of James Cole. Mrs. Ann Cole died February 20, 1679 (Goodwin Gen. Notes but see Tuttle and Edwards Genealogies) Goodwin gives the oral will whereby she devised her house and land to her son William for life, then to to her grandson Richard Edwards. William[1] Edwards married Agnes, widow of William Spencer, also a first settler of Hartford, probably about 1645 although the date given according to Miss Talcott is December 11, 1647, but this must be a mistake because their only child,

254. Richard Edwards, merchant of Hartford, was born May, 1647. He died April 20, 1718. He appears as an attorney in civil suits. He was twice married, first, November 19, 1667, to (**255**) Elizabeth[2], daughter of William[1] and Elizabeth Tuttle of New Haven, who was baptized in New Haven November 9, 1645. **256.** William and Elizabeth Tuttle, according to the Tuttle Genealogy, came in the "Planter" in April, 1635, arriving in Boston about July 1. Tuttle, with his family, moved to New Haven with Davenport and Eaton, and was among the original signers of the Church Covenant in Mr. Newman's barn, June 4, 1639. Tuttle joined the unsuccessful Delaware Expedi-

tion of 1640. He returned to New Haven. He was always spoken of as "Mr." In 1644 he and Jasper Crane (*290*) were appointed fence viewers. He frequently acted as juror. In March, 1666-7, he was sworn Constable. He died June, 1673. Mrs. Elizabeth Tuttle died December 30, 1684, aged 72.

257. Rev. Timothy[3] Edwards (Richard[2] William[1]) of East Windsor, Conn., eldest son of Richard and Elizabeth (Tuttle) Edwards, was born May 14, 1669. He graduated from Harvard College, July 14, 1691, receiving the degrees of A.B. and A.M. the same day,—"an uncommon mark of respect." In 1698 he was ordained pastor of the new church at East Windsor. In the spring of 1709, he and Mr. Buckingham of Milford were appointed by the Colonial Legislature of Connecticut, Chaplains of the Troops for the expedition against Canada. He accompanied Col. Livingston, but finally was taken seriously ill through exposure, and had to be carried from Saratoga to East Windsor. Mr. Edwards was a Hebrew scholar, and distinguished for his knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics. He prepared many young men for college, there being no public schools or academies endowed for that purpose. He died January 27, 1758, in the 60th year of his ministry. On November 6, 1694, he married Esther[3] Stoddard of Northampton (*267*), by whom he had ten daughters and one son,

258. Rev. Jonathan[4] Edwards (Timothy[3] Richard[2] William[1]), who was born at East Windsor, October 5, 1703. He graduated at Yale College 1720 before he was seventeen. In 1723 he received his M.A., and remained a tutor at Yale (1724-6). February 27, 1727, he was installed as colleague of his grandfather, Rev. Solomon Stoddard at Northampton, Mass. On July 28, next, he married Sarah Pierpont of New Haven (*275*). Mr. Edwards was dismissed by his Northampton congregation January 22, 1750, because of his rigid views on the right of admission to the sacrament. Shortly afterwards he accepted the position of missionary to the Indians at Stockbridge, Mass., 1751. Here he wrote his celebrated treatise on the "Freedom of the Will," and that on "Original Sin." In 1757, he was appointed President of Princeton College to succeed his son-in-law, Rev. Aaron Burr. He died of small-pox March 22, 1758. Bancroft (History) says: "Of all the scholars and philosophers

that America had produced from the beginning of the Century, only two had established a considerable and permanent reputation, Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards." John Fisk says: "Jonathan Edwards was one of the wonders of the world, probably the greatest intelligence that the Western Hemisphere had yet seen."

259. TIMOTHY[5] EDWARDS (Jonathan[4] Timothy[3] Richard[2] William[1]) of Elizabethtown, N. J., and Stockbridge, Mass., their eldest son and sixth child was born at Northampton, Mass., July 25, 1738, graduated at Princeton College, 1757. He was twenty years old when his parents both died, and he became as the eldest son, the guardian and head of a family of eight, half of them under sixteen, among them Pierpont Edwards, aged five, and Aaron Burr, his nephew, aged two. He married within two years, and began to have a family of his own. Such cares compelled him to give up his chosen profession of the law, for mercantile pursuits. He married, September 25, 1760, RHODA OGDEN of Elizabethtown (*289*), where he settled. In 1767, he was appointed Justice of the Peace for Essex County, N. J. In 1771 he removed to Stockbridge, and engaged in trade and farming; from 1778 to 1787, he was Judge of Probate for Berkshire Co.; from 1775 to 1780 a member of the council of Mass.; was a commissioner with Silas Deane to the Indians in Western Mass.; and was a commissary for supplying the army with provisions. In 1777 he was elected by the legislature as a member of the Continental Congress with John Adams and John Hancock, but was prevented from accepting by the approach of Burgoyne's Army. He spent his wealth and exhausted his credit in aiding the Government through the war. In 1784 he was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the N. Y. and Mass. boundary. He died October 28, 1813. His widow died at Litchfield, Conn., December 22, 1822. Both were buried at Stockbridge. They had fifteen children, nine of whom survived. Judge Edwards is one of the conspicuous figures in Edward Bellamy's Novel "The Duke of Stockbridge."

260. MARY EDWARDS, twelfth child of Timothy and Rhoda (Ogden) Edwards, was born October 27, 1780, and married April 26, 1800, MASON[6] WHITING (*208*). She died January 23, 1873, aged ninety-two. They were the parents of Mrs. William S. Tyler.

STODDARD, DOWNING, WARHAM.

Esther Stoddard, mother of Jonathan Edwards, was descended as follows:

261. ANTHONY STODDARD of Boston, 1639, was called a linen draper. He "was received into our church September 28," 1639. **262.** MARY DOWNING, whom he married first, came to Massachusetts in May, 1633, with Gov. Coddington in the Mary and Jane, was admitted to the church in Boston, November, 1633. She died June 16, 1647. Anthony's second wife was Barbara, widow of Joseph Weld, hereinbefore mentioned. The Suffolk Manorial Families by J. J. Muskett gives a sketch of the Downing Family of Ipswich and Gamlingay, County Cambridge. Mary Downing was the daughter of EMMANUEL DOWNING by this first wife, ANNE, sister of Sir James Ware, the Irish Antiquary, and daughter of SIR JAMES WARE of Dublin, Knt., by his wife MARY, daughter of Ambrose Briden of Bury St. Edmunds. **263.** EMMANUEL DOWNING of Salem, Mass., and London, Eng., married (1) June 7, 1614, ANNE WARE of Dublin, and (2) April 10, 1622, Lucy Winthrop, sister of Governor John Winthrop. Common error has long made Mary Downing the niece of the Governor, on the assumption that Lucy was Emmanuel's only wife. Emmanuel Downing is called by Savage "a lawyer of the Inner Temple, inhabitant of the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill Ward." He and his second wife, Lucy, came to Boston, 1638, and settled at Salem, where both were admitted to the church November 4, 1638. He was a representative 1639, 1640, 1641, 1644 and 1648. He was proposed for assistant, but not chosen. Sir George Downing, his eldest son by his second wife, became prominent in English politics, being at various times Scout Master General of the Parliamentary Army, Minister to Holland under Cromwell, Secretary to the Treasury, etc. The "Geneaology of the Downing Family, 1509-1901," says Emmanuel, was the son of Calybut[3] Downing (Arthur[2] Geoffrey[1]), and so descended from the Wingfields, Cecils, Calybuts and Plantagenets. Burke's Peerage makes this same mistake. Emmanuel[3] Downing of the Inner Temple, Gent, was baptised at St. Lawrence, Ipswich, August 12, 1585, was of Salem, Mass., 1638 to 1654, and afterwards of Lon-

don and Edinburgh, where he died about 1660 (not in 1676 in America). His father, George[2] Downing, Master of the Grammar School at Ipswich, 1607-1610, entered Queens College, Cambridge, 1569. His will, dated January 14, 1610, was proved October 3, 1610, by his daughter Nahomie. (Arch. Suff.) His father, George[1] Downing, was of Beccles County, Suffolk. His will (P. C. C. 20 Stevenson, December 15, 1561) was probated June 26, 1564, by the widow Cicely, who was mentioned in it. It makes provision for his son George[2] being sent to school and university.

264. Rev. Solomon[2] Stoddard of Northampton, eldest son of Anthony and Mary (Downing) Stoddard, was born in Boston, October 4, 1643, graduated from Harvard College 1662, and received his M.A. 1665, he was tutor and Fellow 1666-7, and was first librarian of the college 1667-72. He spent two years in Barbadoes for his health, acting as chaplain to Gov. Serle, and preached to the dissenters. September 11, 1672, he was ordained pastor of the church at Northampton to succeed Rev. Eleazar Mather, whose widow he married. He filled the pulpit continuously fifty-six years, during the last two years of which he had his grandson, Jonathan Edwards associated with him. Mr. Stoddard was a man of exceptional intellectual powers and great industry. His most memorable work "Doctrine of Instituted Churches" (1700) was an answer to Increase Mather's "Order of the Gospel." This book was a powerful apology for the "Half-way covenant," and started a theological controversy which raged more than half a century. "His unremitting industry is no better shown than in the fact that he left many sermons in manuscript which he had never preached." He died at Northampton, February 11, 1729. He married March 8, 1670, in accordance with a custom frequent in New England, (**265.**) Esther, widow of Rev. Eleazer Mather, his predecessor in the pulpit, and daughter of

266. Rev. John Warham, first minister of Windsor, Conn. He came in the Mary and John from Plymouth 1630, says Savage, having been a minister at Exeter, Devonshire, and was sworn a freeman at Dorchester, May 18, 1631. His first wife died late in 1624 (Winthrop's Journal), and he married Jane

(widow of Mr. Thomas) Newberry, who died April 23, 1645, and he married a third time. Mr. Warham preached six years at Dorchester, and moved with the body of his church in 1635 to Windsor, where he preached thirty-four years more until his death, April 1, 1670. He left three wills and a large estate, which was finally settled under the intestate law. The account of his life in Mather's Magnalia III, Chap. 18, says he was the first New England preacher to use notes, "who though he were sometimes faulted for it, by some judicious men, who had never *heard* him, yet when they once came to hear him they could not but admire the notable *energy* of his ministry." "The whole Colony of Connecticut considered him as a principal pillar and father of the colony." A facsimile of a part of his writings is printed in Stiles' Ancient Windsor I, 205, and in the footnote among his noteworthy descendants mentioned is Mrs. Professor W. S. Tyler. Esther or Hester was his fourth daughter by his second wife, Jane, and was baptised December 8, 1644, and died February 10, 1736, in Northampton. (Stiles' Windsor II, 775.)

267. ESTHER[3] STODDARD, daughter of Rev. Solomon[2] and Esther (Warham) Stoddard, was born June 2, 1672, married November 6, 1694, REV. TIMOTHY EDWARDS of East Windsor (257). She died January 10, 1770, in her ninety-ninth year. From them Mrs. Tyler is descended: Jonathan Edwards, Timothy Edwards, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

PIERPONT.

Sarah Pierpont (275), wife of Jonathan Edwards (258), was descended as follows:

The Pierpont family is of great antiquity. "Hurst Pierrepont," by Ellis, says, SIR HUGH[1] DE PIERPONT, A.D., 980, was lord of 'the castle of Pierrepont in the south confines of Picardy and diocese of Laon,' a branch of the family of Pierreponts who were lords of the castle Pierrepout, two leagues from S. Saveur, Normandy. The place derives its name from a stone bridge with which Charlemagne supplied the place of a ferry. His son, SIR GODFREY[2] PIERREPONT, from whose eldest son, Sir Godfrey, were descended the French Pierponts. (See Universal Magazine, Nov. 17, 1767; Barlows Peerage; Burke's Extinct Peer-

age.) The younger son, Sir Robert De Pierrepont, came to England a commander under the Conqueror, and received great estates in Suffolk and Sussex, and was first lord of Hurst Pierrepont. From him the line runs: William,[4] Hugh,[5] William,[6] Robert,[7] Sir Henry,[8] Sir Henry[9] ("a person of great note," at the battle of Lewes, 1264, died 1292. Became by marriage first lord of Holme Pierrepont, Co. Nottingham), Sir Robert[10], Henry[11] (married Mary, daughter of Sir William Fitzwilliam, son of Thomas, son of William Fitzwilliam and Ella Plantagenet, and thus descended from the Kings of England and France and the Counts of Normandy, Flanders and Anjou). Sir Edmund[12], Sir Edmund [13], ("de" dropped hereafter), Sir Henry[14], Sir Francis[15], Sir William[16] (m. 2nd Jane, daughter of Sir Richard Empson), Sir George[17].

Sir George[17] Pierrepont, 13th proprietor of Holme Pierrepont, and lord of several manors in Nottingham and Derby, was made Knight of the Carpet by Edward VI. 1547. By his second wife, Winifred, daughter of William Thwaites, he had five children: 1. Sir Henry [18], born 1545, ancestor of Evelyn[22] Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, the father of Lady Wortley Montague, who was born 1690. 2. Gervase, who died young. 3. William[18], ancestor of the American family, according to reasonable authority. 4. The wife of Sir John Harper. 5. Anne, mother of Francis Beaumont, the dramatic poet. Sir Henry's[18] male line became extinct on the death of Evelyn[24] Pierrepont in 1773, whereupon the titles of Earl of Kingston, Viscount Newark and Baron Pierrepont were claimed by James Pierpont of New Haven, Conn., eldest brother of Mrs. Jonathan Edwards (*275*). He died in 1776 unsuccessful.

268. James[1] Pierrepont from Holme Pierrepont, third son of William[18], cousin of the Sir Robert[19] Pierrepont, Earl of Kingston, and heir to a large estate in Derbyshire, carried on a trade between England and Ireland, failed in business, came to America to visit his sons, and died at Ipswich, Mass. By his wife Margaret, who died in London, a widow in 1664, he had five children. 1. John, born 1619. 2. Robert, born in London, 1621, died at Roxbury. His great-grandson went to Calais and St. Petersburg under the patronage of his kinswoman, the Dutchess of Kingston. His son,

269. Hon. John[2] Pierrepont, born 1619, settled near Boston in 1640, purchased in 1655 300 acres now the site of Roxbury. He was a representative to the General Court. He died December 7, 1682. His wife was (**270**) Thankful, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Bigge) Stow of Roxbury, Mass. **271.** John Stow came from Hawkhurst, Kent, England, on the "Elizabeth" April 9, 1635, aged 40, with his wife, (**272**) Elizabeth, and her mother (**273**) Rachel Bigge. The Bigge "family were seated in Kent before the Norman Conquest, and had become wealthy and influential." John Eliot writes in the Roxbury church records, "Elizabeth, the wife of John Stow, she was a very godly matron, a blessing not only to her family, but to all the church, and when she had led a Christian conversation a few years among us, she died and left a good savor behind her."

274. Rev. James[3] Pierpont (John[2] James[1]) (spelling now changed) of New Haven, son of John and Thankful (Stow) Pierrepont, was born at Roxbury, January 4, baptised January 8, 1659-60, graduated at Harvard 1681, was ordained pastor of the church founded by John Davenport, whose grand daughter Abigail became his first wife, 1691. "He was one of the founders of Yale College" and a member of the first board of trustees. "The papers of the College," says Professor Dexter, "bear his impress during his life in New Haven (1681-1714) more than any other and the settlement of the College here was but a fulfillment of one of his plans." The college was founded in 1700. Mr. Pierpont to the end of his life was the principal person in the direction of this institution. At the suggestion of Jeremiah Dummer, he solicited aid from Elihu Yale, whose first gift of books arrived about the time of Pierpont's death. He was the reputed author of the celebrated "Saybrook Platform" adopted in 1708. He died November 2, 1714. He married 3rd in 1698, Mary Hooker (278). Their seventh child,

275. Sarah[4] Pierpont, born January 9, 1709, died at Philadelphia October 2, 1758, married July 28, 1727, Rev. Jonathan[4] Edwards (258), From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Timothy Edwards, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

HOOKER.

Mary Hooker, mother of Mrs. Jonahtan Edwards, was descended as follows:

276. Rev. Thomas[1] Hooker, called by Mather in his Magnalia "The light of the western churches," was born at Marfield, Lestershire, England, July 7, 1586. His father Thomas Hooker, appears to have come to Marfield from Blaston in the same county, as overseer of the large Digby estates. His grandfather was Kenelm Hooker, only son of Thomas Hooker or Hoker, of Blaston, whose will dated Sept. 2, 1559, was proved Jan. 27, 1561-2. Young Hooker took his A.B. and A.M. degrees from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1608 and 1611, remaining there at least seven years. The period of his active ministry in England was from about 1618 to 1630. He became obnoxious to Bishop Laud, and was summoned to appear before the high commission court at London, July 10, 1630, but secretly fled to Holland, preaching at Amsterdam and Delft. Thence he went to Rotterdam. With Rev. Samuel Stone he brought a party of Englishmen, arriving in Boston, Mass., September 4, 1633. October 11, he was ordained pastor of the church at Newtown (Cambridge). In May, 1636, Hooker led almost the entire population of Newtown south to found the new colony of Hartford, Conn. He was a powerful force in the settlement. He had to do with the first New England Synod (August, 1637), which dealt with the case of Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, being one of its two moderators. He was active in the movement toward the confederation of the New England Colonies 1637, and same year led in the establishment of the written constitution of popular government which was adopted by Connecticut early in 1639. John Fisk says, "It was the first written constitution known to history that created a government and it marked the beginnings of American Democracy of which Thomas Hooker deserves more than any other man, to be called the father. The government of the United Statesc to-day, is, in lineal descent more nearly related to that of Connecticut than to that of any other of the thirteen colonies." In 1643 he was invited to sit in Westminster (England) Assembly of Divines and "advise about the settling

of church government," but declined. He was moderator of the council at Cambridge, Mass., September, 1643, which left the "Cambridge Platform" a landmark of Congregational polity. He died at Hartford July 19, 1647. Some thirty of his published writings are extant, the best known, a "Survey of the Summe of Church Discipline," was published 1648. In his sermons the most robust Calvinism is everywhere apparent. Mr. Hooker left a widow SUSANNA. Their son,

277. REV. SAMUEL[2] HOOKER, of Farmington, was born in 1635. In 1661 he was ordained successor of his brother-in-law, Rev. Roger Newton. He died November 6, 1697, in his sixty-third year. He preached the Election Sermons before the General Court of Connecticut in 1677 and 1693. On September 22, 1658, at Plymouth, he married MARY[2] WILLETT (282). Their eldest daughter.

278. MARY[3] HOOKER, born July 3, 1673, died November 1, 1740, in 1698 became the third wife of REV. JAMES[3] PIERPONT of New Haven (274). From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Sarah Pierpont, Timothy Edwards, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

WILLETT.

Mary Hooker's mother, Mary Willett, was descended as follows:

REV. THOMAS WILLETT was a subalmoner to Edward VI, and a sufferer during the persecution in Mary's reign; but in that of Elizabeth he was preferred by his patron Bishop Richard Coxe to the rectory of Barley in Hertfordshire, and in 1560 to the fifth prebendal stall in Ely Cathedral. He died in 1598 in his eighty-eighth year. He began life as a public notary and officiated as such at the consecration of Archbishop Parker. Later in life he took holy orders. His son,

REV. ANDREW WILLETT, D.D., was a very learned divine, according to the Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. LXI. After attending the collegiate school at Ely, he entered Cambridge June 26, 1577, aged fifteen, and graduated B.A. 1580, M.A. 1584, D.D. 1601. He took holy orders in 1585 and was admitted in 1587, on the presentation of Queen Elizabeth, to the

prebendal stall at Ely which his father resigned in his favor. He married 1588 Jacobina, daughter of Rev. Dr. Goad, Provost of Kings College, Cambridge. He was greatly admired, and preached much at Court. He wrote forty-two books, the most prominent, his "Synopsis Papismi" (1300 folio pages), passed through five editions, and was considered the best refutation of Popery of that period. He was imprisoned for his opposition to the proposed Spanish marriage for the Prince of Wales. He died December 4, 1621, as a result of a fall from a horse. His portrait and his "Life and Death" by his son-in-law, Peter Smith, D.D., are prefixed to the fifth edition of the "Synopsis Papismi," 1630. His son,

279. Captain Thomas[7] Willett, "First Mayor of the City of New York," was baptised August 29, 1605, at Barley, Hertfordshire. He removed to Leyden and emigrated to Plymouth either in 1629 with part of John Robinson's church, or in 1632, was made freeman at Plymouth 1633, and lived there most of the time till 1660. He had charge of the trading houses of Plymouth Colony on the coast until 1635, when the French drove him away; soon became a shipowner and trader on his own account and established posts along the sea from the Kennebec to the Delaware, and as far inland as Albany, N. Y. He was held in the highest esteem in Plymouth Colony. In 1647 he became the successor of Miles Standish as Captain of its military company. He was assistant to the Governor anually 1651 to 1655. His relations with the Dutch were so friendly that in 1650 he was appointed by Peter Stuyvesant one of two commissioners to meet at Hartford commissioners from the New England Colonies, and settle disputes concerning boundaries and trade. In 1657 he served as arbitrator between Plymouth Colony and Rhode Island in regard to the ownership of Hog Island in Narraganset Bay. In 1660 he settled Wannamoisett, the southern part of Rehoboth, Mass., and a year later headed the list of original proprietors of Attleboro, Mass., the history of which town contains a long account of his life. In 1664 Charles II sent a fleet under Col. Richard Nicholls to demand the surrender of the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, and at his request Capt. Willett met Nicholls at New Amsterdam, to aid him in presenting terms to Gen. Stuyvesant. On June 14, 1665, when the new city gov-

ernment was formally proclaimed, Willett was named as mayor. He was reappointed in 1666 and in 1668 was made a member of the counsel of Gov. Lovelace. In 1673 the Ditch recaptured New York, and Capt. Willett's real estate was confiscated; but he had previously returned to Plymouth. In 1667 the southwestern part of Rehoboth was set off as Swansea, and Capt. Willett was one of several appointed to regulate the admission of settlers. Capt. Willett was always able to gain the confidence and good will of the Indians and was generally employed by the colony in the purchase of lands from the native chiefs. He was the original purchaser of the Rehoboth North Purchase, Taunton North Purchase, and many other tracts of land in the vicinity. His grave is in an old burying ground at the head of Bullock's Cove in Seekonk, Mass., six miles below Providence. The head stone of the grave reads, "1674 Here lyes ye Body of ye woree Thomas Willett esq who died August ye 4th in ye 64th year of his age anno." On the footstone is: "WHO WAS THE FIRST MAYOR OF NEW YORK & TWICE DID SUSTAIN YT PLACE." Capt. Willett married first July 8, 1636, (**280**) MARY, daughter of JOHN BROWN, who died before 1671, when he married again. Her father,

281. JOHN BROWN of Plymouth, says Savage, was acquainted with the Pilgrims at Leyden before 1620, his brother Peter coming over in the Mayflower. He was at Duxbury 1636, and at Taunton 1643. He was Assistant of Plymouth Colony 1635 to 1655 except 1636, and served as commissioner of the United Colonies from 1644 to 1655. He was a member of the Council of War of Plymouth Colony 1642, 1646, 1653 and was one of the Purchasers of "the Kings Province," Rhode Island, 1659, He died at Swansea near Rehoboth where he had a large estate, April 10, 1662.

282. MARY[2] WILLETT, eldest daughter of Capt. THOMAS[1] and MARY (BROWN) WILLETT, was born November 10, 1637, married September 28, 1658, REV. SAMUEL HOOKER (277). After his death she married August 10, 1703, Rev. Thomas Buckingham. Mrs. Tyler was descended from Samuel and Mary (Willett) Hooker: Mary Hooker, Sarah Pierpont, Timothy Edwards, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

ANCESTRY OF RHODA OGDEN, MRS. TYLER'S MOTHER'S MOTHER.

"The Ogden Family," by William O. Wheeler, 1907, says the name Ogden means "the oak valley," and in the early records is variously spelled de Houghton, de Hoton, de Oketon, Ocktone, Oakden, etc. 1. ROBERT OKEDEN in 1453, appears as a witness to a grant of land in Nutley Hampshire, England. His wife's name was apparently Joan. His son, 2. RICHARD OKEDEN, married before March 8, 1503, Mabel, daughter of Johannes de Hoogan of the parish of Lyndhurst, Hants. The son, 3. WILLIAM OKEDEN, married May 9, 1539, Abigail, daughter of Henry Goodsall of Bradley Plain. He died before July 19, 1569. Their son, 4. EDWARD OKEDEN, born at Bradley Plain September 6, 1540, married there December 16, 1563, Margaret, daughter of Richard and Margaret Wilson. Their son, 5. RICHARD OGDEN, born at Bradley Plain May 15, 1568, married May 2, 1592, Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Huntington and Margaret Crane (the latter being an aunt of the Jasper Crane, Sr., of New Haven and Newark (*290*). Their son, 6. JOHN OGDEN, born at Bradley Plain Hampshire, England, September 19, 1609, is the progenitor of the Elizabethtown Ogden family. He is not to be confused with his first cusin, Dep. Gov. John Ogden (born 1600, son of Thomas, son of 4. Edward Okeden *supra*), one of the grantees of the royal charter of Connecticut. The latter is the ancestor of the Ogdens of Rye, Westchester County, N. Y. The two are treated as one person in the Tuttle Genealogy and in Savage. The former,

283. JOHN[1] OGDEN married at Bradley Plain, May 8, 1637 (**284**) Jane, daughter of Jonathan Bond, and had three children born in England. On October 18, 1639, he sold land in Bradley Plain, and appears next at Southampton, L. I., on April 17, 1640, as grantee of a tract of land, known as Shinnecock Hill. In May, 1642, Gov. William Kieft, Gisbert opDyck and Thomas Willett of New Amsterdam, Church wardens, contracted with John Ogden and his brother Richard, described as both of Stamford, to build a stone church in the fort of New Amsterdam for 2500 guilders (about $1000). The church was burned in 1741.

In 1644 John Ogden became one of the patentees of Hempstead, L. I., under the Dutch, but appears again at Southampton, where he was elected freeman March 31, 1650, and Magistrate October 7, 1650, and again in 1651, 1657 and 1661. He represented Southampton at the General Court in 1659, and sat in the Upper House in 1661. Many of his real estate transactions are still on the records. In 1664 he sold some of his lands to his cousin, John Ogden, and his name appears in the Elizabeth Town Patent granted December 1, 1664, by Gov. Richard Nicholls under his Royal Highness ye Duke of York. There he and his son Jonathan took the oath of allegiance to Charles II February 19, 1665, and on October 26, 1665, Gov. Philip Carteret appointed him Justice of the Peace for the "Province of New-Jarsey" and Deputy Governor. On May 26, 1668, he was chosen Burgess. The settlers quarreled with Carteret and the six English towns petitioned the Dutch who had retaken New York in 1673. The latter appointed John Ogden "Shout" or Sheriff of the six towns, so that "Ogden was virtually Governor of the English towns in New Jersey." A new English Governor—Col. Edmund Andros—was appointed October 31, 1674, to whom Ogden was the last to yield and consent to a resurvey of his lands, October 29, 1678. April 7, 1680, Andros issued orders "to Mr. Ogden, then Sheriff, for the surrender of N. Jersey." His will is dated December 21, 1681, and he probably died in May, 1682. His son,

285. Dea. Jonathan[2] Ogden (John[1]) of Elizabethtown, was born in England January 11, 1639, died January 3, 1732, married (**286**) Rebekah (Wood ?), who was born November, 1648, and died September 11, 1723. He removed from Southampton to Elizabethtown, where he took the oath of allegiance to Charles II February 19, 1665, and (after the dispute with Carteret) to the Dutch, September 11, 1673. In 1692 he was receiver of taxes for Essex County. His son,

287. Robert[3] Ogden Sr. of Elizabethtown, was born there 1687, and died there November 20, 1733 (a few months after his father); married, 1712, Hannah Crane of Newark (292). She was probably daughter of Jasper and Joanna (Swaine) Crane and was born 1691, and died October 30, 1736. He married 2nd, 1727, Mrs. Phoebe (Roberts) Baldwin. Mr. Ogden was made collector of taxes for Essex County February 16,

1720-1, and filled many similar offices. He is spoken of as "a representative man in civil and ecclesiastical affairs, 'A Pillar in both Church and State.'" His eldest son by his first wife,

288. ROBERT[4] OGDEN II, (Robert[3] Jonathan[2] John[1]), was born at Elizabethtown, October 7, 1716. His father and grandfather died when he was seventeen and he inherited considerable property which he increased, besides obtaining a liberal education for those days. In 1751 he was elected to the 18th Provincial Assembly and December 24th was Recorder of the Borough of Elizabethtown. In 1755 he was Deputy Secretary of the Council, and soon after elected to the Assembly. He was Speaker of the 20th Assembly, a position he held until he resigned 1765. January 27, 1753, Governor Belcher appointed him a surrogate and August 14, "one of our clerks in Chancery." From 1757, through the French War and until 1773, he was Commissary and Barrack Master for the King's Troops. August 3, 1761, he was appointed Justice and Judge—he had been a Justice of the Quorum since 1755. December 24, 1761, "Robert Ogden Gentleman" was commissioned Clerk of the Court of Essex County, and March 22, 1762, he was commissioned by Gov. Hardy one of the Surrogates of the Orphan's Court of the Province of East Jersey. In 1763 and 1766 as Ruling Elder he attended the Synod of New York and New Jersey. At the time of the stamp act Mr. Ogden was Speaker of the New Jersey Assembly and "on his own authority" reconvened it in order to compel an attendance at the first Congress of the American Colonies at New York, October 7, 1765. This Congress agreed upon a declaration of rights to be sent to the King and Parliament. Timothy Ruggles of Mass., Speaker of the Congress and Mr. Ogden in opposition to the majority throught that greater effect would be gained by sending separate addresses from each of the Colonies, and therefore they refused to sign, as Mr. Ogden explained afterward, New Jersey would still "be at liberty to make a separate application to the Crown." But his attitude was so misunderstood that he resigned his position as Speaker. "Had Robert Ogden not thought and acted as he did, however, no doubt he would have represented his state in the National Congress, whose members signed the Declaration of Independence." In 1776 he was Chairman of the Elizabethtown Committee of Safety, and in

January, 1776, was active in the capture of the British Store ship "The Blue Mountain Valley," his account of which to the President of Congress is in the American Archives, 4 Serv. Vol. 4, p. 987.

Robert Ogden married 1736, PHOEBE HATFIELD of Elizabethtown (*305*). She was born November 25, 1720. Her eldest child, Phoebe, was born January 27, 1737. Mr. Ogden had moved to Ogdensburg in Northern New Jersey where he owned large tracts of land in 1777. His wife called the place Sparta. Here they were both buried. Mr. Ogden died January 21, 1789, and his wife December 22, 1796. They had twenty-two children. Their son Matthias was Colonel of the First New Jersey regiment in the Revolution, and their sons-in-law, Colonel Oliver Spencer and Major Francis Barber and their son Aaron Ogden, were all officers in other N. J. regiments.

289. RHODA[5] OGDEN (Robert[4] Robert[3] Jonathan[2] John[1]), third daughter of Robert II and Phoebe (Hatfield) Ogden was born September 28, 1742, at Elizabethtown, and died at Litchfield, Conn., November 2, 1822. She married, September 25, 1760, HON. TIMOTHY EDWARDS (*259*). Their daughter Mary was Mrs. W. S. Tyler's mother.

CRANE, SWAIN.

Hannah Crane, mother of Robert Ogden II, was descended as follows:

290. JASPER[1] CRANE, says Atwater's History of New Haven, p. 611, was "a merchant from London, who took a prominent part in the settlement of New Haven, signed the first agreement of the free planters in Mr. Newman's barn July 1, 1639." "He represented Branford as Deputy at the General Court 1653-57; from 1658-66 he served as magistrate of the New Haven Colony, and was intimately associated with Gov. Leete; in 1664 he was appointed commissioner to administer the oath of allegiance; one of the signers of the resolution to form a new colony at Newark and at that time he was so highly esteemed that his name predeces that of the pastor, Mr. Pierson. He did not at once remove to Newark, as he was residing in Branford in 1668, but on his arrival there he was equally respected and was elected

their first magistrate. He died at Newark October 19, 1681, and was probably the last survivor of the subscribers to the 'Fundamental Agreement.'" "The Crane family came from Cheshire," England, says the Rockaway Records of Morris County, N. J. Families, p. 200, "GENERAL JOSIAH CRANE was in the service of King James and for his services was rewarded with a coat of arms and a goodly estate. It is said that some of his descendants went to the North of Ireland, some to Germany, and later JASPER, probably Stephen and Phoebe to America." "On his lot (Jasper's at Newark, N. J.) now stands St. Paul's Episcopal church." He married twice. His will, dated 1678, names wife Alice. His youngest child,

291. JASPER[2] CRANE II. born at East Haven, Conn., April 2, 1650, married JOANNA SWAINE (*295*). He settled at Newark 1666, and died there March 6, 1712. His widow died September 16, 1720, aged sixty-nine. Both were buried at the Presbyterian churchyard on Broad Street, Newark.

292. HANNAH CRANE of Newark, probably their daughter, born 1691, died October 30, 1736, married 1712, ROBERT OGDEN, SR., of Elizabethtown (*287*) as his first wife. From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Robert Ogden, Rhoda Ogden, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

Joanna Swaine's grandfather,

293. WILLIAM SWAINE, "Gentleman," aged fifty years, came from London 1635 in the "Elizabeth and Ann." He was one of the Commissioners appointed by Massachusetts to govern Connecticut March, 1635, until the adoption of the new constitution 1639 (see 87). He received a grant of sixty acres of land at Watertown, Mass., where he was a member of the Court May, 1636, and at Newtown November and December, 1636, and at Hartford, 1637. He was Deputy from Wethersfield to the General Court 1641-1643. Assistant or Magistrate 1643, 1644. Deputy from Branford to the General Court of New Haven Colony 1654-1657. (See Savage, and Histories of Hartford, Wethersfield, New Haven, etc.) At Hartford he was a member of the court which tried the first offender; enacted the first law, and declared war against the Pequots 1637. His name appears prominently in the purchase of the Plantation of Totoket, now Branford, where he settled in 1644, and held an estate of 435 acres. His son,

294. Captain Samuel[2] Swaine, born in England, was in Watertown 1635, and also at Wethersfield. He was "one of the founders of the church and town of Branford." In 1653 he was "propounded to the Court and approved as the chief military officer of Branford." He was twenty-seven times a deputy from Branford to the General Court of New Haven 1653-1659, 1661-1664, and was a deputy to the Connecticut General Court 1665, Burgess from Newark in the first General Assembly of New Jersey, 1668, and Captain of the Newark Militia 1673. He was a friend and co-adjutor of Mr. Pierson in New Haven, and accompanied him to Newark. The tradition is that his daughter Elizabeth was the first to land on the shore of Newark. He died 1682 and left by his will all his estate to his "beloved wife Joanna."

295. Joanna, his daughter, married Jasper Crane (*291*). From them Mrs. Tyler was descended: Hannah Crane, Robert Ogden, Rhoda Ogden, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

MELYN, HATFIELD, MILLER, THOMPSON.

296. Cornelis Melyn, Patroon of Staten Island, was born in 1602 at Antwerp, Holland, where the early records have been studied on behalf of Professor S. R. Winans of Princeton, N. J. The church records show that on April 22, 1627, Cornelis Melyn and (**297**) Janitken Adryaens (born 1604) signed a request to have the bans for their marriage published, and that the parents of both were then dead. They had at least one child, born at Amsterdam, and came to New Netherlands before 1641, in which year Hatfield's History of Elizabeth says Melyn purchased the whole of Staten Island. In 1642 he was made patroon of the island (see New Netherlands Register, 1626-1674, p. 8). The Indians drove him back to New Amsterdam, and on September 13, 1643, he was elected one of "The Eight Men" chosen to adopt measures against the Indians. (New Nth. Reg., p. 54.) He made at least one trip back to Holland, and in 1649 published at Antwerp the first book printed treating of New Netherlands. Translated, the title is, "Broad Advice to the United Netherlands provinces, made and arranged from divers true and trustic memories." (N. Y. State Library Bulletin 56,

Feb., 1901, p. 332.) For an account of the patroons' quarrels with the Dutch government see Schuyler's "Colonial New York," I. 17-19. Melyn resided again on Staten Island 1650 to 1655, moving then to New Haven, Conn., where he died about 1674. A copy of the petition for the division of his estate signed by five of his children, dated October 5, 1674, is in the State Library at Albany.

298. MARIA MELYN, daughter of Cornelis and Jannetje (Adryaens) Melyn, born probably at Amsterdam, where she married first June 18, 1655, Clars Allertzen Paradys, by whom she had one child. Paradys died and she probably moved to New Haven with her father. About 1665 she married second (**299**) MATTHIAS HATFIELD (Heathfield, Heetvelt, Heesvelt, Hartfield, Hetfield, etc.), of New Haven, where he "took the oath of fidellitie" May 1, 1660. In 1664 they migrated to the newly settled plantation on the Arthur Cull sound, called Elizabeth Town in New Jersey, where his name "Matthias Heathfield" with sixty-two others is subscribed to the "Oath of A Leagance & Fidelety" taken February 19, 1665. In a deed acknowledged before Philip Carteret October 25, 1677, his wife signs her name MARIA HEATFELT, although her husband's name is spelled Matthias Heathfield. Among the early records of Robinson's Leyden Church April 14, 1621, is found the name of one English bachelor, Thomas Hadvelt, wool-carder. The town Hatfield in Hertfordshire, England, is of great Antiquity. Hatfield House built by Sir Robert Cecil in 1611 is the present seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. (See Hatfield Geneaology (MSS.) by Edwin F. Hatfield, D.D., in the N. Y. Hist. Soc. Library.)

The N. Y. Dutch Church record of baptisms published by the N. Y. Gen. Biog. Soc. shows:

June 9, 1669, Cornelis, son of Matheus Sicrel (probably a mistake in copying the Dutch "Hetvelt") and Maria Molyn (Jannetje Molyn, a witness).

June 8, 1670, Abraham, son of Mathys Heesvelt and Maria Molyn (Jannetje Molyn, a witness).

October 3, 1674, Rachel, daughter of Matthys Heetvelt and Marritie Molyn. There also appear on the same day, October 3, 1674, baptisms of two children of John Winans of Elizabethtown, whose wife Susanna Molyn was a sister of Mrs. Hatfield.

Matthias Hatfield made his will April 19, 1684, and it was proved December 13, 1687 (N. J. Arch. XXI 114). In it he refers to his wife and children without naming them.

300. Isaac Hatfield of Elizabethtown, son of Matthias and Maria (Melyn) Hatfield may have been born at New Haven, he married not later than 1698. He deeded much property to his sons before his death. One deed dated October 25, 1709, is acknowledged by the witnesses November 7, 1710. He probably died between these dates. His name is therein spelled Hetfield. His second son,

301. Matthias Hatfield, born at Elizabethtown 1699, came at his majority into possession of 123 acres of land left by deed of gift of his father more than eleven years before. Most of this land lay in near first mountain in what is now the town of Westfield. He had a tannery and other property in this town. He was married about January, 1720.

302. Hannah Miller, his wife according to the Hatfield MSS., was the sister of William, John, Enoch, Aaron, Andrew and Moses Miller, the daughter of (**303**) Samuel Miller, carpenter, by his wife Elizabeth Thompson (*307*), and granddaughter of the Godly (**304**) William Miller, one of the first settlers of Westfield, N. J. From the beginning of the troubles growing out of the loss of the Town Book in 1720, Matthias took an active and leading part in behalf of the townspeople. In 1734 he was appointed one of the Justices of the Peace for the old county of Essex. In the charter of incorporation granted to the Borough of Elizabeth in 1739 he was named as one of the six Aldermen. In 1752 he was appointed the Sheriff of the County of Essex and July 23, 1747, he was appointed the Recorder of the Borough. In 1743 he was chosen by the Town Committee to go with Judge Stephen Crane to England with a petition to the King for "relief against the Proprietors." The petition came before the King's counsel July 19, 1744, but without any result for record. At a meeting of the Synod of Philadelphia September 18, 1734, he represented the church of Elizabethtown as a Ruling Elder, and again March 15-23, 1771. He made his will September 15, 1779, and died December 10, 1779.

His widow died June 13, 1783, aged eighty-three. They had at least nine children. The eldest daughter,

305. PHOEBE HATFIELD, born November 25, 1720, at Elizabethtown, and died December 22, 1796, married at Elizabethtown 1736, ROBERT OGDEN (*288*). From them Mrs. Tyler is descended: Rhoda Ogden, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

Phoebe Hatfield's mother was a grand-daughter of

306. THOMAS THOMPSON, the founder of the Elizabethtown, N. J., Thompson family, who probably was born in England about 1620. He came from East Hampton, L. I., to Elizabethtown with the first settlers, and took the oath of allegiance February, 1665-6. He represented Elizabethtown in the Assembly 1672, and the year following at the time of the Dutch conquest of New Netherlands, Dr. Hatfield says he took an oath of allegiance to the States General of Holland. His will, dated November 20, 1675, and proved September 9, 1676, names his five children. The inventory dated April, 1675, is for £ 152:15. His wife is said to have been named Mary, but no authority appears. His daughter,

307. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, was born about 1675, died November 13, 1747, married SAMUEL MILLER (*303*). In 1697 Samuel Miller was made guardian of the children of his brother-in-law, Aaron Thompson (N. J. Arch XXI) Samuel Miller's will, dated 1735, speaks of "that lott of meadow adjoining to Thompson's which I bought of brother Aaron Thompson (N. J. Wills Lib. G. fol. 308). From Elizabeth Thompson Mrs. Tyler was descended: Hannah Miller, Phoebe Hatfield, Rhoda Ogden, Mary Edwards, Amelia (Whiting) Tyler.

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